Liberty

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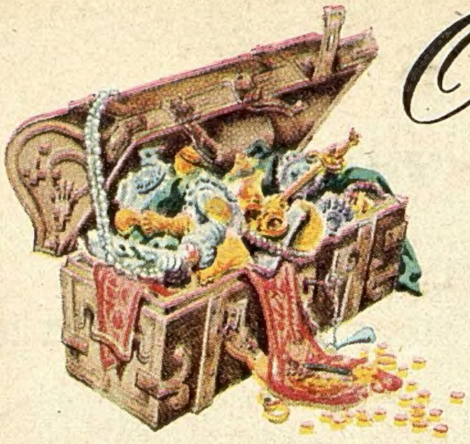
MR. ADAM—
The Book Everybody's Talking About

What LELAND STOWE Saw Behind the "IRON CURTAIN"

FIRST KISS—
Unforgettable Story of a Man and a Girl

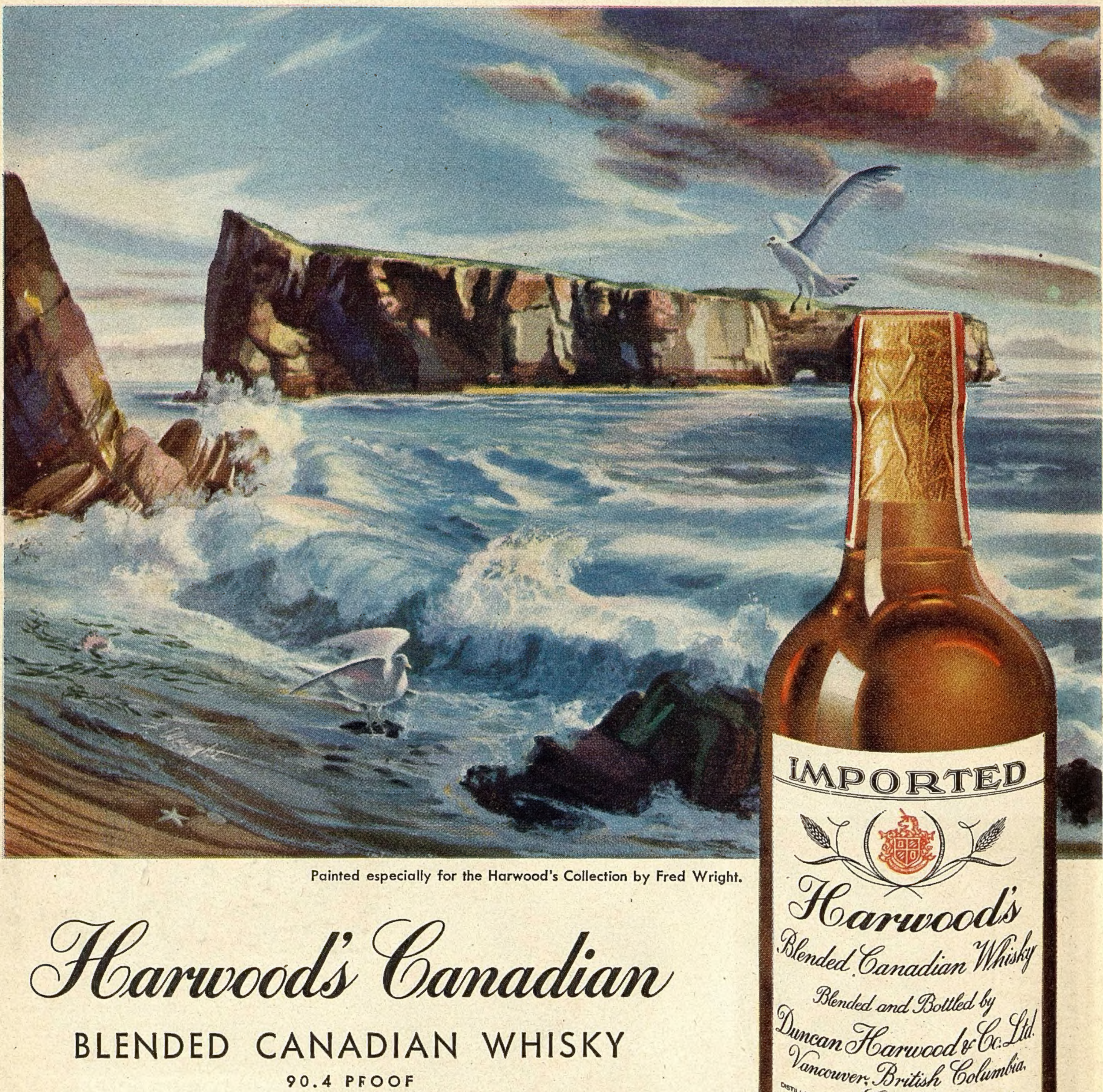
COSMO
MORNING-GLOR
GAILLARDIA
ASTER BRANCHING BLUE
Painted
Daisy

(See BLOOMING BONNETS)



One of the Treasures of all time

Roche Percée (Pierced Rock), Gaspé Peninsula, Province of Québec. This famous promontory on the Gulf of St. Lawrence is one of nature's treasures of all time in the Dominion of Canada— home of HARWOOD'S BLENDED CANADIAN WHISKY.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PORT 13-1
90.4 PROOF
DISTILLED BLENDED AND BOTTLED UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF THE CANADIAN GOVERNMENT.
LITHO IN CANADA

Painted especially for the Harwood's Collection by Fred Wright.

Harwood's Canadian

BLENDED CANADIAN WHISKY

90.4 PROOF

SOLE UNITED STATES IMPORTERS: R. C. WILLIAMS & CO., INC.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

This Model Mother could write a book

Harriett Shepard would call it, "How to be a Model or The Importance of a Sparkling Smile"

HARRIETT SHEPARD of Hialeah, Fla., has certainly had enough modeling experience to write a book about it. Ten years as a model . . . six years as a photographer of models.

"Do you know what I'd emphasize on page after page?" asks Harriett. "The importance of a smile!" Needless to say, this "model" mother has taught Nancy and Dave Shepard to safeguard *their* smiles by following her own dental routine: *Regular brushing with Ipana Tooth Paste, then gentle gum massage.*

For Mrs. Shepard knows what thousands of schools and dentists teach—a radiant smile depends on sparkling teeth. And sparkling teeth call for firm, healthy gums.

Net result of a fishing expedition led by father Ben Shepard is one reluctant crawfish. Net result of Harriett's "model" dental care is four (count 'em) sparkling smiles. For Mother knows that today's soft foods often rob gums of exercise—that Ipana Tooth Paste is specially designed, with gentle gum massage, to help gums to healthier firmness.

Firmer gums, brighter teeth—with Ipana and Massage

IPANA
TOOTH PASTE

Product of Bristol-Myers

Some children spoil their parents. Nancy fusses over Harriett, calls her the "prettiest mother in the world." Pretty and *wise*. She's taught her children to guard their smiles with gentle gum massage when they brush their teeth. This brief workout with Ipana Tooth Paste helps speed up circulation in the gums.

Many parents know less than children about the importance of gum massage, taught in thousands of classrooms today. Not only do 7 in 10 dentists recommend gum massage, national survey shows, but, 2 to 1, dentists *prefer Ipana for their own use!* Let *your* dentist decide whether and how to massage your gums.

"A famous star of stage and screen" (Nancy can dream, can't she?) must safeguard her smile—meaning teeth and gums. Sensitive gums, "pink" on your tooth brush, are signs to *see your dentist.* Let *him* decide whether yours is simply a case for "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

The METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S LION'S ROAR

Published in this space every month

The greatest star of the screen!

"The Sea of Grass", by Conrad Richter, aroused a storm of comment when it appeared in The Saturday Evening Post.

★ ★ ★ ★

Everyone talked about the audacity of this drama of a strange marriage.

★ ★ ★ ★

Then Hollywood wondered: Could M-G-M handle the story's daring theme? Could the actors measure up to its romantic and tempestuous characters? M-G-M could, and the actors did.

★ ★ ★ ★

Spencer Tracy plays Jim Brandon, rugged ruler of the great ranchlands, —demanding from his beautiful wife more than any man has a right to.

★ ★ ★ ★

Katharine Hepburn plays Lutie, Jim's wife, who battles courageously for her man's love—and then is unfaithful to him when she discovers that he values other things more highly.

★ ★ ★ ★

Robert Walker is Brock, wild and reckless, born under an evil sign and destined to be a killer.

★ ★ ★ ★

Melvyn Douglas is Brice, a fighter and schemer, who loves well but unwisely.

★ ★ ★ ★

Phyllis Thaxter, Edgar Buchanan, Harry Carey, Ruth Nelson and Robert Armstrong are in the supporting roles.

★ ★ ★ ★

This wealth of talent, this stirring story, are dramatically set off by the daring direction of Elia Kazan. Pandro S. Berman will get long and ringing acclaim for his stunning and startling production of the screen play by Marguerite Roberts and Vincent Lawrence.

★ ★ ★ ★

See if you don't think "The Sea of Grass" the most exciting motion picture you've ever seen.

—Leo

P.S.—GOOD BOOKS! GOOD NEWS! M-G-M has the three big best-sellers! Watch for news about the productions of "The Hucksters", "B.F.'s Daughter", and "East River".

Liberty

The World Today in Fact, Fiction, and Pictures

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Cover: Jinx Falkenberg

EKTACHROME BY IFOR THOMAS

The next issue will appear Friday, April 11, 1947

PUBLISHED BY LIBERTY MAGAZINE, INC.

President, Floyd B. Odlum; *Executive Vice-President,* Paul Hunter; *Vice-Presidents,* Homer Rockwell, Lester Tunison; *Sec. and Treas.,* Thomas W. Kavanaugh; A. J. Cutler, *Circulation Director;* Harold Ganz, *Business Manager.*

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Liberty, April 12, 1947. Vol. 24, No. 9. Published bi-weekly by Liberty Magazine, Inc., 37 West 57th Street, New York 19, N. Y. Re-entered as second-class matter Feb. 4, 1947, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Ten cents a copy. Subscription price $2.50 a year in the United States and possessions, $3.00 a year in Cuba, Mexico, Haiti, Dominican Republic, Spain and possessions, and Central and South American countries, excepting British Honduras, British, Dutch, and French Guiana. All other countries $3.50 a year. In entering a new or renewal subscription or change of address, please allow at least forty-five (45) days for Liberty to reach you.

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Never a Love so True.....Never a Ring so Cherished

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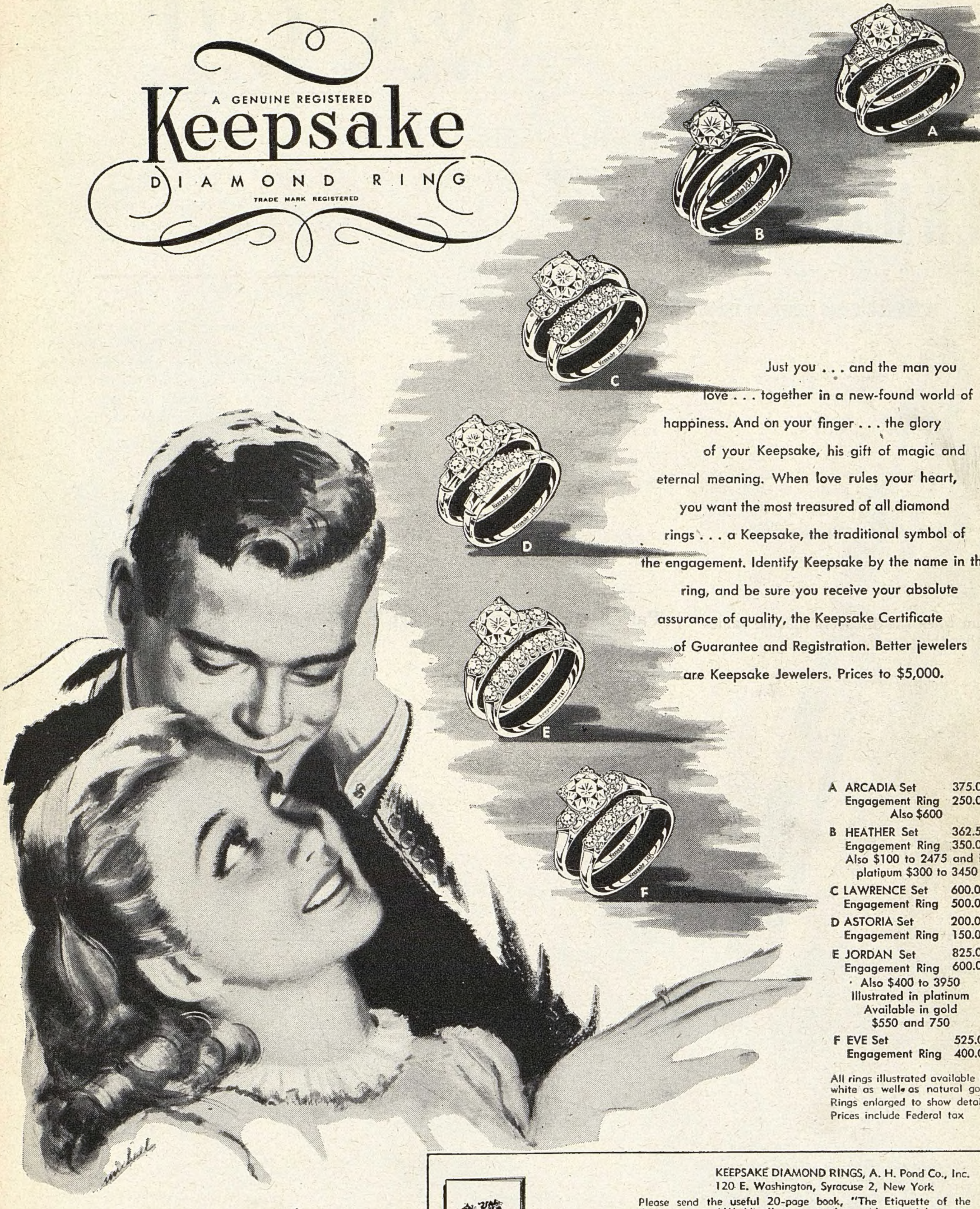

Just you . . . and the man you love . . . together in a new-found world of happiness. And on your finger . . . the glory of your Keepsake, his gift of magic and eternal meaning. When love rules your heart, you want the most treasured of all diamond rings . . . a Keepsake, the traditional symbol of the engagement. Identify Keepsake by the name in the ring, and be sure you receive your absolute assurance of quality, the Keepsake Certificate of Guarantee and Registration. Better jewelers are Keepsake Jewelers. Prices to $5,000.

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LEADERSHIP IN FINE WRITING MATERIALS SINCE 1849

VOX POP

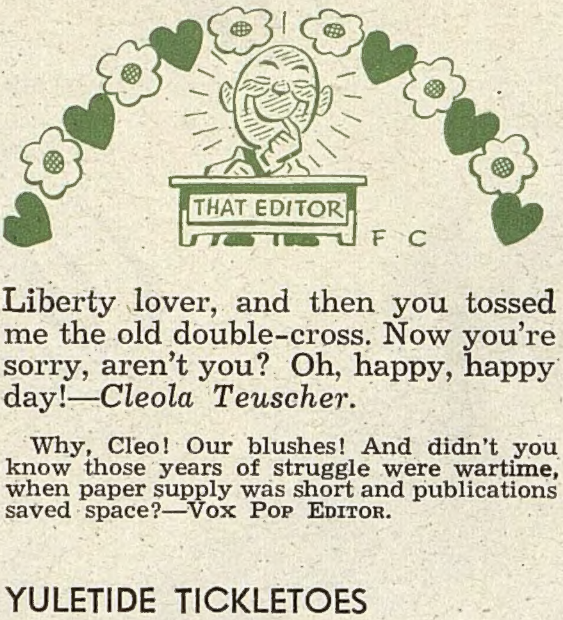
"The Voice of the People"

PRESIDENT IKE RIGHT AWAY?

UNDERWOOD, WASH.—After reading Paul Hunter's editorial on *President* Ike (February 1), I believe he has certainly hit the nail on the head; but why not ask President Truman to step back to Vice-President and let General Ike take over the reins as a nonparty President to fulfill President Roosevelt's unexpired term? This would cast no ill favor on either party and would be heartily endorsed by all of our former Allied powers. I am sure it would pull the trigger on our labor innards as well as on management's intestinal fortitude, and business would purr like the contented kitten.—*Dr. R. F. Creighton.*

READING TIME • LEAP YEAR

SOMERDALE, OHIO—I love you! I love you!! *I love you!!!* How many years have I been struggling along without READING TIME? That was the original reason why I became a Liberty lover, and then you tossed me the old double-cross. Now you're sorry, aren't you? Oh, happy, happy day!—*Cleola Teuscher.*



Why, Cleo! Our blushes! And didn't you know those years of struggle were wartime, when paper supply was short and publications saved space?—VOX POP EDITOR.

YULETIDE TICKLETOES

NORWALK, CONN.—Just want to tell you that your Christmas cover (December 21) was *great*—the gal with her feet in the pan of water. It tickled the whole family.—*Arthur L. Benjamin.*

NOBODY BUT US CHICKENS?

OSKALOOSA, IOWA—As I look at the Low-Cost Houses (Homes for Americans, March 15 and earlier issues), one question comes to my mind: Who in the —— would live in those combination chicken houses and feed bins? When we look for a home we look for something homey and comfortable that will conform with our neighborhood.—*Claudine Jones.*

Next time, better read Darrell Huff's article, not just glance and sniff at the pictures. He tells who lives in such a new Home for Americans—and loves it!—VOX POP EDITOR.

PORKY, BEANS, AND APPLES

PHOENIX, ARIZ. — Poky Porky (February 15) is interesting; but is it possible that the value of the porcupine as a homestead saver is unknown to Eddy Dressen?

During World War I homesteaders in great stretches of northern Arizona took their choice between eating no meat and eating rabbits and porcupines. Brown beans were common food. Hence, Poky Porky and beans.—*Thomas N. Russell.*

LITTLETON, N. H.—I enjoyed Poky Porky, particularly as we have so many porcupines—and so much trouble with them!—at our camp in this state. Mr. Dressen, however, omitted the porcupine's apparent taste for apples. I have several times seen a porcupine climb an apple tree, make himself comfortable on a limb, and eat his fill. And it seemed to take a great many apples to fill him!—*Nature Student.*

CREDITABLE

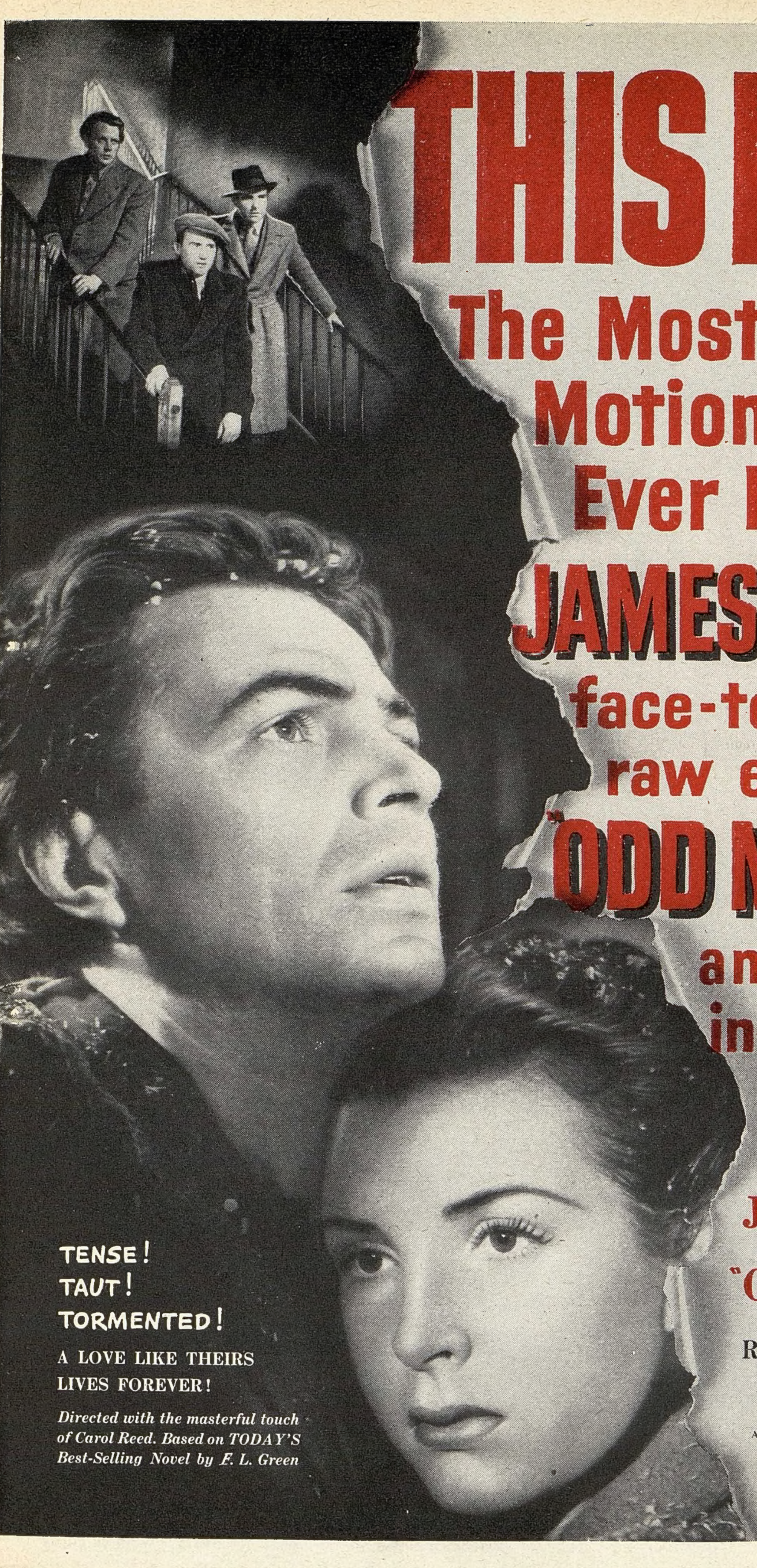
NEW YORK, N. Y.—Your picture-story on India (Controlled Hunger, February 1) was very well done, and certainly brought the plight of these hungry millions into sharp focus. The full-page color picture of the mother and child was exceptionally dramatic.—*Allen Reed.*

Right you are! Incidentally, Bradley Smith made those pictures. Through inadvertence, he wasn't given credit.—VOX POP EDITOR.

HIGH HOPES OF C.U.A.

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—Having read Something New in Labor (December 21), I'm hoping and praying

(*Continued on page 8*)



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The Most Exciting Motion Picture Ever Made!....

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face-to-face with raw emotion in

"ODD MAN OUT"

an adventure in unbearable suspense!

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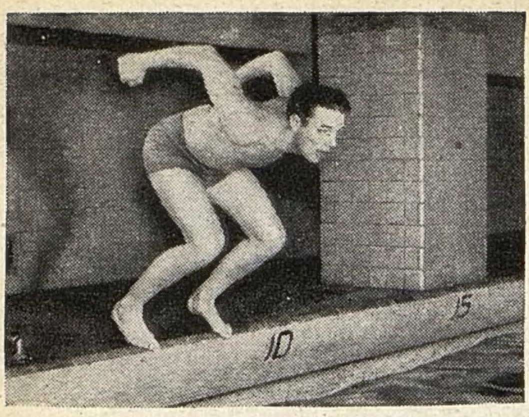

Exercise can put more red corpuscles in your looks than a blood bank. Just as the Vitalis "60-Second Workout" gives a virile, alive look to your *hair*. Watch the way this wonder workout wakes up dull, lifeless-looking hair . . . gives your scalp a refreshing tingle! If the looks of your hair could stand a new lease on life, here's your option.

for Virile-looking hair

Take 50 seconds to massage Vitalis on your scalp. Sure, that tingle's *good*. Even better is the way you prevent dryness, rout loose dandruff, help retard excessive falling hair. Now, 10 seconds to comb. Surprise! Not only is your hair handsomer than Hollywood but it's taken on a vigorous, "meet-a-live-wire" look.

Vitalis and the "60-Second Workout"

Handsome, vigorous-looking hair can be as good as a raise in pay. It's just that bosses like guys who look well-groomed, vital. Gals are funny that way, too. Interested in a partnership, junior or matrimonial? Let vital-looking hair help you . . . use the Vitalis "60-Second Workout."

VITALIS
BRISTOL-MYERS CO.

Product of Bristol-Myers

(*Continued from page 6*)

with all my heart that this is as good as Morris Markey makes it sound to us.

I have long felt that when the nation got rid of paid labor leaders, it would also get rid of almost all of the troubles caused by strikes, etc. I feel that most of this trouble has been caused only because some union leader felt that *he*—not the working men—could get more money or more power from a strike or whatever type of trouble it might be.

My good wishes go to C. U. A.'s president, Atwood R. Wynn, and all the independent union leaders, and I say that so long as they keep the organization democratic, they cannot help but accomplish the purpose which they have thus far set forth.
—*Paul S. Carter, SK3/c.*

HURRAHS—AND ONE RAZZ

Chicago, Ill.—Congratulations on your new and bigger Liberty! It has everything! I have been a Liberty reader for years, and your new two-week schedule hits the bull's-eye with me, too. It gives me plenty of time to digest the contents before the next issue rushes at me, as is the case with weekly magazines.

I could continue and praise the articles, stories, features, and color pictures of your new Liberty, but I imagine with you, war or no war, space as well as time is of the essence.—*Al Spong.*

Sierra Madre, Calif. — CONGRATULATIONS! You have done it again. First, years ago when Liberty was born, and was well worth 20 cents a copy. Now, twice as big and better in every way, and still 10 cents.

How you dood it?

I have read Liberty since its inception, and two of our sons became business men through its sale and delivery.—*Ben M. Lyon.*

Houston, Texas.—Just finished reading from cover to cover the February 1 issue. It's swell—every page.

I used to think we really got our money's worth when Liberty cost a nickel. Now that it's a dime, I think someone has made a mistake—it should be at least 25 cents for all of the grand articles and stories. Even your advertising is attractive and interesting. Keep up the grand work!—*Mrs. Earl Edwards.*

Warren, Ohio—I have just received my first copy of the Liberty which is supposed to be so much improved. All I can find is a book full of silly fiction and serial stories. I am a used-to-be reader, and have my subscription paid up for the next three years. If I thought I could, I would certainly try to get my money back.—*Frank W. Herder.*

Just Between Ourselves

ON THE LINE WITH CONSIDINE

ANYONE inclined to write off newspapering as a profession ought first to consider the career of Bob Considine, author of SPECTATORS WITHOUT CALLUSES (page 24). Mr. Considine has managed, without moving more than a paperweight's throw from the city room, to turn out more movies, books, and magazine articles than most swimming-pool authors.

Like Quentin Reynolds, Heywood Broun, Damon Runyon, Westbrook Pegler, Ring Lardner, and other mortals and immortals of the sentence-stringing business, he is at bottom a sports writer and a good one. His column, On the Line, is published in the New York Daily Mirror and 100 other newspapers.

Considine got into newspaper work accidentally. "I was a tennis champ," declares Bob, "down Washington way, and in the course of griping to a local sports editor about how bad his tennis news was, he set me to work writing a tennis column once a week for five dollars."

That would be 1930 and the paper the Washington Post. Bob was born in Washington forty years ago, incidentally, and attended George Washington University there. After his tennis stint for the Post, he became sports editor for the Washington Times-Herald. He arrived in Manhattan in 1937 to work for the New York American, Mirror, and International News Service. During the war he was a correspondent in Europe and the China-India-Burma theater.

Bob's greatest writing triumph was Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo, both the book and the movie, which he wrote in collaboration with Captain Ted Lawson. Other major Considine writing projects include General Wainwright's Story and the current M-G-M movie, The Beginning or the End?

All this and a wife and three sons too.

GOOD THINGS IN THE CRYSTAL BALL

COMING in the April 26 Liberty is one of the greatest short stories Liberty has ever published. Watch for THE MOTHER, by W. Somerset Maugham. . . . Also in this big new issue is Albert Q. Maisel's heartwarming article, CHICAGO FIGHTS FOR ITS TINIEST BABIES, revealing how a city once noted for violent death has now made itself the safest place in which to be born. . . . You'll also discover that wars begin in the twisted, warped minds of the German people. In a sensational article entitled WHAT MAKES GERMANS SADISTS, Alfred Toombs tells the result of the first mass diagnosis by scientists of the German mind. You won't want to miss a word of this . . . or, for that matter, Liberty's Book Condensation, WAKE FOR A LADY, fast-paced reading about a beauty-contest winner, a press agent—and a murder.

See you at your newsstand on April 12.

IN CHERRY BLOSSOM TIME . . .

Switch to—

AUTO-LITE

The cherry trees along the shore of Tidal Basin in the Nation's Capital are a sight worth traveling far to see when they're in bloom. The Washington monument is in the background.

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—says Barbra Whittemore
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"I was a social blackout," says Barbra Whittemore, "a fat girl in a college town. But the DuBarry Success Course changed all that!" Now she's a slim, trim beauty, with a smooth lovely skin. Result: more dates, more fun than ever before for Barbra. "The Course," she says, "was worth its cost ten times over."

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Waist 5½" less
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Hips 4½" less

Be the woman you want to be!

Unhappy about *your* looks? The DuBarry Success Course shows *you, right at home,* how to lose or gain weight, remodel your figure, have a smooth, glowing skin, style your hair, use make-up for glamour, be at your best. It's exciting and it's fun. You follow the same methods taught by Ann Delafield at the famous Richard Hudnut Salon, Fifth Ave., New York.

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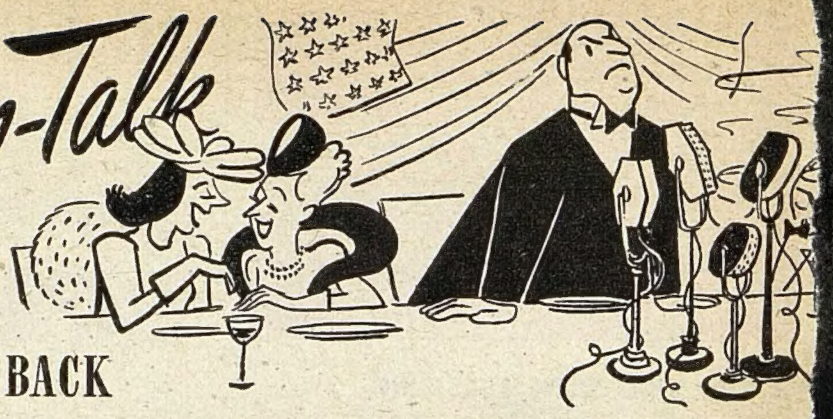


BY MARGARET FISHBACK

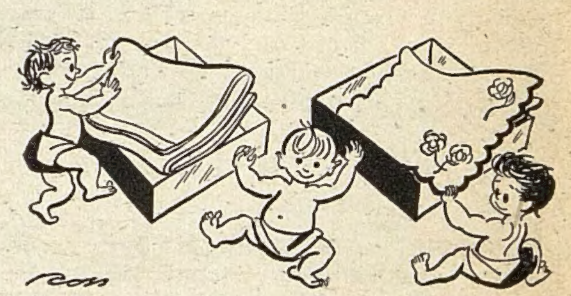
A SEA OF VITAMIN C: Thanks to the scientific strides made in the care and feeding of the trees, Florida has more than doubled its citrus-fruit crops in the last seven years. This was brought out at a luncheon given for the press by the Florida Citrus Commission at New York's Hotel Pierre. In a talk urging the wider use of citrus fruits, Miss Anna M. Tracy, dietitian of the Florida State College for Women, asked, "How many hospital patients have ever had a glass of good tangerine or satsuma juice? What restaurant features the easily made delicious orange quick rolls, or serves a shortcake made with a Temple orange? Do the children of school age in any part of the country get enough citrus juice to meet their need for vitamin C? Dr. Walter Wilkins of the Florida State Board of Health believes we should at least double our consumption of citrus products. Now we can have delicious orange juice simply by opening a can of frozen concentrated juice and adding three cans of water. Frozen grapefruit, orange, and tangerine sections also will enable schools, hospitals and restaurants to offer fruit cups and salads more often because of the savings in labor cost." Dr. L. G. MacDowell, research director of the Citrus Commission, made the point that orange juice squeezed in the home the night before a hurried breakfast does *not* lose its nutritive quality. "Its flavor is improved, however, if just before you use it, you will pour it back and forth between a couple of glasses to entrap some air in the juice. In using canned juice, it is also advisable to aerate it just before it is used, because in the canning process we have to take the air out."

HOUSEWIFE'S HEAVEN: In the "Chipping Court" section of Macy's Furniture Show there is a "living-kitchen" that would make any woman's mouth water and turn the most undomesticated female into a culinary zealot. The work area, with its gleaming white steel cabinets and stove, is flanked on one side by a cheerful coral trestle table for handy family dining. On the other side of the room is a small desk with telephone. Next to that there is an inviting sectional couch, mustard colored, where Mama may rest between chores. It's also the perfect spot for pre-dinner cocktails, because in front of it there's a coral bench—one half of it a coffee table, the other a seat padded in black-and-white-checked gingham to match the dining-table benches. The wallpaper is a green-white-and-mustard-color design. A large bay window with gay curtains of coral-colored sheeting is the background for Baby's play pen, beside which there is a roomy black-and-white-checked wing chair. Any woman with the space and dough to install such a modern miracle in her home may be sure she will never again be left to do her work in solitary confinement.

SURE SIGN

Spring is really here!
It's not just a hunch—
Daffodils are out—
At fifty cents a bunch.

SUCCESS STORY: Eleanor Starr Taylor, a private secretary for the Chatham Blanket Company for some twenty years, recently became vice-president of the company. She has been in charge of the new baby blankets just put on the market, and was pardonably proud of her products when they were shown with their larger brothers and sisters at a blanket fashion show. Baby Chatham blankets were shown in all-transparent boxes, and two new weights were presented—a summer blanket and a throw with fringed ends. Mr. Martin Coffyn, Chatham advertising manager, said, "We feel these new boxes bring blankets into the gift category. Our plastic lids enable customers to see the pretty flower colors and also protect blankets from soilage while in the stores."



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Screen Play by EVE GREENE and RICHARD MACAULAY

RKO RADIO PICTURES

WASHINGTON UNDERCURRENT

BY ROBERT S. ALLEN

NO BUST • 1947 is still young, but astute insiders are privately declaring there *will not* be an economic let-down this year.

And they go even further. They are predicting that not only will '47 hold its own as compared to '46, but beginning next year the U. S. will experience two to four years of most bountiful prosperity.

This experts' view is the behind-the-scenes reason for the cocky air of untroubled confidence and rosy assurance high administrationites now are exuding.

This is a marked change. Three months ago they were very uneasy. Their analysts were fearful the economic brakes were slipping and the country was heading for a bump. But these gloomy forebodings now are all gone.

Major reasons for the economists' no-bust belief:

All key capital goods industries are roaring full blast, with huge backlogs of unfilled orders. Steel as a whole is operating at over 93 per cent of capacity, with giant U. S. Steel at over 97 per cent. The building industry is at least two years behind demand, and automobile manufacturers have millions of unfilled orders. Electrical appliance, farm machinery, textile, clothing and other index industries also are running at peak output. The economists are betting that profits this first quarter will exceed '46's by 10 per cent.

Continued steady leveling-off of the inflationary spiral that was pricing considerable purchasing power out of the market.

Greatly stabilized labor relations, with resulting tremendous increase in production on one hand and wage payments (buying power) on the other.

Assurance of an appreciable income-tax cut.

Continued revival of conditions abroad, with resulting continued heavy demand for U. S. goods and farm products.

Note: Significant indication of the trend of the times—banks increased their loans to business by over $350,000,000 in the past month.

Ripe Old Age • Former Chief Justice Charles Evans Hughes will celebrate his 85th birthday April 11. Still hale and hearty, and with his famous white beard trimmed as meticulously, he lives quietly in Washington. His chief preoccupation is writing his memoirs, which he expects to complete by 1948.

HUGHES

The eminent jurist eschews all social activity. But every day, weather permitting, he takes a leisurely walk. One bright afternoon, Sir Willmott Lewis, noted Washington correspondent of the London Times, encountered Hughes and congratulated him on his hearty appearance.

"Thank you," said Hughes, smiling. "I feel very well, all things considered. I am reminded of a story Elihu Root told me when he was 80 and I complimented him on his good health. His reply was, 'Yes, I am just about as good as I ever was—for one hour a day.' "

Consultants • Latest additions to the old Washington adage, "Many come but few leave": One-time veteran liberal Senators Robert M. La Follette, Jr., Wis., Burton K. Wheeler, Mont., Joseph Guffey, Pa.

LA FOLLETTE, JR.

Defeated in the 1946 Republican landslide, they did not return to their states. Instead, they opened offices in the capital and hung up shingles as "Consultants."

Wheeler went into the law office of his son, who has a number of big corporation clients. Most notable of these is the Chesapeake & Ohio Railway, bossed by dynamic, fracas-loving Robert Young. The friendship of Wheeler, Sr., and the railroad magnate dates back to when the former was chairman of the powerful Senate Interstate Commerce Committee.

La Follette and 100-per-cent New Dealer Guffey are going it alone in separate offices. Both are shush-shush about their clients, but are known to be interested in South America. Guffey is definitely through with politics. La Follette hopes to stage a comeback in Wisconsin's next senatorial race.

Roosevelt for Eisenhower • A famous name has quietly joined the Eisenhower-for-President movement. It is that of Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr.

ROOSEVELT, JR.

A leader of the liberal American Veterans Committee, the son of the late President is a warm admirer of the Chief of Staff, confers with him from time to time. So far, young Roosevelt has respected the General's wishes and made no open declaration for him.

But to friends, F. D. R., Jr., makes no bones about being for Eisenhower in 1948.

Note: Another significant Eisenhower booster is Roy Roberts, publisher of the great Kansas City Star, close intimate of Alf Landon, and a power in Kansas politics.

Around the Circuit • Thanks to John L. Lewis' penchant for shutting down the mines, Chicago's Merchandise Mart, world's largest commercial building, is converting its heating equipment from coal to gas and oil. . . . Amid all the hullabaloo about Army economy, the Army still has over 600 generals on its rolls. . . . The current attempt to limit Presidential tenure is an old story. Between George Washington and Harry Truman, 141 proposals for that purpose have been introduced in Congress. . . . In 1917, the year the U. S. entered World War I, the national debt was $2,976,000,000. On January 1, 1947, the national debt stood at $260,400,000,000. The total indebtedness of the 48 states on that date was $2,358,000,000. . . . Hitler's famed "Eagle's Nest" retreat at Berchtesgaden is now a barren wreck. All that remains is bare walls covered with thousands of G.I. signatures. Scrawled in the center of the ceiling of the once-great reception hall is a Jewish Star of David. . . . At the last formal White House reception of the season, President Truman shook hands 7,482 times —by Secret Service count. . . . Welsh-born 66-year-old Senator E. V. Robertson of Wyoming, as a youth, served three years in the British Army during the Boer War. . . . Nothing is being announced about it, but the State Department is quietly taking over administration of the U. S. occupation zone in Korea from the Army.

Out on a Limb • Nothing will come of the current Congressional move to limit Presidential tenure; nor of President Truman's proposal that the Speaker of the House succeed to the Presidency in the event of the death of the President and Vice-President.

Test flights of Howard Hughes' long-controversial 700-passenger transport plane will be attempted this summer.

The Georgia Supreme Court will unseat Herman Talmadge as governor of the state.

There will be a Congressional investigation of U. S. occupation in Germany, despite the bitter opposition of the administration, War Department and certain Republican senators.

The closed shop will not be outlawed in the new labor law enacted by Congress.

The income-tax cut will not cover all of 1947. As it will be finally enacted, the reduction will start July 1.

The budget reduction figure that the hotly differing House and Senate will finally agree upon will be $5,000,000,000, instead of the $6,000,000,000 the House demands and the $4,500,000,000 the Senate favors.

President Truman will veto any act lifting all rent controls. There aren't enough votes in Congress to pass it over his head.

The latest move to merge the A. F. L. and C. I. O. will prove as futile as in the past.

Charm School • Tax reduction, budget slashing, labor curbs, universal training and other hot issues are daily making sizzling headlines on Capitol Hill. But Congressional wives have a more pressing problem on their minds.

They are excitedly aflutter over a charm school that has been started at the fashionable Congressional Club.

Leaders of the ambitious project are Mrs. John Davis Lodge, wife of the new congressman and former movie actor from Connecticut, and Mrs. Ralph Church, wife of the veteran Illinois congressman. Objective of the school is to teach Congressional wives how to become as svelte as debutantes and as modish as Powers models.

To this end, courses are given five days a week in dieting, physical culture, hairdressing, make-up, dress and hat making, social deportment, foreign languages, and dancing.

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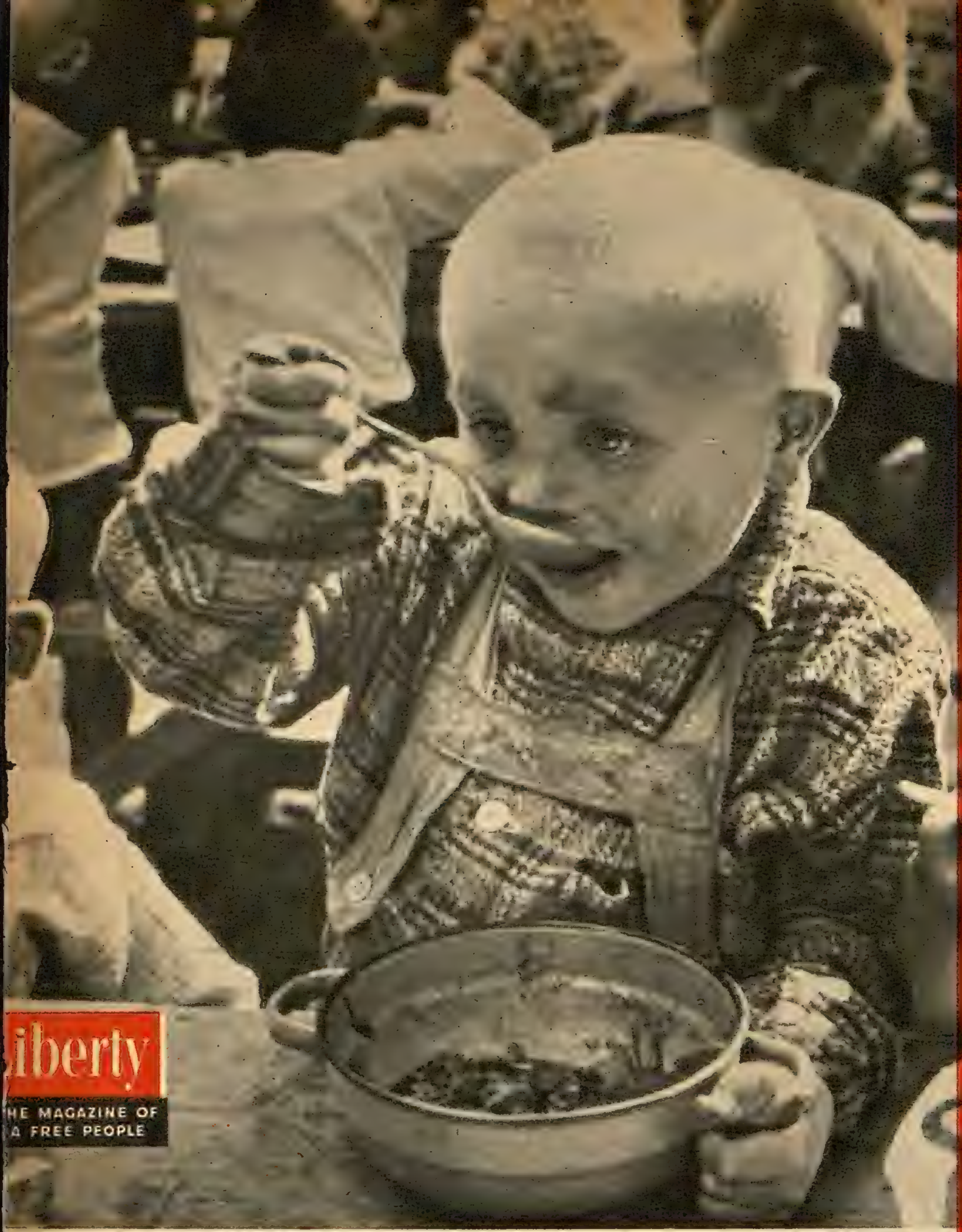
By Leland Stowe

What Iron—Whose Curtain?

A noted correspondent, who moved without interference in two Soviet-occupied countries, finds the Russians fumbling and far from their goal of selling Communism



INP PHOTO

The biggest human problem behind the Soviet iron curtain in Europe is feeding homeless children. This Hungarian lad, stunted by previous short rations, is fed at a camp.

READING TIME • 15 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

OBVIOUSLY people can't go through an "Iron Curtain." But I've just been through it, and in and out, several times. I've traveled without interference through Hungary and Rumania—strategic heart of Russian-occupied Europe.

Many Americans have so fixed a Churchillian picture of this area that a factual report of actual conditions along the Danube surprises them greatly.

"Do you really mean a reporter can go wherever he wants to go in Hungary and Rumania?" they ask incredulously.

"Once he gets in, of course he can," I explain. "In Hungary maybe you have to wait two or three days to get a road pass from the Russians. In Rumania you don't even need a road pass. You just get in your car and drive where you want."

I wonder, now, where Stalin's Iron Curtain ends and Churchill's mass hypnotism begins.

I haven't visited Yugoslavia, Bulgaria, or Poland since the war. But present-day Hungary and Rumania I know from personal experience. I worked there for several months in 1940 (when the Nazis were setting up *their* Curtain), and I recently had another close look, over a period of some nine weeks. In many ways these two countries typify the Soviet east-European zone—and they are located right in its central sector. My evaluation of conditions there is not infallible, of course. It's just one reporter's effort to put the record straight. As such, here it is:

1. "Iron Curtain" Conception: That Communists dominate the Budapest and Bucharest governments, and monopolize these countries' police forces.

Fact: Absolutely accurate.

Explanation: Unnecessary.

2. I. C. Conception: That western correspondents cannot travel around in Hungary and Rumania and "see for themselves."

Fact: Absolutely inaccurate.

Explanation: This misconception arises from the fact that reporters must obtain local Red Army clearance before being admitted to these countries, just as they must be accredited in order to work in American- or British-occupied zones. To get Russian clearances usually takes two or three weeks; sometimes two months or more. If correspondents wait it out, they get in. Up to the time I left Vienna, the Soviet military had never yet refused to grant a correspondent's application.

3. I. C. Conception: That Red Army forces of occupation have an "Iron grip" on Hungary and Rumania; that their troops are strong in both nations' capitals and in most of their important cities.

Fact: The first idea is somewhat exaggerated; the second is untrue.

Explanation: As of last November, Soviet troops in Hungary numbered about 100,000; possibly much less. Adequate, but not excessive. Best estimates placed their total in Rumania as between 200,000 and 250,000. This number is large because Rumania's big rural areas are ideal for garrison purposes. Soviet divisions are adequate in Hungary, excessive in Rumania; but their presence is not flaunted. In most cities in these countries you see fewer Russian soldiers than you see Americans in Salzburg, Austria.

4. I. C. Conception: That Soviet Marxist systems are being imposed by the Russians.

Fact: Up to now, completely untrue.

Explanation: No Socialistic or Communistic economic reforms have yet been introduced into Hungary or Rumania. The Soviets do control certain key industries through "fifty-fifty" companies (Soviet-Hungarian or Soviet-Rumanian). But these are outright capitalistic monopolies. Most western observers believe, however, that the economy of these countries will be progressively socialized, or "sovietized," over the next few years.

5. I. C. Conception: That opposition to the Communists has been crushed or cowed.

Fact: Absolutely inaccurate.

Explanation: Soviet economic policies and Communist Party methods have provoked pronounced opposition, much of it both anti-Red and anti-Russian. This opposition among Hungarians and Rumanians is generally estimated at from 80 to 90 per cent.

6. I. C. Conception: That the Soviets have an absolute control of these nations' economy and industries.

Fact: Partly true, and partly misleading.

Explanation: Russian control is complete in regard to four Soviet-Hungarian companies and five Soviet-Rumanian companies, representing key resources or industries. The Soviets have minority shares in some other big corporations—and none in other big ones. Hundreds of smaller plants remain independently owned. In factories producing goods for reparations, Russian observers keep tabs on things. Soviet economic controls are very important—but many loopholes remain. At present the set-up prohibits both countries from trade with the west. This means a real economic curtain but not complete control behind it.

7. I. C. Conception: That the Russians are "running everything."

Fact: Partly correct, but exaggerated.

Explanation: Local Communists run the most important ministries in the Hungarian and Rumanian governments. These men follow Moscow's wishes very closely, so it appears that Russian inspiration is behind their actions. On the other hand, anti-Communists hold many Cabinet posts in Budapest; the Smallholders (anti-Marxists) hold 57 per cent of seats in Parliament. Rumania's administration is much more Communist "integrated," but several Ministers are non-Communists. The January "plot" arrests in Budapest revealed a strong Red offensive against the Smallholders' majority party. This "Iron Curtain" conception appears destined to become more accurate in the political field as time goes on.

8. I. C. Conception: That censorship blankets Soviet-zone countries.

Fact: Largely true about their own national press; almost entirely untrue about news sent to the outside world from these capitals.

Explanation: Local anti-Communist newspapers are sometimes suspended or confiscated if they "talk out." The Communists can shut them off from newsprint supplies. Constant pressures verge upon outright censorship. But news dispatches addressed to the western press from Budapest or Bucharest are not subject to official censorship—and they are seldom held up or interfered with. When sent by local nationals, however, the fact that they are undoubtedly studied and recorded is bound to affect their content.

INP PHOTOS

Bucharest has modern office buildings such as this one, which suffered little bomb damage. (Below) Budapest's young people find it tough to dance in the streets during celebrations because of the ruins.

INP & WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

Women can now vote in Rumania. One at left casts her ballot. (Below) Anna Pauker, one of two women Communist leaders of the Balkans.

9. I. C. Conception: That the Communist-manned secret police are omnipresent; that wholesale spying prevents free speech or free inquiry.

Fact: Partly true—but the average American's impression is still much exaggerated.

Explanation: Hungarians or Rumanians known to be in the political opposition are closely watched by the secret police. This police force is modeled after Russia's NKVD and is very active. Aside from electoral incidents, I found no general atmosphere of terroristic suppression—but a wide recognition that it's wise not to excite police suspicions. Surveillance of foreigners seems limited usually to the one or two large hotels where most of them reside. In my experience, correspondents were not "sleuthed after" wherever they went. It can happen here or there—but it doesn't happen much, or all the time.

10. I. C. Conception: That people behind the "Iron Curtain" can't talk freely, and are afraid to express their opinions.

Fact: Entirely erroneous.

Explanation: In Hungary and Rumania it's really surprising how freely and frankly most citizens talk. The Churchill picture hasn't prepared you for it. In cities and towns a great many people are outspokenly anti-Communist. They are often critical of Soviet policies or of Russian actions. It seems there's considerably more iron in the Magyars and Rumanians than the amount presently existing in the "Curtain" behind which they live.

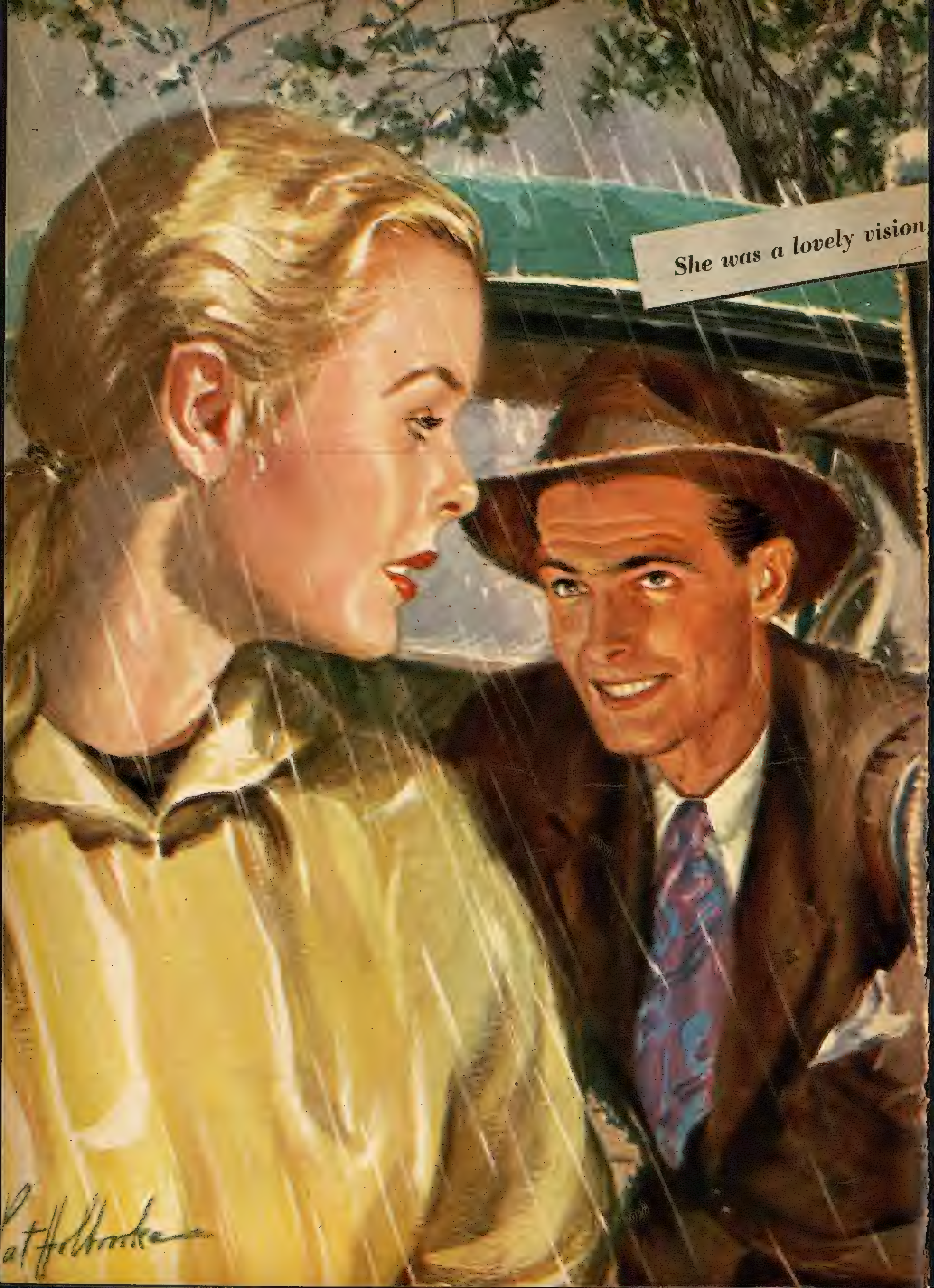
WHEN you add this up, it's very far from being all-White, but it's by no means all-Red—not yet, anyway. Admittedly there is iron in parts of this Curtain. But in other parts the Curtain consists of little more than cotton or gauze. If a Curtain of iron or of anything approaching iron in strength really existed from Stettin to Trieste, I obviously couldn't have obtained a fraction of these facts on which to base this attempted evaluation.

Yet, unquestionably, many of these fundamental facts are unknown to most Americans. Why is this so? Chiefly, I am convinced, because the U. S. news agencies have not been reporting adequately from the Soviet zones of eastern Europe. For much of the past year, the Associated Press has relied on local citizens for its coverage from Rumania and Bulgaria; the United Press has largely depended on local citizens from Hungary, Rumania, and Bulgaria. Obviously, native newspapermen simply cannot report fully and boldly from these nations' capitals. Unlike the special correspondents maintained by five outstanding American newspapers, the AP and UP have not (until very recently) maintained a regularly-assigned roving American correspondent in eastern Europe. And only roving correspondents—American by nationality—can provide a frank and balanced picture of developments in the Soviet zone. Many hundreds of our daily papers rely exclusively on AP or UP reports. This means that millions of Americans depend on these services for their information.

When the two greatest U. S. news agencies, during much of the past year, have failed to cover several eastern European countries with their own experienced American correspondents, one must acknowledge that some of the iron in that curtain is stamped "Made in America."

At this stage I hope you may have a somewhat clearer, if less simplified, picture of conditions in Hungary and Rumania. If they seem rather confusing—well, they *are* confusing. But when you've spent many weeks of inquiry in these two countries, you begin to get the major trends—and you begin to see what the Soviets' chief objectives were and are. I think that's probably the most important thing to understand about the Danubian countries today. I would sum it up this way:

In Hungary and Rumania the Russians had—and have—two main objectives. (*Continued on page 80*)

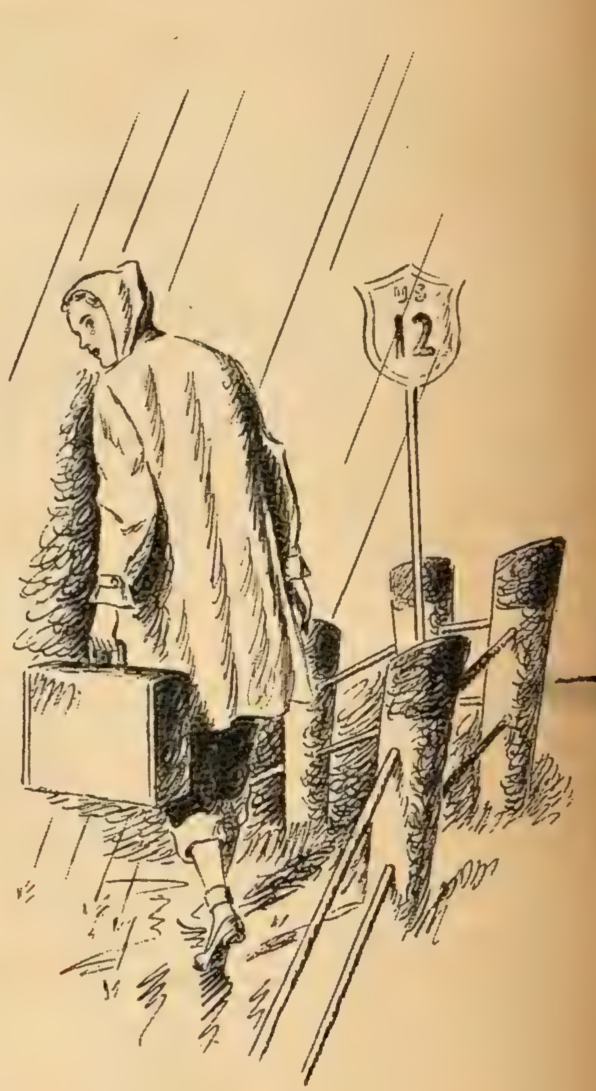


She was a lovely vision

Pat Holbrooke

soft spring rain, and he was one man she'll never forget, one man in a million

First Kiss



By John and Ward Hawkins

READING TIME • 23 MINUTES 32 SECONDS

IT was one of those Oregon rains, halfway between a fog and a mist. It fell on the green hills so gently it hardly seemed like rain to the young man driving along the highway. But for the girl walking beside the road it must have seemed like the bottom of a lake.

He had plenty of time to think about giving her a lift. Her yellow raincoat, a three-quarter parka job, stood out like a beacon at the far end of a long tangent. She wore rolled-up levis and she carried a suitcase. She kept looking back, as hitchhikers do. He didn't know whether she'd ride with him or not. He was alone, so she probably wouldn't. But he thought, What the hell. It was raining; there weren't many cars on the road. The least he could do was give her a chance to turn him down.

He had gone past her by then. He stopped the car, backed up, and opened the door on her side. She had to stop or step off the gravel shoulder to get around it. She stopped. He gave her a smile.

"Better get in," he said.

She stood there and had a long look at him. Her eyes were gray and wide set. The rain on her lashes and on her cheeks and nose didn't hurt her appearance a bit. She was very young and very pretty. Just now she was being very dead-pan.

"I won't bite you," he said, just to help her make up her mind.

She didn't move. She looked at his clothes and his car and took plenty of time.

"I think you're the one," she said.

He thought that was a queer thing to say. She put her bag on the floor behind the front seat. She unbuttoned her parka, shook the water from it, and put it with the bag. Then she got into the front seat and closed the door. She was very deliberate about it all, as if she were getting set for a long ride.

"Where are you going?" he asked.

"Does it matter?"

"Not if you feel that way," he said. "Ride as far as you like, get out when you like. You just say the word."

He didn't want to make her nervous, so he didn't look at her. When he reached for a cigarette, he offered her one out of habit. She took it and the lighter he gave her. She coughed on the first drag.

"Hey!" he said. "Throw it away."

"Why?"

"Because I said so."

She rolled the window down and tossed the cigarette into the rain. That, too, was done in an oddly deliberate way. He got the idea she'd made up her mind to do what people wanted her to do and no argument.

"Why did you take it?" he asked.

"You offered it to me."

"That's a good reason," he said. "You don't smoke, but you took it because I gave it to you. You're too young to smoke. How old are you?"

"Eighteen," she said promptly.

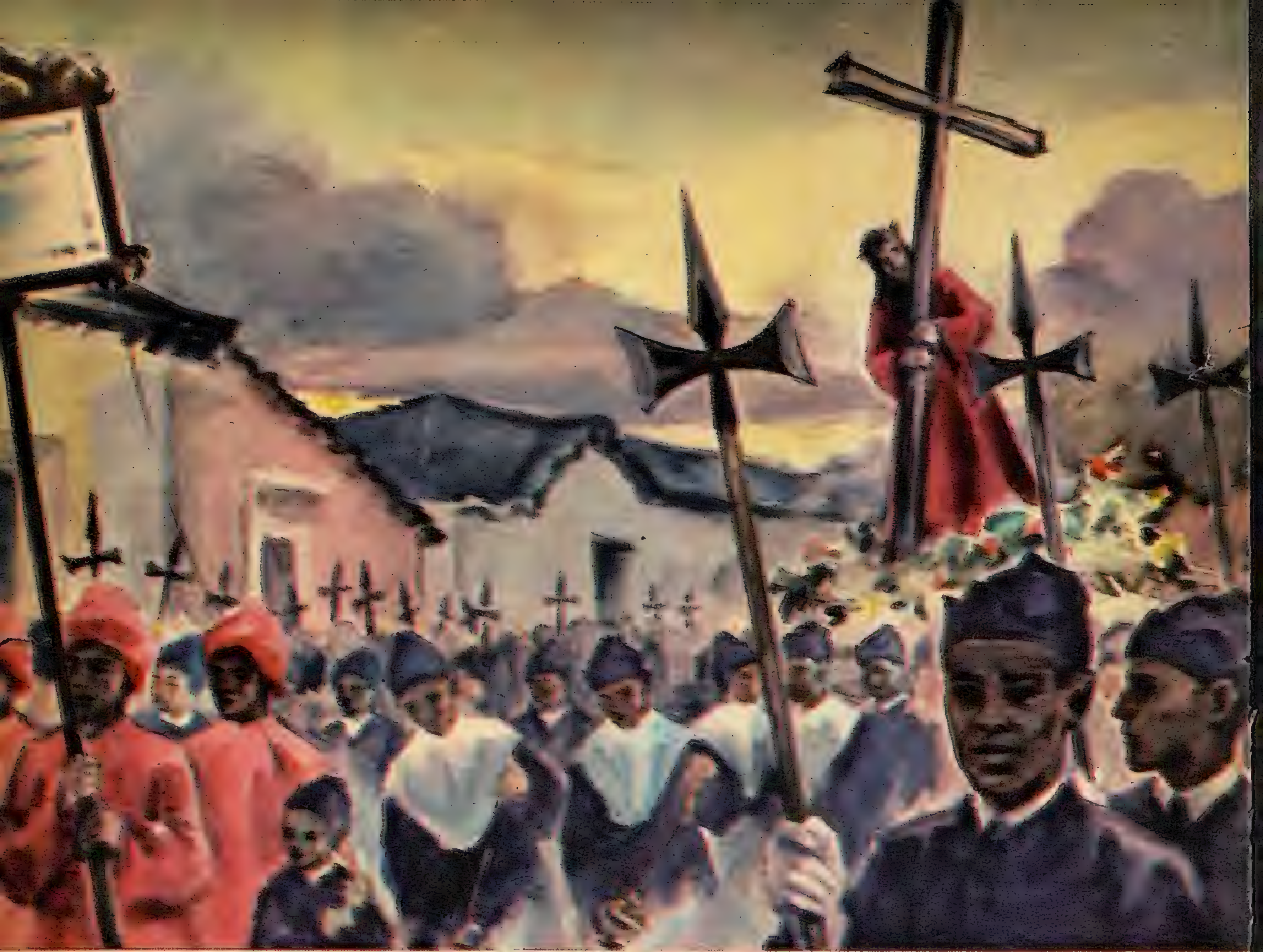
He looked at her and thought, Sixteen is more like it. Then he looked at her again. She had the sweetest face he'd seen in a long time. A nice profile, a complexion that was pure wonderful. Her hair was the color of golden taffy; she wore it in a long bob. A nice girl from a good family, no doubt about that. She had an eighteen-year-old figure — a nice taut figure under her sweater—but she wasn't a day over sixteen.

"How old are you?" she asked.

"Twenty-nine."

"You don't look it either."

(Continued on page 71)



The Beautiful Sadness

By Jean Hersey

READING TIME • 5 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

THE Easter season in Guatemala found Gertrude and me at the Alcazar Hotel in Antigua. We were traveling through the country, painting and photographing, and decided to linger in this lovely old Spanish city.

Dmitri, our waiter, discoursed without pause throughout each meal. He talked mostly about Easter.

It takes a week to celebrate Easter in Guatemala, it seems, and the shops and business offices close. Religious processions occur for several days, working up to a grand climax on Good Friday.

"Good Friday is a solemn occasion," Dmitri explained. "All the women wear long black veils. Only a few people will be in the streets. It is very serious and very sad. By Easter Day, it is all over. There is church in the morning, of course, but it's nothing like the church on Good Friday. Good Friday, ah—that is the time of the beautiful sadness."

On Good Friday morning, before it was light, a terrific explosion shook our beds, blew open the window, and blew us both upright.

"An earthquake!" Gertrude exclaimed.

"Oh, but terrible—on Good Friday, too!" I gasped, rushing to the window. In Antigua, city of beautiful ruins shadowed by the towering cones of two volcanoes, the tourist is apt to be earthquake-conscious. Three other concussions of varying intensity followed.

We heard a knock on our door. Dmitri's gentle voice spoke: "Señoras, you hear? It is the celebration. I forgot to tell you. They send rockets off from the church steps to attract God's attention before the prayers begin."

Streaks of fire were still trailing up into the graying dawn when we heard the screaming of the matraca. We had watched this giant noisemaker being set on top of the church a few days before. As it turned, its spokes hit a fly paddle with a harsh *clack-clack-clack*.

On Good Friday morning men marked off a large square in the middle of almost every block with

Good Friday in Guatemala is like nothing in this world — a haunting, unforgettable re-enactment of the greatest event of all time

handfuls of different-colored grain, flower petals, and stencils that skillfully composed elaborate designs. The effect when complete was that of an intricately patterned, many-hued Oriental rug, thick enough to conceal the paving. These were for the processions to walk over.

All day slow, sad music, quite off key, drifted over the tiled roofs. The women, moving like shadows, their heads concealed by long black veils, waited. The men, when they had finished their "rugs," waited. By afternoon we were waiting, too, not quite knowing why, but caught in the spell.

The side street next to the hotel was carpeted with thick pine needles. As dusk fell, a small child was sitting there alone, twisting a small pine branch with a few cones on it into a circle.

THROUGH growing darkness we went to the Cathedral of La Merced. It was crowded.

The people were kissing Christ's heel reverently and tenderly. Old men, women, and little children, each waited his turn to climb up the narrow steps to the small platform behind the fifteen-foot figure. There, bending on one knee and making the sign of the cross, each would kiss the wooden heel.

The Christ was dressed in a long scarlet robe, had curls of real hair which hung far below his shoulders, and carried a large cedar cross. The figure was mounted on a wooden platform at one side of the nave. Sprays of yellow orchids had been planted around the hem of the scarlet robe. Bunches of bananas lay as offerings among the flowers. Incense floated through the crowds, swirling around us to rise toward the ceiling. Hundreds of white candles shone from the intricately carved gold altar of La Merced, priests moved back and forth performing rites. People knelt, praying, people walked in and out—heels clicked on the stone floor—and always there was dirgelike music. Strangely moving.

The square outside La Merced was dark, chilly, heavy with the smoke of incense. Indians huddled together around small stalls cooking and selling tortillas. We all crowded together under one of the stone arches of the governor general's palace, and waited. Each church would parade its own special saints. The procession goes on all Good Friday night.

The glow of yellow lanterns lit up the enthralled faces of the men, women, and children around us. A gathering tension gripped and held as the funeral music sounded nearer and nearer. At last it came—the first procession.

Lining the streets, between the crowds and the saints, marched rows of men in purple, carrying spears. At the head of the procession came a lone flute player. Behind him, two men held a tall silver cross between them. Others followed, dressed in brilliant costumes, and bringing the Hammer, the Cross, the Thorn, the Sponge. One man shouldered a tall pole on which was a painting of the Crucifixion. Some carried scrolls with the Last Words of Jesus in Spanish.

The statues of the saints came next, each on a platform.

A deep-drawn breath stirred the crowd as the figure of the entombed Christ approached. Ahead of it, purple-garbed men were swinging their brass censers. The blue smoke bit your throat.

We could see the Christ figure, for the sides of the gold casket it rested in were of glass. The coffin must have been wired some way, for it was lighted inside. The Christ was robed in shining silks, and his real-hair wig rested on a yellow satin pillow. Several men supported it.

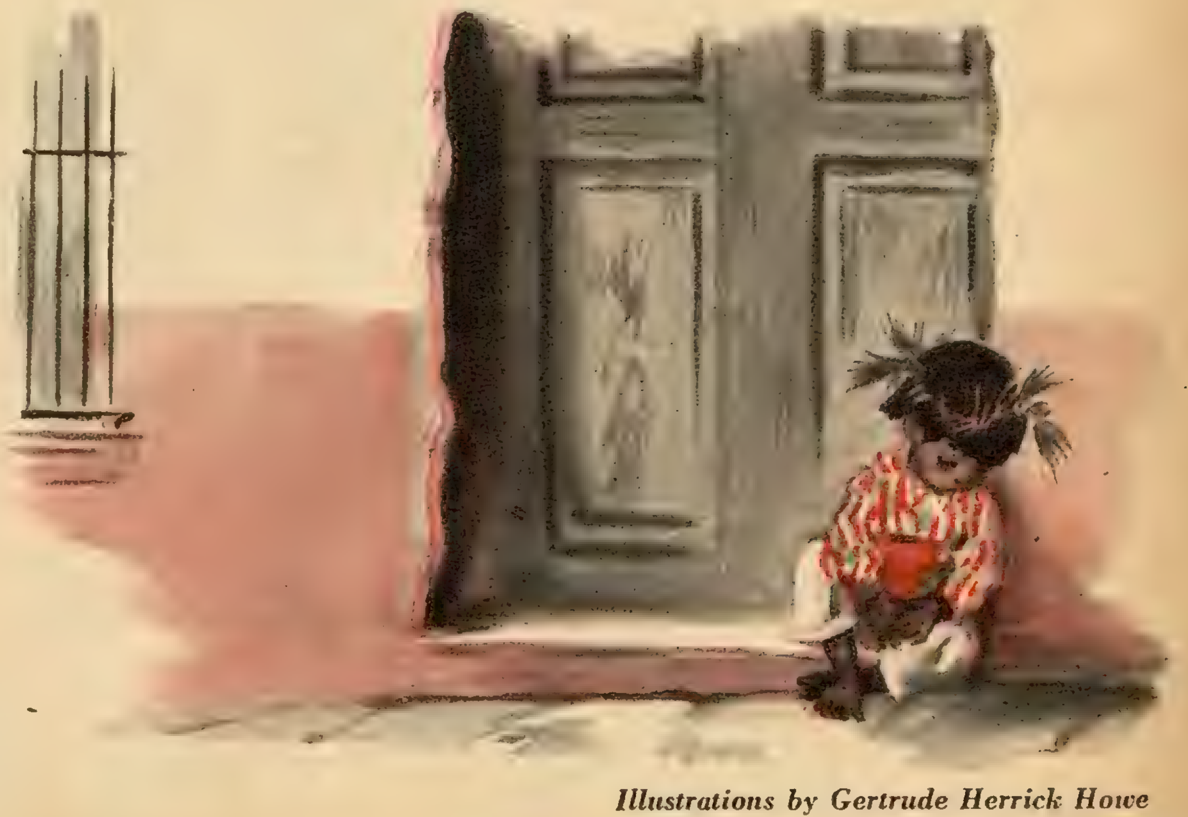
With the passing of the gold casket the tension relaxed. The friendly figures of Mary Magdalene and Martha, both in deep black, were carried by.

Many around us had lighted candles. From time to time, as the men bearing the saints became exhausted, substitutes would emerge from the crowd to ease the load from their shoulders—and never a beat of the music was lost. The drums were sharp and staccato. And always the rhythm of the dirge went on and on. It penetrated. That slow, even beat possessed me, hypnotized me.

Then the sting of hot wax broke the spell. A few drips had fallen on my arm from a candle held next to me. The brown hand that held it stretched out from a black silk scarf that concealed a woman's head and shoulders. The lanterns from the processions swung their moving yellow lights over the faces of the close-crushed people around us.

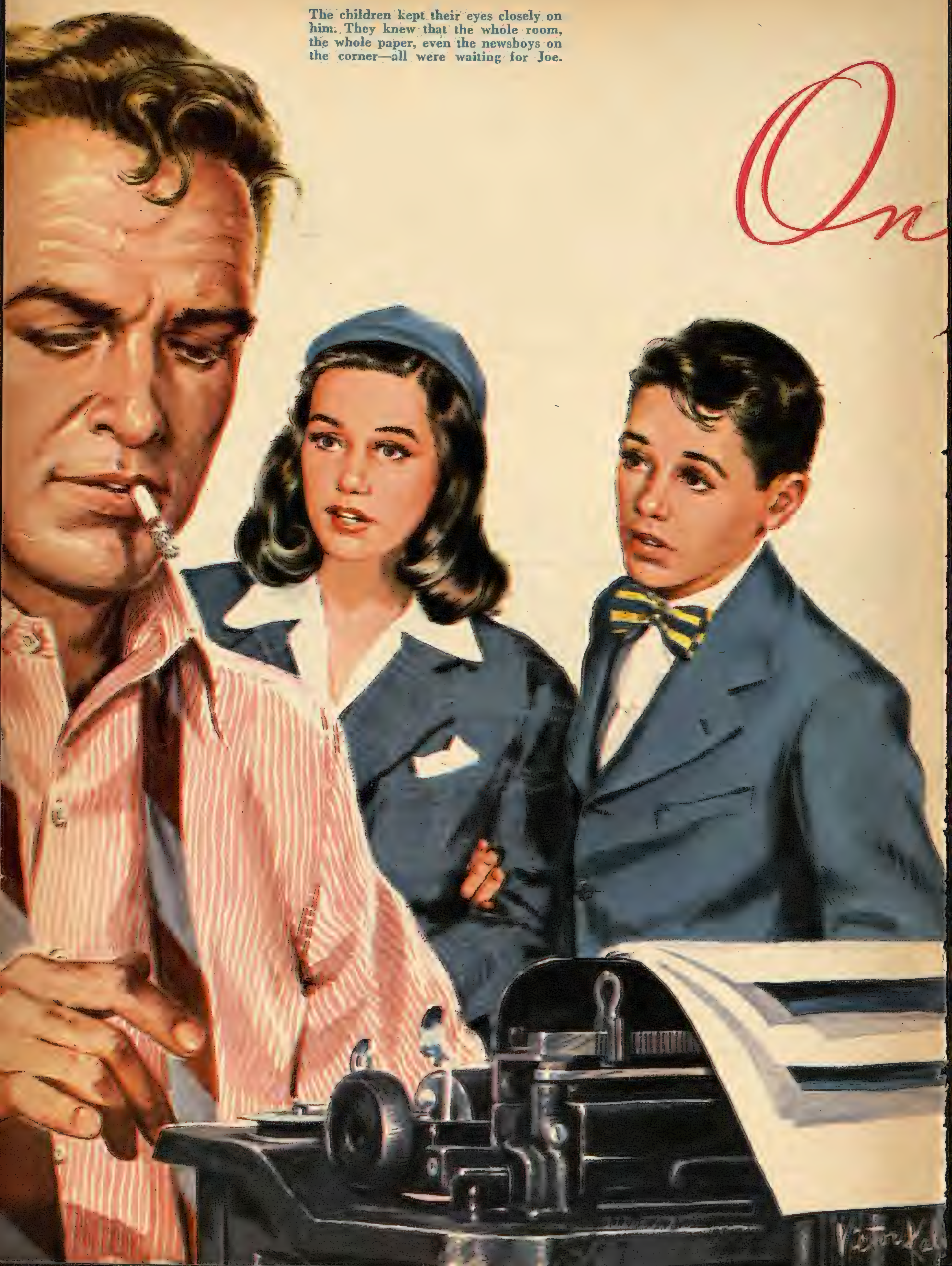
The night was more than half over when the processions had passed. The matraca clacked tiredly through the mournful music in the distance. The incense pricked your nose. We turned toward the Alcazar. The smell of pine rose from the cobbles on the street next to the hotel. I looked idly for the small child. He was curled up, asleep; but around his head was a pine branch tied with dried grass into a circle like a crown. And at intervals along the branch were the hard little cones with their sharp points.

THE END



Illustrations by Gertrude Herrick Howe

On



The children kept their eyes closely on him. They knew that the whole room, the whole paper, even the newsboys on the corner—all were waiting for Joe.

Approval

It's tough enough to sell yourself to your stepchildren-to-be, but Joe had to have them in the city room when the hottest story in town was breaking

By Gordon Malherbe Hillman

READING TIME•24 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

WITH great misgivings, Joe Stone rang Lily Barton's bell.

Lily's house always frightened him. It had two imposing white Corinthian pillars that soared up to the third story and gave it a great air of magnificence. They made it look like a mansion on some huge Southern plantation, though Lily had quite carefully pointed out that it wasn't a mansion and that it wasn't magnificent.

Lily was a very understanding sort of woman. If she weren't, he wouldn't be here now with his suitcase in his hand and his mind filled with the utmost alarm.

The alarm came from the inescapable fact that he was about to be submitted to the inspection of Lily's children for a night and a day, and if they didn't like him, he was done for.

Lily knew perfectly well he was going to ask her to marry him, though nothing definite had been said about it. And he knew that whether she would marry him or not depended entirely on Ronald and Felicity.

Lily had very simple and direct ideas, and her latest was that as she was going away to look at a house, Joe should come out and entertain the children. He was quite aware that he was being offered to them on approval and it made him most uncomfortable.

The door swung open, and Margery, the colored maid, favored him with a gleaming smile. "Evenin', Mr. Joe."

It was nice that Margery liked him, Joe thought.

"Mis' Lily, she's around somewheres," Margery announced.

Lily came down the hall with the long lines of her green linen dress making her seem taller still, with the light sending a soft sheen on her dark hair, with her skin sheer cream color.

"Why, hello, Joe," she said and kissed him lightly. "Bring up your bag, Joe. You might as well get settled in."

The bedroom was massive and all its furniture was dark and polished and seemed to have been there a long time. On one wall was a huge portrait of a forbidding man with infinitely contemptuous eyes.

"That's Will's father," Lily said. "He used to be governor."

Will had been Lily's first husband, dead now for six years. He had been a corporation lawyer, a member of all the best clubs, a most impressive sort of man. He would be hard to live up to, especially where his children were concerned.

"Don't gloom so," Lily told him. "They'll simply love you."

She gave his arm a sharp squeeze and went away.

Joe laid out his things on the bed. He looked up and Governor Barton glared down. Governor Barton seemed to be saying, "What's a newspaperman doing in this house?"

Joe hardly knew, himself. He'd met Lily at a cocktail party and they'd gone on meeting. When he'd realized quite surely that he was in love with her, he'd been terrified by her background and her wealth.

Only she *hadn't* any wealth, Lily had carefully explained. She lived by selling expensive real estate to people fortunate enough to be able to afford it. And her background might appear to be on a grand scale, but actually it wasn't.

Furthermore, she had said, she didn't think it fair that any man who might marry her should support two children by her former husband. If she ever did get married again, she'd keep right on making money herself. A lady, like a gentleman, Lily had remarked, needed some self-respect to keep her going.

LILY was unique, Joe thought, standing before the big mirror and struggling into the stiffness of his dress shirt. And he looked, he thought, like one of those amiable, well-meaning men with no distinction at all: fresh color in his face, nondescript brown hair, indefinite nose, mouth with no firmness in it.

What he didn't see was that at thirty-eight he'd kept his youth, that his dark eyes still had that very young look in them of watching for something wonderful just ahead, that life hadn't made him dull.

He began to battle with his black tie and he never could knot it when he was excited. It drabbled off into a mess of wrinkled ends.

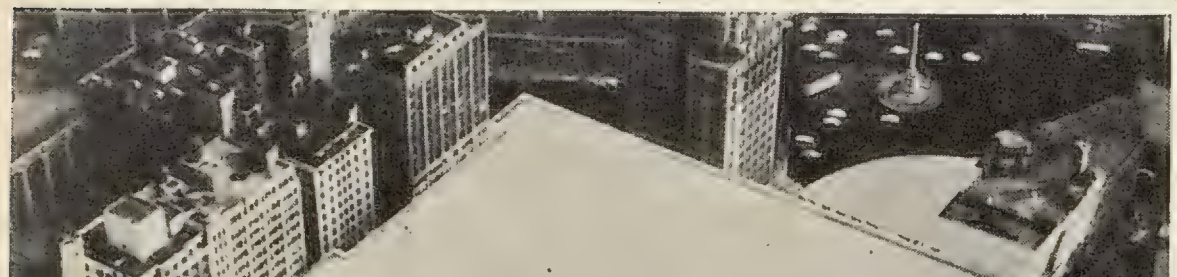
"A fine husband for Lily, you'd be," he told himself. "You can't even dress for dinner."

(*Continued on page* 75)

ILLUSTRATED BY VICTOR KALIN

Spectators Without Calluses

$50,000,000 is about to transform the American indoor sports fan into such a state of soft-cushioned, clear-visioned, luxury-crammed bliss as he's never dreamed of



WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

How the new Madison Square Garden will look from the air. There will be no crowding or neck craning. Escalators will whisk fans from parking areas to their seats.

By Bob Considine

READING TIME • 14 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

THE American sports business outgrew its britches during World War II. There are now more fans than there are places for them to stake out temporary squatting rights.

And, come (1) hell, (2) high water, or (3) the angry snorts of people who believe that the allocation of scarce building materials for sports palaces is infamy, we are about to see the greatest stadium and arena-building spree since the Romans discovered that gladiators were box office.

At least $50,000,000 has been earmarked for the building or enlargement of U. S. athletic foundries. And nearly half of it will be spent on a single project in New York City, the huge New Madison Square Garden which will cover two city blocks in the Columbus Circle neighborhood. Doubtless the New Garden will be the major influence in the construc-

tion of sports arenas throughout the country.

If blueprints mean anything, that long-suffering soul, the U. S. sports fan, is in for some startling surprises.

Once in possession of his ticket, he'll be able to drive his car directly into the arena building, select a parking space, and step to the nearest escalator or elevator and be borne aloft to the vicinity of his seat.

That seat will never be behind a pillar, for there will be no such supports. If he stands six feet or more, or is of ample beam, his seat nevertheless will fit him. And it will be cushioned.

He who spent so many of his sports-going years peering out of the shadows from the ends of arenas, now will sit along the side lines. There will be few, if any, banks of seats at the ends. And though he sits in the last seat in the last row of the top balcony, he'll see every inch of the playing floor.

He'll never need a coat at a hockey game, for new methods have been worked out to keep him warm—and the rink cold. On the hottest summer night there will be no need for him to peel down to his undershirt. The New Garden, and those like it, will be cooled better than are today's movie houses.

No longer will he receive his announcements by way of rasping brass-lunged loud-speakers hung from the roof, or thick-tongued blurts from the center of the ring. The announcer's words will reach him by static-proof high-frequency transmission, and there will be built-in amplifiers in each aisle. If it is a fight he is watching, microphones intricately placed under and around the ring will bring him every word of the referee, the sound of every blow, every step of footwork, every wheeze and grunt jolted from the principals.

The man in front of him with the sour pipe won't be noticed any more. Ducts beneath each seat will scoop out smoke and stale air. Other ducts will replace it with cleansed, pollenless air, introduced without a suggestion of a draft.

Magnetized gas-tube lighting—replacing incandescents — will bring out the true colors of costumes, uniforms, and equipment. No longer will the fans' eyes be stung by photographers' bulbs. The cameramen of the arenas-soon-to-be will expose their plates with the aid of light rays of such high speed that no human eye will be able to detect them.

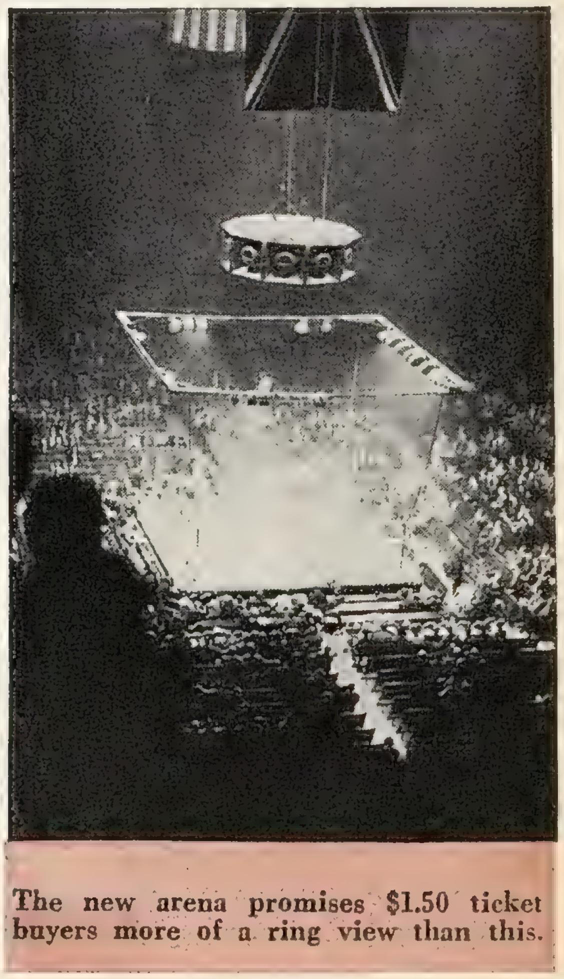
During the show our fan will have, without moving from his seat, his choice of more and better refreshments, including coffee served from special thermos kits just now beginning to appear on the market. If he wants to stretch for his food, there will be more and less crowded quick-order food stands. And, importantly, more, cleaner and easier-to-reach rest rooms.

The show over, our fan will stroll a few feet to the nearest escalator or elevator to the garage levels below. In a few minutes, with no congestion, he will have driven his car out of one of several exits and be on his way.

All this will emerge from the drawing board of America's foremost sports architect, Lionel Levy of New York. Levy is a slim, self-effacing product of Georgia Tech who became what he is today because the first New York firm he worked for, as a draftsman, won the bid to construct the present Madison Square Garden. Since then, this shy and well-groomed practical dreamer has become a legend in sports promotion, though he is still in his forties and looks ten years younger.

Levy is unique in that he is the only architect in his particular field.

(*Continued on page 82*)



The new arena promises $1.50 ticket buyers more of a ring view than this.

IN DARKEST MEXICO

In filming The Macomber Affair, Gregory Peck, Joan Bennett, and Robert Preston outsuffered the original Hemingway characters

TAXI
STRONGIN

By Elizabeth Wilson

READING TIME • 6 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

ERNEST HEMINGWAY'S short story, The Short Happy Life of Francis Macomber, was first published in 1936, a year after his hunting trip in Africa. It's the highly dramatic story of a young American millionaire, Francis Macomber, and his beautiful, cynical wife, on a safari in British East Africa. The Macombers engage as guide the professional hunter, Robert Wilson. Macomber turns and runs on a lion hunt, and Mrs. Macomber shows her contempt for him by kissing Wilson. Torn with anger and frustration, Macomber resolves to prove that he is not a coward. The next morning he faces the terrifying charge of a wounded bull buffalo, and drops him with an expert shot. As the buffalo falls, another gun sounds and Macomber pitches forward with a bullet through his head. Did Mrs. Macomber shoot to kill the bull—or her husband? Hemingway doesn't say. It's become one of the most provocative endings in literature since Frank Stockton's The Lady or the Tiger.

Producer Benedict Bogeaus has long had his eye on the Hemingway story. Last year, with his co-producer Casey Robinson, who owns a slice of Gregory Peck, Bogeaus paid Hemingway $85,000 for the screen rights. (Producer Mark Hellinger paid Hemingway $50,000 for The Killers, which made it a bumper year for the Hemingway short story.) Peck, of course, would play the guide Wilson. Joan Bennett and Robert Preston were signed to play the Macombers. Zoltan Korda, a specialist on rugged outdoor dramas, was hired as director. "We added a first and a last act," says Korda. "Otherwise we have kept our picture faithful to the spirit of the original." Korda is convinced he has a beauty of an ending that will please everyone, including the Johnston Office.

Bogeaus and Robinson had every intention of keeping the original Hemingway title until they started receiving complaints from exhibitors around the country. "I will bill you for the extra current used on my marquee during the playing time of The Short Happy Life of Francis Macomber," wrote exhibitor Morrie Davis of St. Louis. The title was shortened to The Macomber Affair.

In February, 1946, a camera crew headed by Osmond Borradaile left England for Africa to get background material, especially the thrilling hunt scenes. The exact measurements of Peck, Bennett, and Preston, with copies of their safari clothes, were sent to London, and three doubles were found to play the Hollywood stars on the actual big-game hunt. A sound crew also went along to obtain sound effects of everything from bird chirps to the roar of lions.

Some four weeks later Korda in Hollywood received several thousand feet of film from Africa. He and his staff immediately started one of the most difficult matching jobs ever attempted on the West Coast. They searched California, Arizona, New Mexico, and Texas for a locale duplicating the African veldt. No luck. Then someone recalled that Trader Horn, with a similar background, had been filmed about ten miles out from Tecate, a brewery town in Mexico. The studio leased the land from the Mexican government for two months, and Hollywood dug in.

THE nearest hotel in which to house the crew of 125 was at Rosarita Beach, forty-five miles from the location. The first problem was to get a road built from the hotel to the location. Local road builders estimated that it would take a month or more. So, instead of hiring the Mexican workers themselves, the company manager hired their equipment (at a pretty price) and told them to go into Tecate and have a siesta on him. The following day the entire company of grips, carpenters and electricians, with whom the manager had made a deal, pitched in and ran a road through in forty-eight hours. Primitive, but passable. The crew figured they bulldozed twenty-one miles of road, built three bridges, and diverted the course of two small streams.

That left the problem of transportation, settled by renting a fleet of eighteen yellow Mexican taxicabs. Being contracted for, the cabs had no meters, and neither did they have brakes. There were often as many as seventeen blowouts within two hours—which did much to raise the blood pressure of the production manager. With cameras ready to grind, Peck and Preston would be found somewhere on the road helping Pedro change a tire.

Kenny Walton, mild-mannered prop man, had his troubles too. "Take the matter of the gnus," said Walton. "Mr. Korda wanted a pair of them to take down there for close-ups in the hunting sequences. I couldn't find any. Case of no gnus being bad gnus. But I got two lions and a buffalo from a local animal farm. The lions had an unhappy time of it. They came down with asthma on the second day of shooting and sneezed constantly throughout the picture. Mr. Korda didn't like the sand dunes that were down there, so we had three of them built in the carpenter shop at the studio and took them down on a special truck. When we crossed the border with those phony sand dunes plus twenty-three plaster trees, eighteen plaster ant hills, and some assorted synthetic cactus plants, the immigration guy's eyes nearly popped out."

Walton also told about the latest feature of a traveling location crew. It's a portable ladies' and gents' powder room built by an enterprising ex-G.I., who rents it out by the week. It's a beautiful little job, something that location companies have needed for years.

But there were two great advantages to this lonely site, according to the business manager of the company. The two biggest production holder-uppers were completely missing: low-flying planes and sightseers. Mexicans showed not the slightest interest in how movies are made.

EVERY location has its gags. Best of them was aimed at director "One More Shot" Korda, and was rigged by Peck and Preston. It was one of the most dramatic scenes in the picture. The camera was trained on a section of the "veldt" and the action called for Preston as Francis Macomber to run across the set two jumps ahead of a roaring lion. When Korda called action, Preston tore for the camera registering mortal terror. And right behind him, instead of the lion, yapped Joan Bennett's small French poodle, Bambi.

When they weren't working, the company did their bit at promoting inter-American good will. Peck played in and umpired local Mexican baseball games. Preston judged a Tijuana beauty contest, and threw a stag party for the federal police force. Joan Bennett served as matron of honor at a rural wedding, and when one of the Mexican waiters at the hotel named his fourth child after her—María Joan Bennett Flores Santana—Joan acted as godmother at the christening. The crew, all males except Joan's hairdresser, wardrobe woman, and maid, discovered that the *mañana* boys were right on the beam when it came to shooting craps. When it came to fading a gringo, their motto was an emphatic "Do it now!"—a phrase you don't often hear south of the border.

Now that the shooting's over, the road is slipping back into jungle, and soon there will be nothing left to remind local inhabitants of The Macomber Affair. But Gilberto Flores, the lucky boy who drove Joan Bennett's yellow taxi, has a permanent souvenir: a handsome wristwatch with "Joan Bennett" and the mystic number "23" engraved on its back. It is to remind him, if he should ever forget, of the twenty-three flat tires which he and Miss Bennett suffered together.

THE END

"WANT A GOOD JOB, MISTER?"

Uncanny psychological tips from a unique employment counselor are getting executive jobs for veterans who otherwise might be office boys.

By Dick Strouse

READING TIME • 4 MIN. 24 SEC.

ONE day last spring a man with lieutenant commander's stripes on his sleeves looked soberly at his bankbook. He had an honorable discharge from the navy, a wife and two children, and no civilian experience except as a mathematics instructor. He couldn't support his family on a teacher's pay, and neither could he afford to start at the bottom in industry. He took his problems to a modern Solomon named Bernard Haldane.

Five weeks later he had a job with one of the largest corporations in the country as experimental electrical engineer at a starting salary of $4,200 a year. The job had nothing to do with timepieces, yet he got it because Haldane had found out that what the former teacher liked to do best was to repair delicate watches.

That story is from the files of the Veterans' Executive Job Counseling Service, a brain child of Haldane that has helped more than 500 veterans from New York City find well-paying managerial positions during the past six months. Sponsored by the Society for the Advancement of Management, a nonprofit organization of prominent business executives, the Service is open without charge to any veteran.

Haldane and the consultants he has trained conduct the Service like a clinic in applied psychology. A paratrooper who had fought for twenty-one consecutive days in the Battle of the Bulge had been hospitalized with a battle psychoneurosis, but had been honorably discharged as cured. He finally admitted he was afraid to answer job questionnaires.

"What question stumps you?" Haldane asked.

"It's when they ask, 'Have you ever had a nervous breakdown?' "

"Can't you answer 'No'?"

"My psychoneurosis is on my army record."

"But you're as healthy as I am now," Haldane said. "Next time you have to answer that question, you write in, 'I've been certified as sane. Have you?' "

With his confidence restored, the paratrooper found a $5,000-a-year position within a month.

"We start with the scientifically proven assumption that most people don't understand themselves," Haldane says. "Except in times of general unemployment, every job problem has its solution within the mind of the individual. Sometimes he's afraid. Sometimes he undersells himself. Most often he is in a line of work that doesn't interest him, but thinks he isn't qualified for anything else.

"Yet every personnel study ever made indicates that *interest* is the most important factor of business success. We first try to learn all we can about each client, with the major emphasis on what he would like to do. We then try to help him find a way to do it."

The man responsible for this experiment in manpower engineering is a quiet-voiced labor-relations consultant. Now an associate editor of the conservative New York Journal of Commerce, Haldane spent ten years advising corporations on their personnel problems.

"A man's talents are being wasted if he's assigned to work for which he isn't fitted," Haldane says today. "I had first to convince industry of the fact, and then find out the work each individual could do best."

As the war neared its end, Haldane convinced the Society for the Advancement of Management to establish a free clinic for discharged veterans capable of filling managerial jobs. His argument was, and is, that business is overlooking its best source of executive manpower when it fails to utilize veterans' capabilities.

A major in charge of shipping at Cherbourg was formerly an ex-insurance-claims adjuster. Haldane taught him to say he had been harbor master of a port that handled commodities for a population of 100,000, and he successfully sold himself as a transportation engineer.

Haldane and his fellow consultants spend an initial two to four hours analyzing each candidate. Unqualified candidates are discouraged; qualified candidates are asked to prepare a synopsis of their experience. The consultant and the candidate edit the synopsis together.

The candidate then looks up the names and addresses of executives of the firms for which he would like to work. Haldane writes a letter introducing the candidate and attaching the synopsis. These letters have been consistently successful in obtaining interviews with business leaders not ordinarily available.

The Department of Labor has officially recommended Haldane's manual. Most important, the Society for the Advancement of Management is completing plans to open similar job clinics in eighty-five cities throughout the country.

"Every person in the world can do something well," Bernard Haldane states categorically. "Patience and practical psychology can help the individual find out what that something is; the proper approach can help him cash in on it."

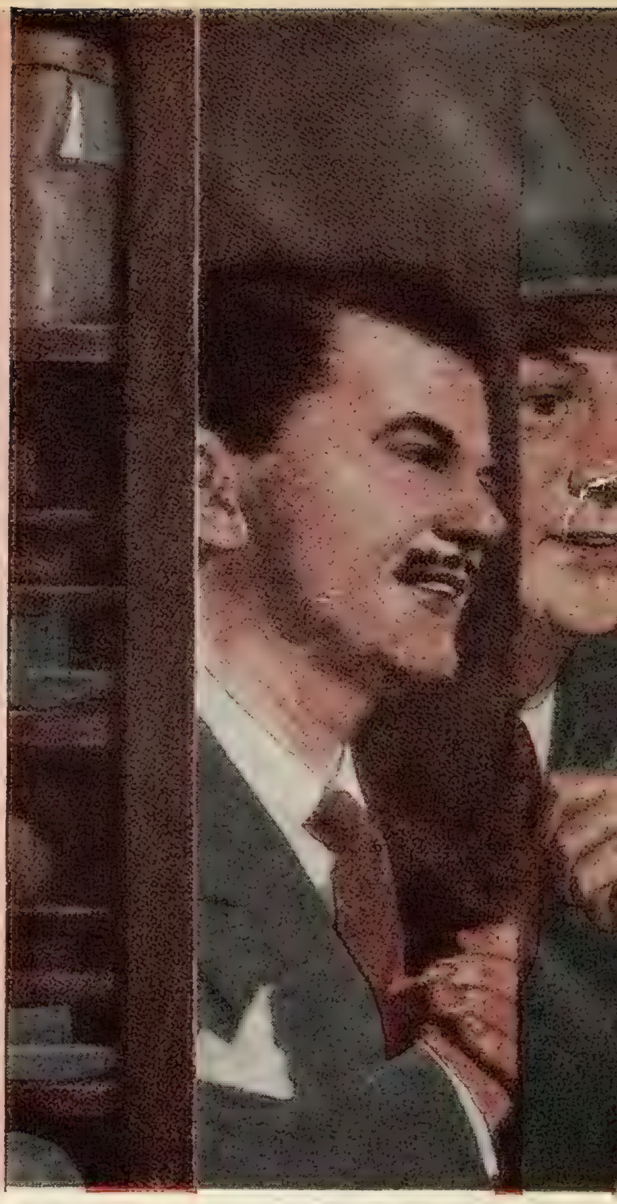
THE END

The New Hat

Clothes make the man, but the point is — they sometimes make him what he isn't

Liberty's
SHORT SHORT
STORY

By Vera Henry



READING TIME • 6 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

TIME and weather had stained Mr. Magillicudy's hat with a rich patina and rippled the brim. Mr. Magillicudy cherished it with a deep affection and never felt dressed unless it was comfortably draped over his balding head.

He pushed it far back on his scalp, bit off the end of a fifty-cent cigar, and listened to the steady hum of activity that made up the Magillicudy Trailer Company. The sharp bite-whang of the saw, the metallic thud of machinery, the smell of fresh lumber and oil and paint filled his soul with peace. Despite material shortages and regulations designed purely to try the soul of small manufacturers, he found his world good. He crossed the factory yard, whistling slightly off key.

Sweeney, the watchman, looked up with a grin. "Had some good news, eh, boss?"

Mr. Magillicudy lit a match with his thumbnail. "How did you know? They just phoned me that our new order of lumber is coming through."

Sweeney's grin was a bit wider. "Could tell by your hat. You always shove it back when things are going right." He dived into his uniform pocket and held out a magnifying glass and a pin anchored to a piece of blue velvet. His manner was both eager and embarrassed. "I've just been working on this, boss. What d'you think of it?"

Mr. Magillicudy looked at the pinhead through the glass and whistled in genuine admiration. "Well, I'll be switched! It's a complete dinner table! Say, that's a turkey on the platter, isn't it?"

Sweeney nodded proudly. "I'm not quite finished. Those water goblets need a bit of touching up."

"You're a genius, Sweeney. I don't see how you do it."

Sweeney's face was a happy pink. "I owe it all to my wife," he admitted. "Someone showed her a pin with the Lord's Prayer carved on it, and she made up her mind that if someone else could do it, so could I—only better. You know how women are."

"I know," Mr. Magillicudy agreed. "Mine thinks she can make me look like a magazine collar boy. She's waiting in the car now to take me shopping for a new hat. Nothing wrong with this hat."

"I hate to see it go," Sweeney said, putting the magnifying glass back. "It's sort of a landmark."

MR. MAGILLICUDY wedged himself in behind the steering wheel of the maroon convertible and bent over to land a kiss on his wife's nose.

Her plump pretty cheeks blushed. "Walter! The whole factory is watching!"

"Let them," Mr. Magillicudy answered grandly. "I paid two dollars for a marriage license twenty-five years ago, and I intend to get my money's worth."

All the way downtown Mr. Magillicudy made noises like a husband. He said that women had no sense of loyalty when it came to clothes. Every time he got something broken in so it was comfortable, he came home and found she had given it away. If she had to fill relief boxes, why in tarnation didn't she give someone the tuxedo that made him look like a second-rate waiter?

Mrs. Magillicudy smiled gently and said, "Yes, dear."

Mr. Magillicudy gave up. Long ago he had learned the futility of trying to reason with his wife when she wore That Look.

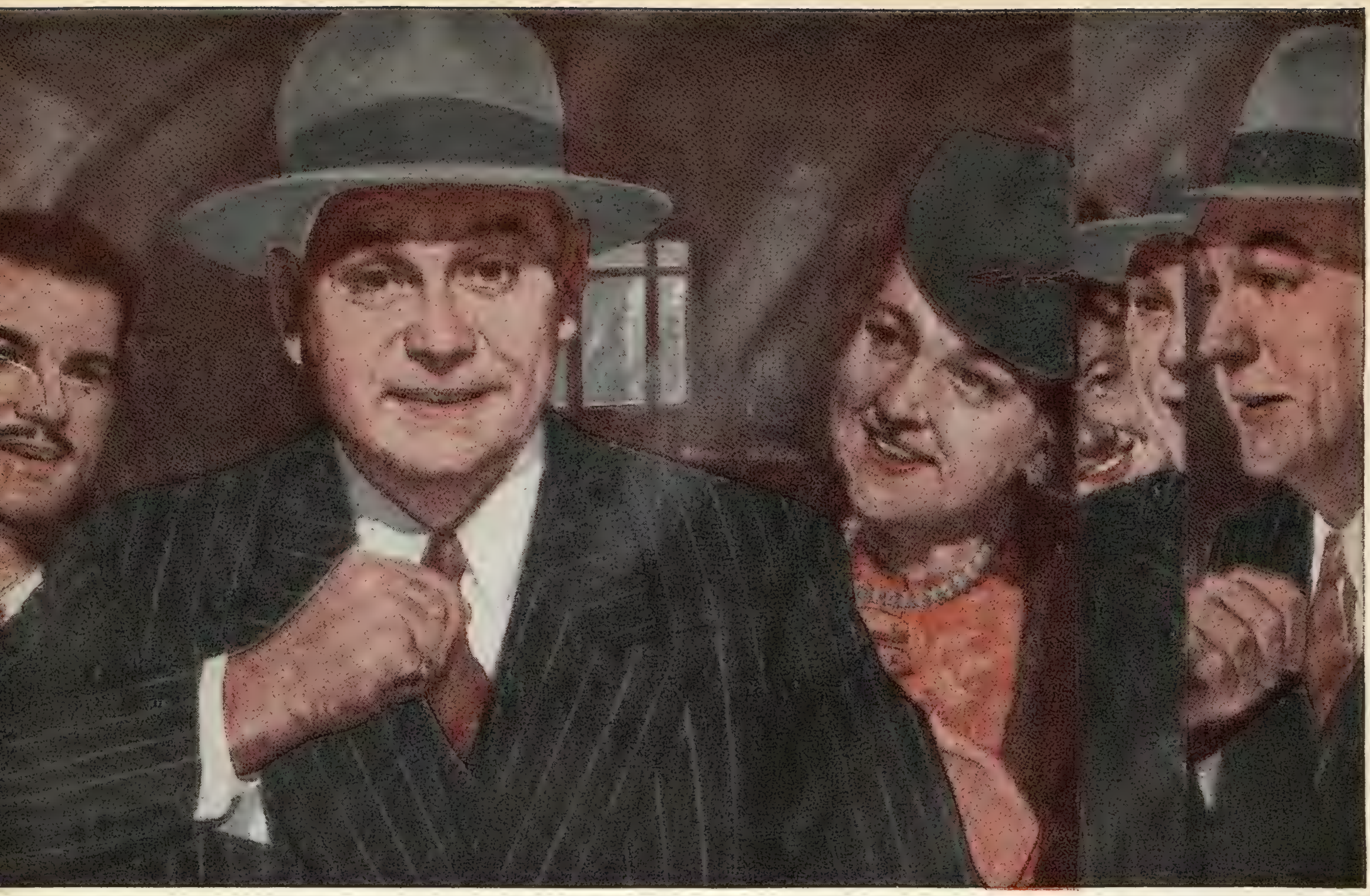
With the air of one condescending to assist at a coronation, the very superior store clerk brought out a gray felt hat.

Mr. Magillicudy jammed it down on his head. "It feels," he announced, "like a rusty diving helmet."

The clerk produced another hat, and then his pursed-up mouth relaxed to echo Mrs. Magillicudy's exclamation of approval. Mr. Magillicudy stared at his reflection in surprise. By some trick of brim, the good nature of his blue eyes was shadowed and the jut of his chin emphasized, giving him an air of stern distinction. He looked—he looked like a Big Shot.

"I'll take it," he said.

While he waited for his change, Mr. Magillicudy looked at his wife's mink coat and the string of real pearls about her plump throat. He thought of all the people who earned a livelihood in his factory. It occurred to him that he was an important man.



By a trick of brim, the good nature of his eyes was shadowed and the jut of his chin emphasized, giving him an air of distinction. He looked—he looked like a Big Shot.

A rough-haired boy went by, his newsbag slung on a thin shoulder. "Did you know I used to sell newspapers on this very corner?" Mr. Magillicudy remarked to his wife. It wasn't the strict truth. His stand had been some four blocks to the south, but the statement fitted in with his Horatio Alger mood. Yes, sir, Mr. Magillicudy reflected, what he had done, any man could do—provided, of course, that he had brains, will power, and vision.

He was still thinking along this line when he drove back to the plant. Sweeney was busy bending over his magnifying glass and didn't open the gate until Mr. Magillicudy shouted at him. Mr. Magillicudy gave him a cold stare. "In the future, Sweeney, tend to your work. If you want to fritter away with those pinheads, don't do it on company time."

Sweeney's mouth hung open. "Yes, sir," he stammered.

Mr. Magillicudy stalked into his office, and for the first time was aware of its battle-scarred appearance. "Get Larsen in here," he snapped at Miss Jones, his secretary. "I want this place remodeled with pine paneling and Venetian blinds. This outfit is one of the biggest trailer companies in the country, and I want an office that looks it!"

For the next few days everything seemed to go crossgrain. Take Larsen and Miss Jones, for instance. You'd have thought they could see to a bit of remodeling without all this friction.

Mr. Magillicudy gloomed at his still un-pine-paneled walls. There was a knock at the door and Sweeney came in hesitantly. "I—I've something here—" he began.

Mr. Magillicudy didn't even look around. "Leave it on the desk."

Sweeney's Adam's apple wobbled. "It's a small present, boss, on the company's fifteenth anniversary."

Mr. Magillicudy swore softly. "I'd forgotten about the anniversary, with all this confusion."

He opened the small box Sweeney handed him. Inside was a magnifying glass and a pin embedded on a strip of blue velvet. Engraved with incredibly fine detail was a picture of the small building that had housed the original Magillicudy Trailer Company.

LOOKING at that pinhead, Mr. Magillicudy remembered many things. He had been a tool-and-die maker, with a lusty growing family, when he had rebelled against working for someone else and put everything he owned into starting this business. There was something almost like a lump in his throat. "We've come a long way since then, Sweeney. There were plenty of times I never thought we'd make it."

"You deserve it, boss," Sweeney said earnestly. "You've worked like a horse."

"I couldn't have done it without men like you," Mr. Magillicudy admitted. He held out his hand. "Thanks a lot, Sweeney. It's about the finest present I've ever had."

Sweeney's mustache twitched with pleasure. "It would have been better if I'd had more time. I—" He broke off.

Mr. Magillicudy rested his hand on his shoulder. "I'm sorry I blew up the other day. I know time hangs a little heavy on your job. As long as you do your work as well as you always have, you can engrave a million pins."

Coming into the office a few minutes after Sweeney left, Miss Jones asked, "Whatever are you doing to your new hat?"

Mr. Magillicudy untwisted it. "I'm sick of trying to live up to it. Since I can't seem to stay on the same level as the hat, it's just going to have to come down to mine." He jammed it on his head. "How does it look now?"

"Not quite so impressive but a lot more natural," said Miss Jones.

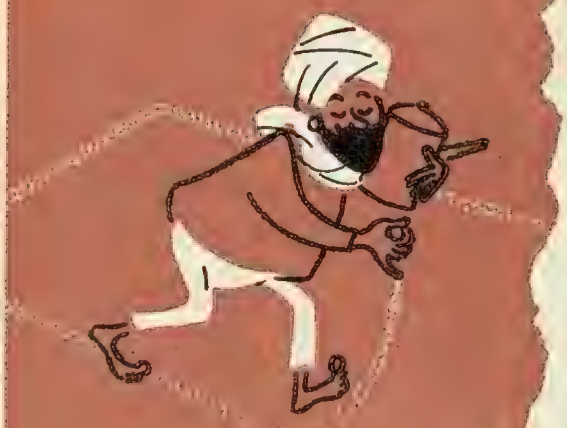
In the doorway he paused and gave her a quick grin. "Tell Larsen to cancel the plans for remodeling. If a new hat could cause all this trouble, there's no telling what a new office might do."

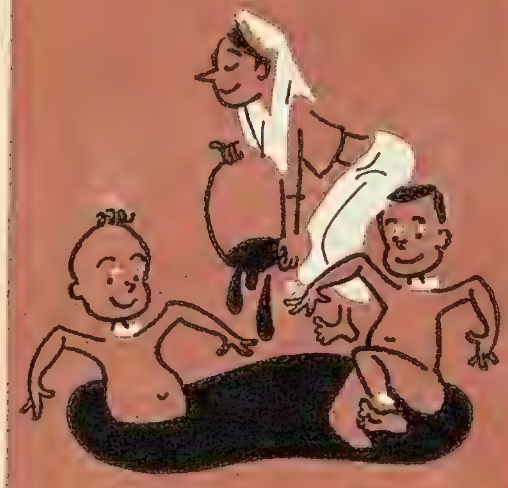
With his hat on the back of his head, whistling a trifle off key, Mr. Magillicudy walked briskly across the factory yard.

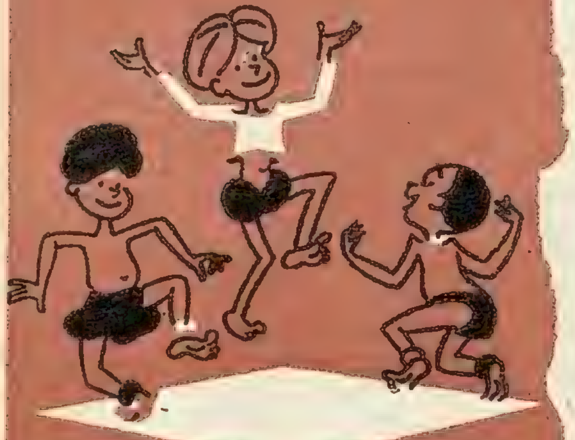
THE END

ILLUSTRATED BY E. C. VAN SWEARINGEN

Why Not Build


House plan is laid out with sand.


Nude boys stir up mud for bricks.


Floor is made smooth by dancing on it.

By Grace Vernon

READING TIME • 6 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

YOU may have your houses of stone and brick and concrete and wood. For fun in the building, for resistance to heat and cold, water and wind and termites, and for a price that hardly makes a dent in the bank account, give me a house of mud.

Such a house is handsome, remarkably well insulated, and guaranteed to outwear the builder. The other day in Monterey, California, I had dinner in a mud house built seventy-five years ago and still in good condition. Conversely, it is the only type of house I know that can be razed free of charge without resorting to fire. When you tire of the floor plan or view and wish to rebuild, you simply remove the roof before a rainstorm, and your house will quietly and rapidly dissolve.

I built mine in south India; but I believe almost any American community could have fun at such a house-building bee, even though your party would probably be quite different from the Indian version.

My husband was very casual about it. "We simply cannot impose on our friends any longer," he announced on the eve of his departure on a long business trip. "Start with something small—just four rooms that we can add to later. Then if you make mistakes it won't be too serious." And he left before I could argue the matter.

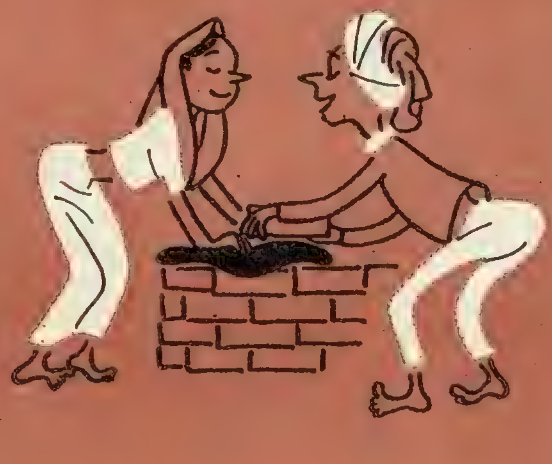
When I sat down and listed our requirements, I felt really alarmed. In our part of the hills—8,000 feet above sea level and close to the equator — a house must withstand temperatures ranging from 140 degrees to below freezing. Often the thermometer would shift as much as 100 degrees in twenty-four hours. Then there were the monsoon winds —great gales. There would be weeks of steady rain. There would be armies of termites capable of eating a table in a single night.

There was only one answer to my problem, my friends told me: A mud house, with walls two feet thick and a tile roof. There was a contractor in a near-by village, and I had better send him a message at once, as he would feel that two or three social calls were a necessary preliminary to any discussion of business.

The tall handsome white-draped Indian who called on me looked more like a local king than a contractor. He bowed politely, seated himself cross-legged on the floor, and asked the conventional questions: my age, how many children I had, the state of my health, etc. Only in leaving did he mention my house. Building it, he assured me, would be one of the high moments of his life and mine.

Three days later, at the end of another social call, he again referred to the house. He was quite willing, he said, to let me set the price. When I told him I did not feel competent to, he said he would think the matter over, but first I must draw the plans. I sketched a crude floor plan, and he left with it.

Scanty nail supply requires a guard.


Women bricklayers go into action.

Girl warns builders rain is coming.

a Mud House?

There's nothing to stop you but preconceived notions, and it's cheap, durable —and fun. The author, who has one in India, tells her own amazing experience

A few days later he sent a friend with his estimate: For a four-room house with spacious rooms and wide verandas and a complete tile roof, the equivalent of $500 in American money. I agreed.

Nothing happened for a week. Then one morning an old man with a can full of white sand arrived. Holding sand in his fingers and letting it drop on the ground, he paced out the outlines of my house. That same day the building materials arrived: one load of well-dried eucalyptus poles, another of lime and sand—that was all. And the next morning the workers came.

At first I did not recognize them. The motley crowd of both sexes and all ages seemed more like an invasion of picnickers. It developed that the contractor had brought his whole village with him. And everyone, except children under five, had a job, and did it.

THE grandmothers cared for the babies. The men dug a deep hole, which the women filled with water. The women dug clay and carried it on their heads to the hole. The small boys stripped, jumped into the hole and mixed the clay and water into mud. The little girls were detailed to sit on a slight rise of ground and watch for rain. The grandfathers kept the goats out of my tea fields. Another important job was to put a guard over the contractor's whole precious supply of nails, which barely filled a medium-sized tin can.

When the adobe mixture reached the proper consistency, the women began molding bricks, while the little boys, now covered with mud, went on to preparing the ground for the laying of the cement floor. This they did by trampling the moistened earth smooth. While the men mixed the cement, little girls (save one left to keep an eye on the weather) carried the newly made bricks, one at a time, and piled them carefully in the hot sun. A little later a bullock cart came, loaded with tiles which the boys unloaded. Meanwhile the men were spreading the cement for the floor. When this was done, they all went home. The first day's work was over.

There was an interval of some days for the bricks to dry and for the village to have a feast. Sounds of violins and flutes floated up the hillside all day and all night. The bricks achieved a rocklike hardness. Then work began again.

Building was strictly a community affair. The women spread the mortar, the children carried the bricks, and the men laid them. The two-foot-thick walls rose with astonishing speed. And then, just as the walls were nearly high enough, there was a single high-wailing cry from the little sky watcher. A few white clouds were sailing lightly toward us.

To me, a shower meant that my precious house, as yet unprotected by roof or waterproof coating, would simply melt. But I had reckoned without native ingenuity. Helped by the men, all the small boys clambered to the top of the walls. There they lay flat, close together, spreading out their cotton garments. While the rest of the crowd stayed sheltered, the boys protected these walls with their bodies. When the shower was over, my house still stood.

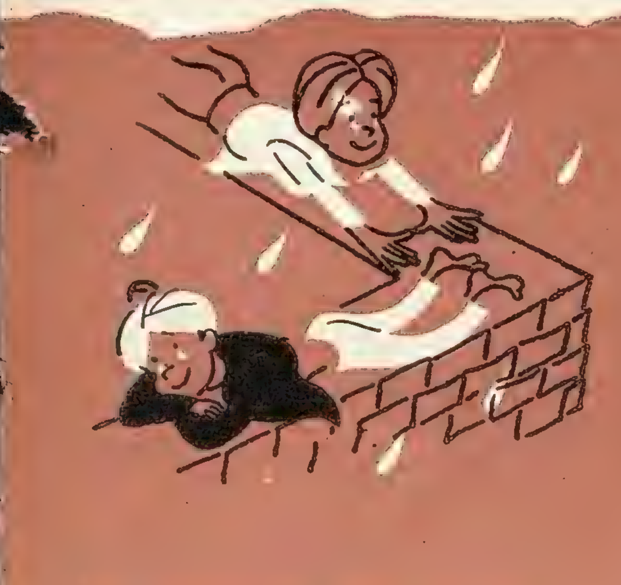
The only wood in the house, except window frames and doors, went into the roof. It was supported entirely by the mud walls. Now that the rafters were being laid, it came time to dole out the precious nails. Soon the bright-red roof had been laid. A real carpenter framed the doors and windows, and when the whole structure was coated with white plaster, it was, in my possessive eyes, a beautiful little bungalow.

WHEN the entire village had departed, I wondered if I should have asked for the bill. My friends reassured me.

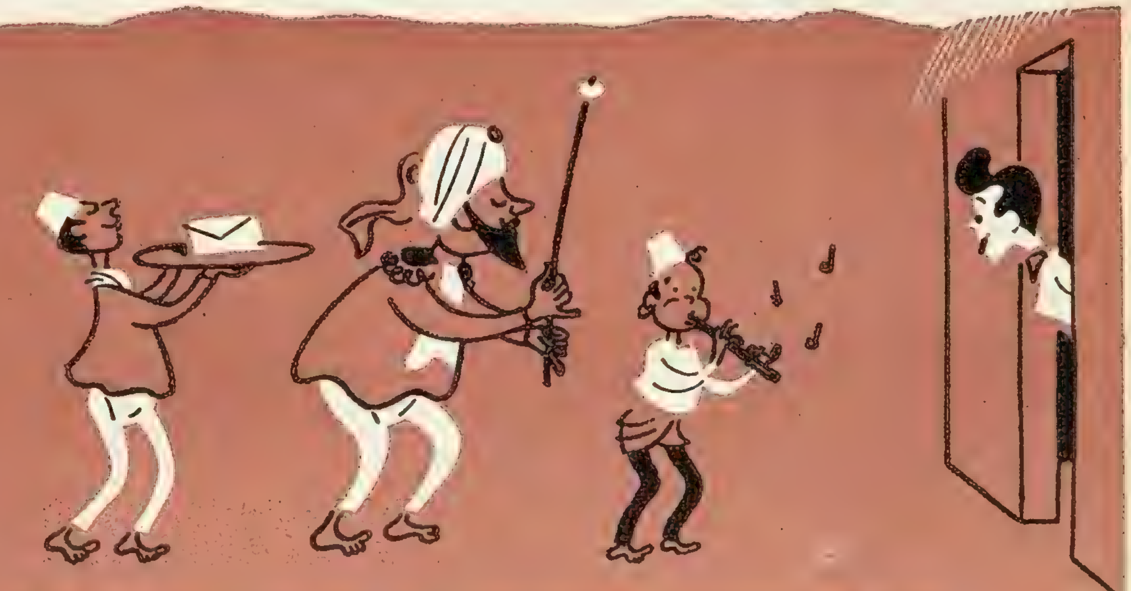
About a week later I heard music and stepped out on the veranda to see a procession approaching. First came a boy playing a flute. After him came the contractor, carrying a lime on a stick. Then came a boy bearing a large decorated cake. And, last of all, came a coolie carrying a brass tray on which lay an envelope. The lime was for good luck and the envelope contained the bill. It was, the contractor apologized, a little larger than he had thought it would be. The difference amounted, in American money, to about $2.75.

My house has taken without complaint a lot of weather and a lot of living, and it has steadily discouraged the termites. They tell me it will probably stand for a hundred years. Yes, you may have wood and brick and steel. Give me mud.

THE END



Boys protect wall against downpour.



When the house is finished, bill is tendered at a ceremony with music.

MAX HORN

Enough is Enough

Who was more fortunate, you will ask—Pasquale or the dead partners whose widows he had vowed to support?

By Milla Z. Logan

READING TIME • 20 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

TODAY, at the Ladies' Altar Society bazaar, Fidela Gandolfo stopped in front of my table of handmade laces.

"Eccola!" she shouted, attracting a small crowd. "The industrious Teresa, her four daughters, and the wives of her two sons. What a graceful picture of family harmony! What a credit to the honest Pasquale, their good husband and father!"

All of which goes to show what a fickle thing is the opinion of the world. I can remember the time when people shouted at me from their doorways. "How is the Sultan today?" they jeered. It seems only yesterday that they were calling me Prima, by which they meant Wife Number One of Pasquale.

It isn't that Pasquale was a *bigamo* with three wives, or even a chaser after women. There is little time for such nonsense if you run a lunch counter by the water front. When you have such a business in the part of town where the wholesale fruit and vegetable sheds are, you have to open up at four o'clock every morning, except Sunday, to catch the trade. At that hour, in San Francisco, they are hauling no streetcars up and down the hills. A man might get robbed walking to work. And so my Pasquale bought a strong loud-roaring automobile with seats for seven people. Since he is always trying to oblige someone, he drove it every morning to the doors of his two partners.

But it was good business for Pasquale to have partners, particularly Genoese, like himself. You take a lunch counter with three hard-working partners and you have no headache with hiring and firing. Dominic did all the cooking. Not that it came to much with short orders and quick frying. Still, he could keep his head during the rush hour. Pasquale and Salvatore tended to the counter. Pasquale kept the books and took turns with the buying. There it was *completo*, except for 'Manuello, the dishwasher, who came from Malta and had wide-apart teeth which my grandmother always said was a sign of not being able to keep a secret.

Dunque, it was a living for three families: for Pasquale and me and the three little ones who had so far arrived; for Dominic and Lena and their four; and for Salvatore and Cristina and their baby.

Ahimè, those winter mornings when it was a question of getting up in the three-o'clock darkness to boil Pasquale's coffee! My poor Pasquale was always like a bear who has made himself into a round ball that is not meant to be disturbed until the spring. For me to go back to bed made no sense. I would lift my boiler of clothes onto the stove and stir them with an old broomstick until the water and the skies turned gray. By sunrise I was on the roof, hanging out my clothes on the line that seemed to hang over the bay. It was something to see, I can tell you, my white sheets and tablecloths swelling like sails against the red morning skies.

EVERY afternoon at three, Pasquale was home, lugging big crates of carrots, zucchini, eggplants, soup vegetables, and melons up the crooked back stairs. It was natural for him to buy up good bargains. Then, too, a man who is in the restaurant business picks up the best cuts of meats; nobody is going to fool him on the tenderness of a soup chicken or the freshness of a bass.

"Ecco," Pasquale would say, dumping a basket of mushrooms, white as bones and round as domes on the kitchen table. "I can tell you that Dominic's mouth watered when he saw them. 'Ha,' I told him. 'Show me where I signed papers that say I must give you one third of these. The partnership is over one minute after we step outside that door where it says "EATS!"'"

It was as Pasquale said. In the

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTIN GULSER

business, the partners were like one body with three heads. After that, it was as if each family pulled down its curtains and locked its door.

This is the way it was until the morning of the automobile accident. Everyone will tell you that it was not the fault of Pasquale. It has never been clear to me. All I can tell you is that on this wet morning, Pasquale's automobile and an automobile belonging to a doctor rushing to a man with a sick heart pushed against each other and Pasquale's *màcchina* was thrown into the wheels of a high truck.

The first I knew of it was when Rosa Baldocchi, who had a telephone, came across the street to tell me that Pasquale wanted to talk to me.

"Telèfono, telèfono!" she shouted. I felt my knees sink like a sponge cake that has fallen in the oven.

"Courage, courage," Rosa said. "What is to be is to be."

Pasquale was so excited that I couldn't make him understand who I was. "Allo, allo!" he kept shouting. "Fetch Teresa pronto."

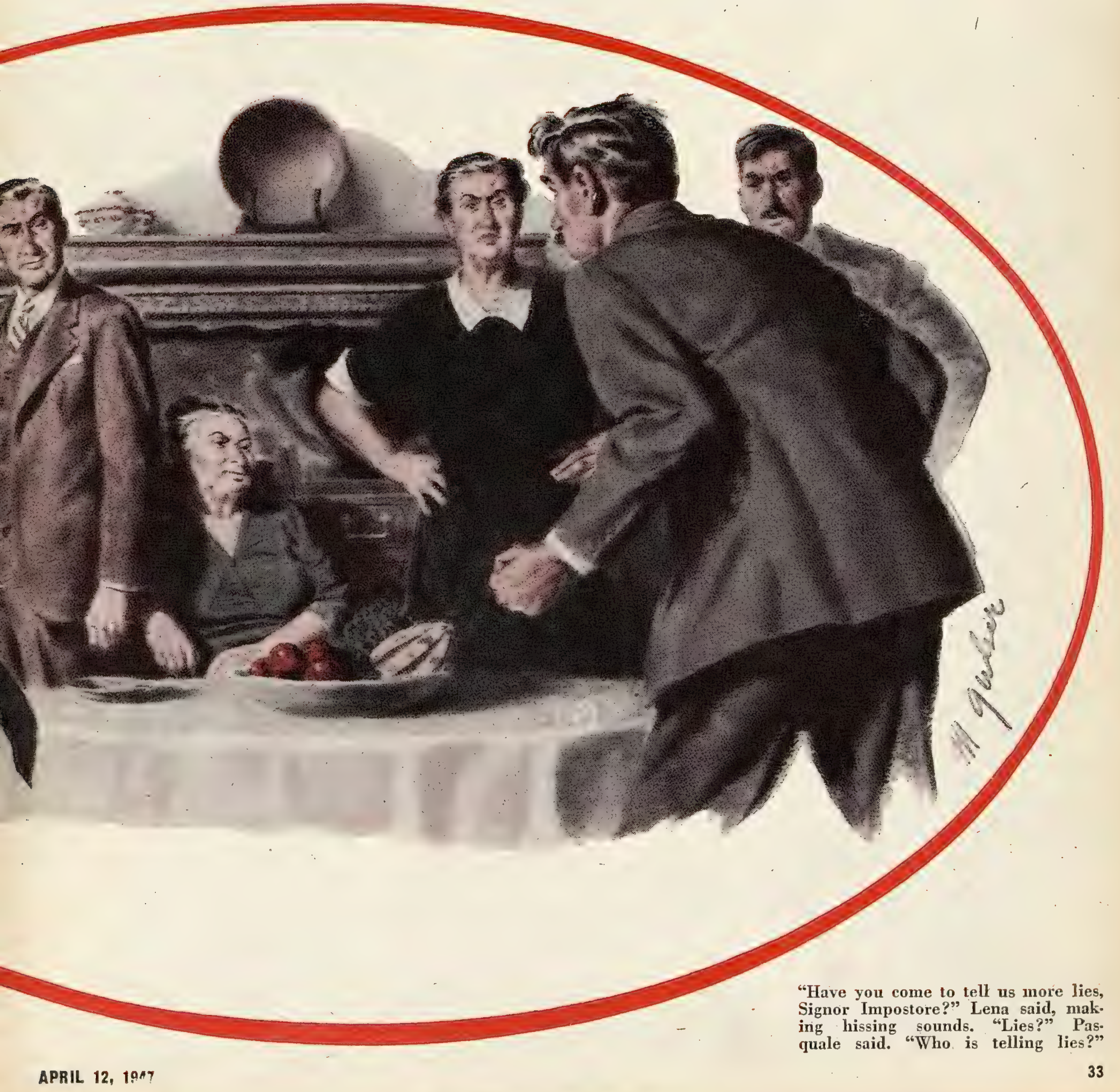
Finally an American lady came to the telephone and I said to her. "I am Teresa."

She said, "This is the Emergency Hospital," and I began to pull on my hair and I heard no more.

While Rosa and I were crying, the doorbell rang. It was Pasquale, and I screamed when I saw him. His coat and shirt were torn and there was blood on his clothes. There was a look in his face that told me there was more to this than met the eye.

Dominic and Salvatore had died at the Emergency Hospital before there was time to send for a priest. There is left for me only one picture of that confused hour in Rosa's kitchen. I see Pasquale with his eyes like hot coals and the black curls around his forehead matted with sweat. He is looking closely at his hands, turning them slowly as

(Continued on page 89)



"Have you come to tell us more lies, Signor Impostore?" Lena said, making hissing sounds. "Lies?" Pasquale said. "Who is telling lies?"

Putting Words in Their Mouths

By Roy C. McCall, Ph. D.

READING TIME • 5 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

THE young captain leaned from the moving train window and called to his misty-eyed wife: "Be sure you take Michael to that brain specialist!" Michael, their son, was three now, and steadfastly refused even to try to speak. He seemed to hear and to understand language, but he met all overtures to talk with a stubborn silence. His father, along with his overseas equipment, was carrying the fear that Michael was mentally deficient.

The worried young mother made an appointment. But before arrangements could be completed for the examination, a neighbor suggested that she take Michael to a near-by speech clinic first. *Within two months Michael was talking freely.*

Both the explanation and the solution of Michael's problem were simple: His mother was systematic and capable. She bathed and fed him according to schedule, but sternly refrained from pampering him. The back yard was pleasant and well fenced, so that when he began to walk he had a domain all his own where he irritated no one and was stimulated by no one. In such an environment he simply *had no incentive to talk.*

To start him speaking it was necessary only to shower him with attention, play games with him, and utter "oohs" and "ahs" when he made a sound. No attention was paid to his pointing and reaching for the things he wanted; he was required to utter some sound resembling speech before being rewarded. Gradually he came to sense the value of speech, and began to talk.

Michael was lucky. In the United States alone there are today 13,000,000 children and adults whose speech has failed to develop, or has developed so inadequately, or has been so distorted by accident or disease, that their efforts to communicate with their fellows are fruitless, difficult, or embarrassing to everyone. Of this amazing total, fewer than 5 per cent are receiving competent assistance in overcoming their handicap. The great majority could be cured completely, and nearly all could be greatly helped if proper steps were taken to utilize the newly developed science of speech correction.

PHOTOS BY EMIL HERMAN, COURTESY OF THE NATIONAL HOSPITAL FOR SPEECH DISORDERS, NEW YORK CITY

Simple exercises such as blowing out a candle help teach those with cleft palates to emit air through the mouth. Thus they learn to talk without a nasal intonation.

Cases from only *one* college-maintained clinic will give some indication of both the nature of the problem and the possibilities for its removal. Almost daily, children from three to six years of age who have not yet spoken a word are brought to the clinic by anxious parents who fear that their children are mentally defective. Only rarely are their fears justified. Usually their children can be *taught* to talk in a few weeks or months. Others come to the clinic seeking help for speech defects varying widely in type and severity—stutterers, those with bizarre voices, those whose jargon none can comprehend. Nearly all can find relief.

Sometimes physical or physiological factors contribute to speech delay in children. One exceedingly nearsighted boy was three before his defect of vision was identified. At five he still had no speech, and had been diagnosed as mentally incompetent. A speech specialist observed him and decided that his speech failure probably resulted from the general confusion arising from the defect of vision, and that the boy could eventually talk. Simple procedures were outlined for the mother to follow, and in a few months the child was talking.

A very large number of people read and write well, even speak well *except* for clarity of pronunciation. One boy of five talked constantly but could not be understood. When his speech was analyzed, it was discovered to consist only of vowel sounds: he sounded none of the consonants. Within a month he talked distinctly, and with another month's tutelage the following year, he developed superior speech.

A desperate girl of twenty locked

If you or someone you know suffer the agonizing embarrassment of a speech defect, here's new hope — a science that may free the tongues of millions

herself in her room, she was so ashamed of her speech. Finally her parents were directed to a speech clinic. It was discovered that her soft palate was inactive. She had had infantile paralysis as a child, and it had temporarily thrown her palate out of operation. Had a speech correctionist identified the problem when the child entered school, speech retraining would have been relatively simple. Even at twenty this girl acquired satisfactory speech.

The greatest mystery of ancient and modern times is the stutterer. In the United States alone 1,500,000 persons jerk along the speech trail. The consensus now is that stuttering arises out of feelings of insecurity, striving for attention or status, emotional shocks and excitement. It is definitely known that most stuttering develops between the ages of two and seven, with four the age of peak incidence. At least four times as many boys as girls stutter.

The real hope for stutterers, until science reveals something more helpful, lies in prevention. A calm and well-ordered life is the best preventive. Even when stuttering first develops, if parents will seek the aid of speech pathologists or psychologists, the environment can usually be analyzed and controlled so as to lessen the pressures causing the trouble.

A girl of three began to stutter shortly after her father went into the army. Months later the stuttering was intensified when the father was home for a short furlough. A speech correctionist recommended that special effort be exerted to make it possible for the family to be with the father. The purchase of a home at inflated prices was the sacrifice, but within two weeks the stuttering was entirely gone.

The best advice to all those afflicted with speech defects is to seek the advice of speech pathologists.* Speech correction is now a science. Home doctoring for defective speech is no more effective than home doctoring for toothache, appendicitis, or a broken leg. We now have the knowledge with which to wipe out another barrier to social and economic success. We still need more specialists—and a greater awareness on the part of parents that *speech defects need not exist.*

THE END

SLOW-Easy
GROCERY STORE

Tension is one cause of stuttering. With such devices as this play store, the National Hospital for Speech Disorders in New York helps the stutterers to relax.

Many persons are unaware of their own speech deficiencies. Patient (right) makes a tape recording of his voice. It will be played back so he can study his speech faults.

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* Additional information on this subject may be obtained by writing the author, Dr. Roy C. McCall, Department of Speech, College of the Pacific, Stockton, California.

MR. ADAM

BY PAT FRANK

I SUPPOSE it is up to me to tell the story in its entirety, because I broke it in the first place, and I lived with it from then on, and I grew to know Mr. Adam. My name is Stephen Decatur Smith, and before I got involved in the most important story in the world I was a feature writer on the New York staff of AP. I specialized in ship launchings, and sports spectacles, and indignation sprees at Town Hall, and the like. I inhabit the ground floor of a brownstone house on West Tenth Street.

I am still married, which is a constant surprise to me.

I got a break on the story strictly by accident, which is of course the way you get most big beats. Most guys who win the Pulitzer Prize are also lucky at shooting craps.

It started on the night my trick knee went out on me, right across the street from Polyclinic Hospital. I hobbled across the street and my friend Dr. Thompson went to work on me. In a moment there was one short, sharp pain, and then my knee was good again, as I knew it would be.

"Come on down to Toots Shor's and hoist a couple," I said.

"Can't," he said. "The board had a meeting today, and they discovered a mystery, and they delegated me to find out why."

"What's the mystery?" I asked.

Thompson hesitated a moment. Then he said: "It's not for publication. Not yet. You see, it's the no-reservations in the maternity ward."

"You don't mean that people have quit having babies?"

"All I know for certain," said Thompson, "is that people have quit making reservations to have their

An atomic explosion sterilizes every man in the world but gangling Homer Adam—making him strategic resource number one. A hilarious story of the reluctant potential father of his country.

babies in Polyclinic Hospital, as of June 22."

I walked into our apartment at midnight. Marge was on the davenport, asleep, with her long legs crossed and her hands folded across her stomach, and the evening paper shielding her face from the light. I tiptoed across the room and leaned over to kiss her hair, and she pulled the paper aside and winked at me, and I kissed her on the mouth instead. I'm the old-fashioned monogamous species of man who loves his wife.

"What's the matter," she said, "coming right home like this?"

"A moment without you," I explained, "is a moment wasted."

She looked up at me, speculating. It's amazing what a woman can find out about a man in four years. "You want to tell me about a story."

"Uh-huh," I admitted, and I told her about Dr. Thompson and the hospital.

"I think," she said when I'd finished, "that it's time we had a baby. The war's over, the world is settling down, there's space in the hospitals, and besides, you're not getting any younger."

"I'm only thirty-eight!"

"That's practically middle-aged. Sometimes I think we should have had a baby right away."

"Come on," I said. "What do you think is wrong at Polyclinic?"

"Nothing at all," Marge said, "except all my friends have been going to Episcopal. I think I'll go there."

During the next week prime ministers, jobless kings, and jobless generals arrived every day by plane from Europe. They all had to be interviewed, and I forgot about Dr. Thompson and his mystery until one day I was walking past Episcopal Hospital. Just on a hunch I went inside.

I was inquiring, I told the redheaded girl in the office, about the possibility of reserving a room in the maternity section, say about June 20. The girl dipped into a filing cabinet.

"Too bad," she said. "We're booked solid for June 20. Now for the twenty-second we don't have a single reservation. As a matter of fact, we don't have any at all beyond June 21." The redhead frowned. "That is *very* peculiar. Funny I didn't notice it before."

"Thank you very much," I said, and I noticed as I walked out that she was telephoning, still frowning.

I went to the AP office and called five other hospitals. Then I walked into J. C. Pogey's inner sanctum.

J. C. POGEY is a very old and patient and infinitely wise man who has been the AP New York manager since, it is believed, the administration of Taft. When I had finished talking he rubbed his bald head behind his ears with his thin thumbs. Finally he said: "It may be, of course, the most terrible and certainly the most important story since the Creation. It may be simply an extraordinary coincidence—but I'm afraid not."

We decided that I should check the story, as far as possible, by telephone. So I armed myself with telephone directories for twenty big cities. So far as I could discover, our July birth rate was going to be zero.

"Maybe it's only the United States," I suggested.

"Try Montreal and Mexico City and B. A. and Rio," J. C. ordered.

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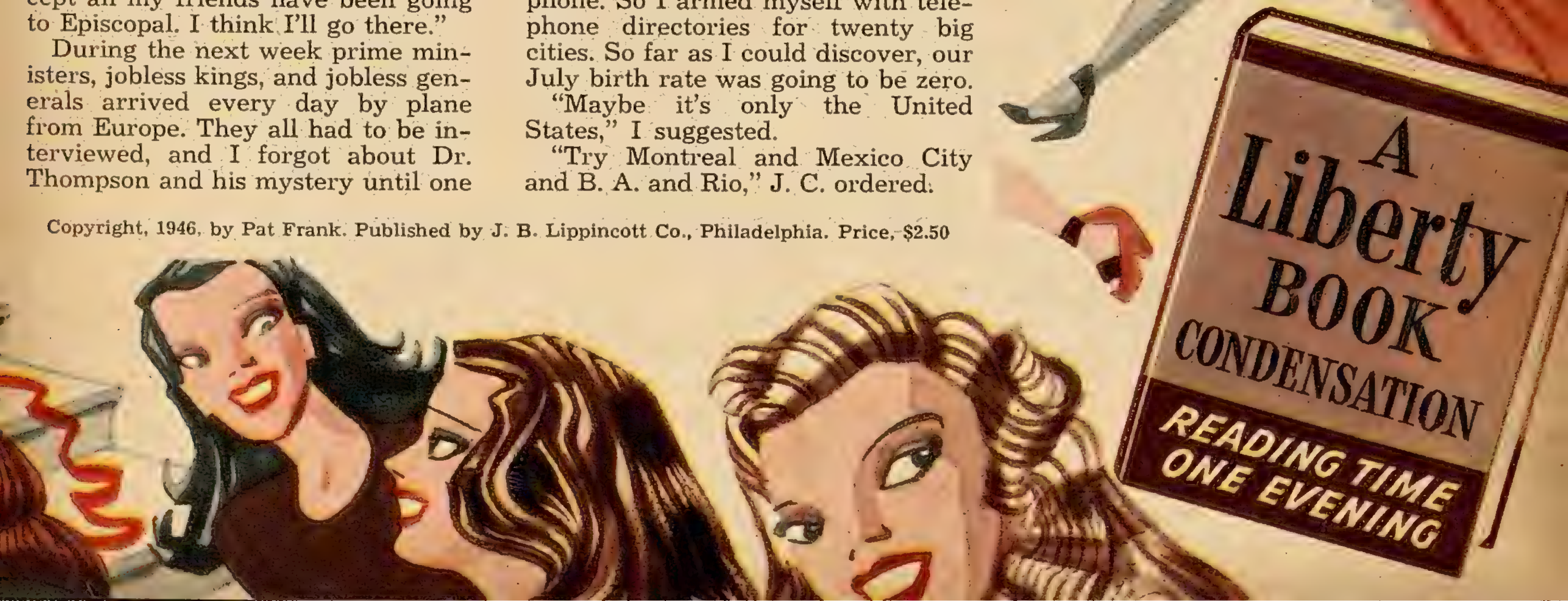


We sent out for sandwiches and coffee, and I began combing the Western Hemisphere. Things didn't change.

"All right," said J. C. at midnight, "call some obstetricians."

I only knew one, Maria Ostenheimer, a friend of Marge who lives around the corner on Fifth Avenue. I dialed her number. By the noise, she was having a party. I said, "Maria, I've got something serious and very confidential to ask you."

"Marge was here, and she left a half-hour ago," Dr. Ostenheimer said. "She came alone, and she left alone, and I think you're a pig to suspect. . . ."

"No! This is nothing like that," I interrupted. "This is strictly business."

"If you're going to have a baby," she said, "it'll be both a relief and a surprise, because nobody else is."

"That's what I called about," I said; "this business of no babies."

There was a pause, and I knew she had shut the door to her rumpus room, because the party noises ceased. "What do you know about it?" she asked.

"I know that the hospitals aren't getting reservations in the maternity wards after June 21. That's not only here but all over this country, and other countries too."

She said in a hushed, tense voice: "Stephen, at first I thought somebody was spreading vicious lies about my work. You know I've got a big practice, but suddenly, a few months ago, no new patients came. I start in the beginning with prenatal care, you know."

"You only accept a limited number of patients each month, but that quota is always filled, right?"

"That's right. Well, a few days ago Dr. Blandy—he's got a big practice in Westchester—dropped in to see me, and the same thing was worrying him. We've talked to six top obstetricians in Manhattan, and we're having a meeting next week to investigate."

"We'll wire immediately," J. C. said when I told him, "to Pat Morin in Paris and Boots Norgaard in Rome, and Frank O'Brien in Istanbul, and Goldberg in Budapest, and Eddy Gilmore in Moscow. And of course to the London Bureau."

I TELL Marge everything, but on this night I kept my mouth shut. I didn't know how she'd react if I told her it didn't appear likely that we'd ever have any babies.

In the morning Marge brought coffee to me in bed, which was unusual, and she said, "Stephen, what's the trouble?"

"Nothing," I said, and put the covers over my head and crawled into the middle of "Smith Field." We have the most enormous double bed in New York. It's surrounded by a shelf, and gadgets. On one side we have a radio and a bookcase, and on the other a little refrigerator and bar. Our friends say our bed is decadent, but we like it, and call it Smith Field.

"There's no use hiding," said Marge. "You've either been gambling, or there's been trouble at the office, or you're sick."

"It's just that I'm a little hung over," I lied.

"Is it that hospital business you talked about last week?"

I didn't reply, but I knew that she knew. "I don't know why," Marge said, "but I've been worrying about it."

"Nothing is certain, yet," I said. When I left the house I kissed her with what I thought was reassurance. But I had never before seen Marge's face so strained.

J. C. had a little stack of teletype messages on his desk. So far as anyone could determine, no more children would be born after the last week in June.

"There must be a scientific reason," I said.

J. C. put the worn serge of his elbows on his desk. "All night," he said, "I kept thinking of something General Farrell said after he witnessed the first atomic bomb explosion in New Mexico. He said that the explosion warned of doomsday and made us feel that we puny things were blasphemous to dare tamper with the forces heretofore reserved to the Almighty."

"When did Mississippi blow up?" I yelled. "Wasn't it in September?"

J. C. straightened. "That's it, of course!" he said. "The Mississippi explosion was September the twenty-first. Nine months to the day!"

You will remember that on September 21 the great new nuclear fission plants at Bohrville, Mississippi—a city erected in the center of the state and named after one of the famous atomic physicists—disintegrated in an explosion that made Nagasaki and Hiroshima mere cap pistols by comparison. What caused the explosion no man knew, for naturally there were no survivors. But it was known in Washington that the Bohrville plants were producing U-235, Plutonium, and even rarer and more violently radioactive substances in quantities that had been impossible in other plants.

THAT night we began to move the story across our wires. J. C. kept me at the rewrite desk until dawn. By that time the whole world was split into those who believed it and those who didn't.

When I got home, after the milkman but before the morning papers, Marge was curled up in one corner of Smith Field. I could tell, by the cigarette butts, that she had been up all night. The radio was still on. I undressed. I was examining myself in the full-length mirror when an announcer said: "We are interrupting for another news flash. Washington—Surgeon General George Gail announced that he has called a congress of the nation's leading physicians and scientists early next week. They will meet in the capital to plan national re-fertilization."

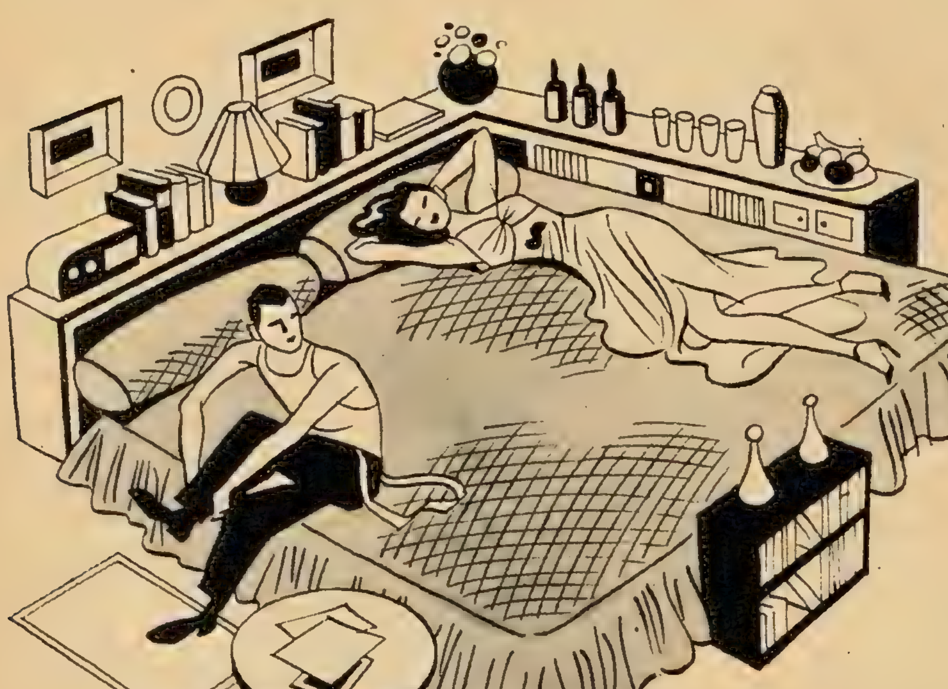
Marge sat up straight. You put a blonde into red pajamas piped with white and ruffle her hair, and let indignant fire run out of her eyes, and you have something particularly lovable, if she is in the mood to be loved. She was not in that mood. She said: "You sleep on your own side of the field!"

"But, darling," I protested, "is it my fault?"

"Of course it is," she said. "At least it's your fault that we didn't start any children before it happened. I think this is a dirty trick on the part of the whole male population. For the rest of your lives you will be rabbiting around, smirking, all equipped with built-in contraceptives. But to every woman, it will be as if she were already dead."

As winter slipped into spring the front pages of the newspapers, of course, were devoted to little except stories on World Sterilization, or, as abbreviated by the tabloid headline

(*Continued on page 93*)



DATES DON'T DATE

. . . it's the peculiar thing about their sex life . . . only one of the fascinating problems experts like Ted Carlson have solved to produce the finicky fruit

By Dickson Hartwell

READING TIME • 4 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

WHEN, in 1936, young Theodore Carlson decided to make a career out of dates, plenty of people thought him just a little touched. Date growing was a rich man's hobby at which nobody could make money: dates were as temperamental—and expensive—as opera singers.

But Minnesota-born Ted Carlson, who had come to California's Coachella Valley desert to look for oil, had been quietly studying the date business. He made a down payment on a ten-acre date garden. Today, his holdings are worth something over $120,000, from which he can expect a net income of about $25,000 a year. As side lines, he manages the Crane date gardens, among the country's largest, and serves as director-spark plug on three co-operative date growers' organizations.

Carlson is one of about 250 commercial date growers whose business has expanded 5,000 per cent since World War I. They harvest an annual crop of 26,000,000 pounds of dates, a figure which soon will swell to 40,000,000 from hell-hot Coachella Valley alone.

And why is date growing such a specialized pursuit? Well, there's the complicated sex life of the date, for one thing. Date palms are either male or female. The females produce the date crop. The sole function of the male palm is to produce pollen. Through some oversight, nature failed to give date flowers an odor. So the flowers don't attract bees, and growers must pollinize by hand for every date they produce.

At Carlson's gardens, and most others, a single male palm is provided for a harem of forty-nine females. This family of fifty requires an acre of ground, with the male palm assigned the exposure where its flowers will ripen earliest. When the female flowers open, they must be pollinated within four days.

Carlson inserts a strand of male flowers into the center of a female cluster, which is then tied together with a string. Some growers insert pollen-dusted cotton, instead. In any case, each palm has ten to twenty clusters of tiny flowers, each of which must be expertly handled. As most date palms are forty to sixty feet high, the clusters can be reached only by long "fire" ladders.

Dates must be carefully thinned or they won't produce fruit of suitable size. Overthinned, they produce dates that are too sugary. At the critical ripening stage, every date cluster must be covered with an individual paper-bag umbrella, lest moisture cause the skins to crack or tear. Sudden rain in late summer may wipe out an entire unprotected crop. Yet the roots of the date palm must be constantly damp, and a lot of water is needed to satisfy the annual thirst of each of Coachella Valley's 160,000 date palms. For centuries a tremendous continuing supply of water was hidden a few feet underground, only waiting to be discovered to turn this sand-swept wasteland into the richest producer of the world's most finicky fruit.

Date seeds don't produce true types, the quality usually being inferior. Palms are therefore produced from offshoots, huge suckers from the base of the parent palm which, when rooted, can be detached by careful surgery and replanted. But each parent will produce only about seven offshoots in ten years, so under favorable conditions, it takes twenty-five years to propagate less than five acres of a new variety.

During the war Carlson and other growers found their right to vital agricultural priorities challenged on the ground that dates were a luxury item. Through their marketing co-operative, the United Date Growers of California, they set out to demonstrate the value of dates to the national menu.

Studies by the National Nutrition Society in New York revealed that dates have more calories than the previously top-rated raisins and apricots; in fact, more than virtually any vegetable. Still more surprising was the proof that dates were cheaper per 1,000 calories than even apples, figs, lean beef, avocados, or eggs. This evidence produced immediate priorities, and huge purchases were subsequently made by the army and the navy.

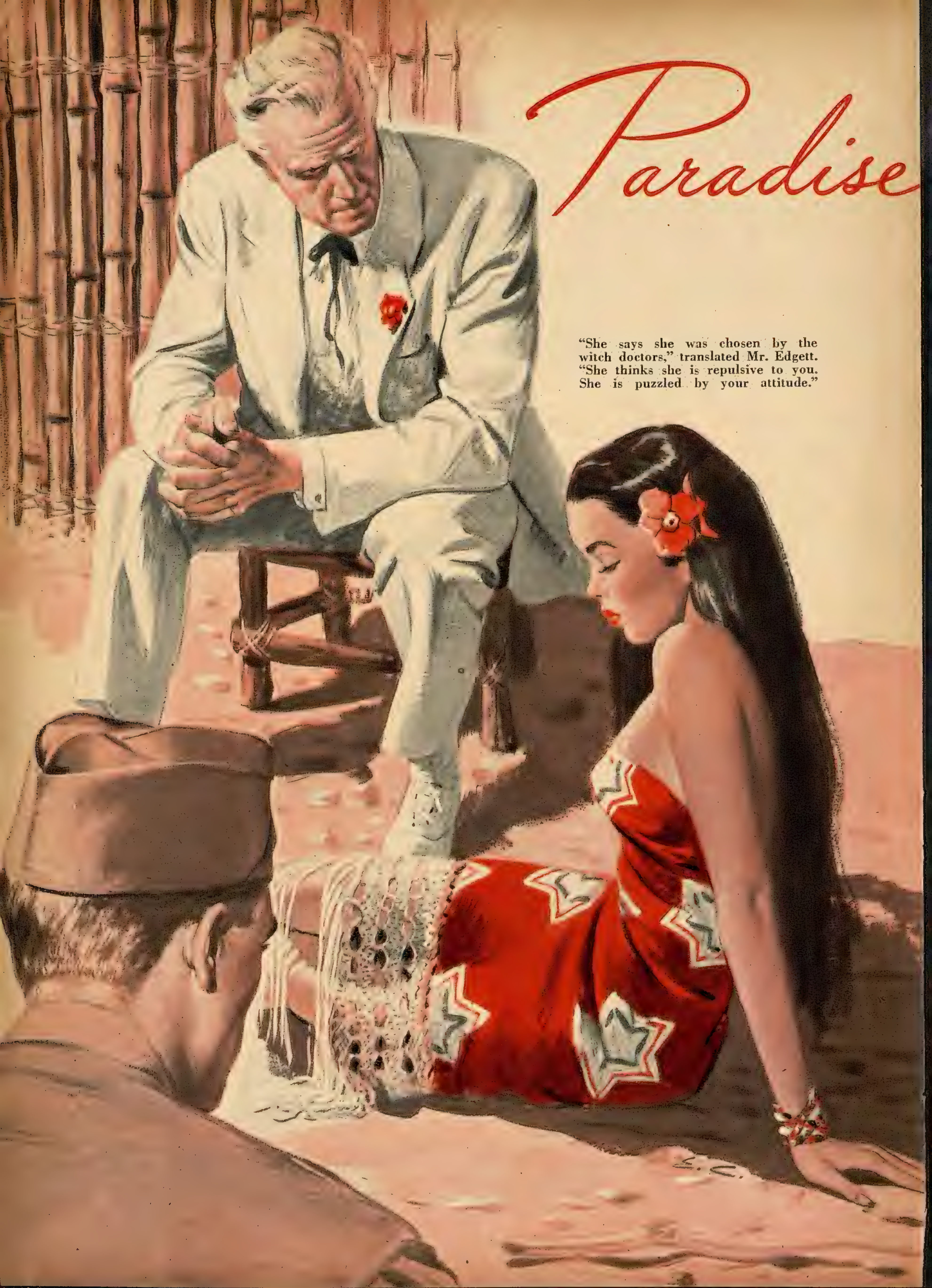
HARVESTING presents problems. Every individual date must be carefully hand-picked at the right moment. Each cluster must be picked over several times. To reduce the ladder-climbing hazard and labor costs, grower A. E. "Bud" Swindler recently devised a huge tubular steel contrivance mounted on airplane wheels and towed by a tractor. Atop it are eight catwalks which can be swung out and raised or lowered. With two catwalks to a palm, one on each side, four palms can be tended simultaneously, halving the working time.

As principal foster parent of the Swindler contrivance, Ted Carlson has already put two into use at the huge Crane gardens. To accommodate them he built permanent, continuous dikes linking each row of trees: these provide a between-row flat area which is flooded during irrigation and at other times serves as a roadbed for the contrivance. Growers hail this as one of the important milestones in date culture.

Dates are probably the oldest cultivated crop in the world. There are records of date cultivation 3500 B.C. in Mesopotamia. All U. S.-grown dates stem from Old World varieties, but are incomparably better—a fact sadly acknowledged by the late King of Iraq who, upon sampling the luscious U. S. product, said, "We who have been growing them for centuries have never seen such dates."

THE END

Paradise



"She says she was chosen by the witch doctors," translated Mr. Edgett. "She thinks she is repulsive to you. She is puzzled by your attitude."

with Serpent

Captain Willoby thinks his woman troubles are about over. A certain blonde knows different

By Edward Hope

READING TIME•28 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

CAPTAIN BILL WILLOBY, commanding officer of occupation forces on Midi Island in the Pacific, finds his duties and problems increasing. Acting as host to Angela Toland, visiting novelist, has taken much of his time for a week, but she has gone off hating him, accusing him of pushing her into the lake. In the plane heading for the States, Major Philip Curwin tells Angela about finding Rozouila, the native girl, living in a hut near Bill's bungalow. The major insists she is Bill's concubine. Angela, seething with rage at Bill's coolness, plans a sensational exposé.

Meanwhile, Bill receives a letter from his girl, Leila Stacy, telling him that she is in love with another man. Diana Forrester, acting as Bill's secretary, is friendly and sympathetic and he discusses the Angela Toland situation with her. Their conversation is interrupted by the arrival of the witch doctor and natives with a horrifying exhibit—the heads of six executed traitors. Bill and Diana seek a pleasanter atmosphere and go for a swim with the Edgett children, Diana's small niece and nephews.

PART SIX

WHEN he saw the Rev. Mr. Edgett with Rozouila, Bill realized what a fool he had been not to bring them together before.

He chose the middle of the morning for the interview because all of his officers and men were busy elsewhere at that time. He and Mr. Edgett, climbing the steep path to the hut, interrupted a scene of domestic activity. Rozouila was cleaning the small open-air fire pit that served as her kitchen range. Her back was turned, and she was not aware of her visitors. She worked with the concentration of a child. Mr. Edgett spoke a few syllables in the native language.

Rozouila started and whirled about. She smiled shyly.

They sat in the strip of shade beside the hut. Mr. Edgett and the girl conversed, evidently on the friendliest terms, and he broke off the talk now and again to translate or explain something to Bill. Bill smoked cigarettes and admired Rozouila's pretty face with its big gentle eyes, and her strong slender figure.

"She says she remembers me, when she was a child, before the Japs came," the missionary said. "Her father is Wokouili, the king's brother. I think I remember her, too, but there were so many children."

"How old is she?"

Edgett asked the girl, and reported, "Eighteen. I'd have guessed about that. They deteriorate very soon. By their late twenties, most of them are rather gross."

More conversation in the island language. It was clear Rozouila was giving Edgett direct answers. He translated:

"She says she doesn't know who decided to send you a girl, but that she was chosen by the witch doctors, after a lot of ceremonies. She says she was frightened, but you were very kind. She thinks she is repulsive to you. She is puzzled by your attitude."

"Tell her I think she's lovely, but I am forbidden to—to fraternize."

"I think the way to put it is that native girls are taboo to you. That's a thing she will understand because their religion is always setting up taboos."

"O.K. But don't let her think I don't know she's attractive."

It was Bill who first saw the young man with his arms full of dried sticks. He was a tall well-proportioned youth with the strong shoulders and narrow hips characteristic of the young islanders. His face, under tousled black hair, was round and frank and cheerful.

Bill touched the missionary's elbow. "Who's this?"

The newcomer had stopped abruptly near the fire pit, where he had emerged from the jungle. He smiled ingratiatingly. Rozouila, following the direction of Bill's glance, swung around. She spoke to the young man and he put down his burden of firewood and dusted his bare chest. He wore a bright yellow loincloth with emerald-green splotches.

He bowed. He said, "Good moanin."

Bill stood up and returned the greeting and the young man approached. Bill said, "Well! So you speak English."

"Lit-til. I stoody."

AFTER a quick exchange with Rozouila, Edgett said, "She says he is a friend from the king's house. His father is an important chief, and she grew up with him. He helps her sometimes."

"Good for him. I was wondering how she managed all alone."

"I yom Toami." He pronounced it "Toe-ommy." He went on: "Sarjum Poool make stoody."

"Oh. Sergeant Pool is teaching you English?"

"Yiss."

"I am Captain Will-o-by." Toami bowed. "This is Mr. Edgett."

Toami bowed again. "I know, many time bayfoor."

"Before the Japanese came?" the missionary asked.

"Yiss."

Edgett said to Bill, "I've told her about the taboo. I have also told her you want her to take care of your house, learn to cook for you, sweep, and make your bed. She finds that perfectly natural. She is puzzled that you want her to continue to live here. I had to fall back on the taboo again."

Toami's face was contorted as he tried to follow this rapid speech.

"Seer," Toami said to Bill, "I stoody In-glees for Ole Monn. I woork for Ole Monn. Pleece?"

"For me?" Bill said. "For Captain Willoby?" He explained to the missionary: "If Sergeant Pool is teaching him, the sergeant would speak of me as the Old Man."

Toami was agreeing enthusiasti-

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST CHIRIACKA

cally. He said, "Yiss, yiss, yiss. Coptin Wee-lo-bee."

"You've got yourself a houseboy," Edgett said.

"Yes. I don't understand. Why does he want to work for me?"

Edgett spoke the island tongue, questioning Toami. After a few exchanges, he reported: "He says the soldiers are strong and good and he wants to learn about them and their country. He says he would be honored to work for the chief of the soldiers. It would probably give him great prestige on the island."

Bill considered aloud: "It's a good idea. He'd be a sort of chaperon with Rozouila. He could sleep in the house. And it would get the native houseboy idea started. I'll pay him when the store opens."

"Yes. I'd recommend it."

"Would you tell him it's a deal, then? I don't think he's got very far with his English yet."

The missionary held further colloquy, and said, "He thanks you and says he will work hard. He wants to shake hands on it. Seems your sergeant taught him that binds a bargain."

Bill and Toami shook hands with great formality. Rozouila, who seemed to admire the ceremony, offered her hand too, and Bill pressed it and smiled at her. Mr. Edgett shook hands with them both.

They left the boy and girl working together over the fire pit.

IT WAS at the big mess-hall building, which also housed the quartermaster supplies, that the Rev. Paul Edgett first met Captain Gerson, and not under favorable circumstances. Bill didn't see where the medical officer came from. One moment he was not in sight; the next, he had stumbled against the missionary, lost his balance, and thrown his arms around the big man's neck.

"Mos' awfully sorry," he said. "One of us ought look where's goin'. Maybe you, maybe me."

Bill was annoyed. He detached Gerson's fingers from Mr. Edgett's shirt and stood him upright. "You ought to be in your quarters," he said.

The medical officer closed one eye and peered up at Bill with the other, which was watery and bloodshot. "Cap'm never spoke a truer word. I ought to be in bed."

Bill said, "This is Captain Gerson. Mr. Edgett, the missionary."

Mr. Edgett took Gerson's hand. "I'm very glad to meet you, captain. I've been wanting to talk to you."

The medical officer giggled. "Mister Midget, the edge-onary," he said. "Well, now you met me. Make you terr'bly happy, Mr. Midget?"

"Yes. I want to have a long talk with you one day soon. Lieutenant Everly tells me you're a gynecologist in civil life."

Gerson pulled his hand free and made an attempt to square his shoulders. "Ne' mind what I was, Mr. Midget. 'Nother in-carn-ation. Doc-tor Gerson, prom'sing gynecologish. Miz Gerson, doc'r's devoded wife. We will noddiscuss."

"I'm sorry, captain. It's only that there is such a desperate need of a gynecologist on this island, and I thought you might be persuaded—"

Gerson glowered. "Whud these peeble wan' of gynecologish, hah? They dunno whud is, muchless."

"That's true, captain. They don't know what a gynecologist is, but that doesn't lessen their need of one. More poor women die unnecessarily, more babies are lost through ignorance—"

"'S far's women concern'," Gerson said, "ignor'nce 'sbliss. Thiz I founnout.'

"I'd still like to talk to you, captain, when you—when you have more time. I wonder if you'd have dinner with me tomorrow night?"

Gerson blinked. "Hah? Din'r?"

"Yes. Think it over. Get Captain Willoby to give me your answer."

"Well, thanks," Gerson said, astonished. "Thanks very much, Mr. Midget." He turned away, staggered a couple of steps, stopped, and looked back at them.

Alimony is where two people make a mistake and one of them continues to pay for it!—*James O. Swilling.*

"That's a rotten thing," Bill said to the missionary. "He got a letter from some kind friend at home, asking if it was all right that Mrs. Gerson was spending week-ends with a Marine sergeant. He didn't believe it and wrote to someone else in his home town and got it confirmed. It must be great to have friends like that."

CAPTAIN WILLOBY announced (with just the right offhand airiness, he thought) that a native boy and girl had volunteered to work in his bungalow as houseboy and cook, and that he had accepted their services, beginning at once.

He bought Rozouila and Toami four khaki shirts and four pairs of khaki trousers apiece (Rozouila altered to measure, courtesy of Lieutenant Schlank), which they were instructed to wear whenever they were in the house. He did not go to the extreme of insisting that they put on shoes, so they moved about on bare and silent feet. Without undue emphasis, he mentioned that the boy, Toami, slept in the house, while the girl had a hut of her own up the hillside.

The party he gave for his officers, the Edgetts, and Diana Forrester to introduce his new servants, was a brilliant success. Rozouila and Toami were smart and caught on almost at once to the intricacies of service. The guests were duly impressed and named them Rosy and Tommy; and only a couple of the young officers said anything about the girl's charms, most of which were well concealed by the severe sun-tan uniform. So *that* was all right.

THE store awaited only the arrival of its merchandise, which was due by the next cargo ship. As agent finance officer, Izzy Schlank had arranged for the payment of the garrison in small bills and change, so that there was plenty of currency on hand to circulate. And with the aid of Sergeant Pool, Woolawei, and Toami, Lieutenant Biggs had recruited plenty of volunteer labor to convert a deserted soap-company warehouse into a passable store.

They started to circulate money among the islanders, in an attempt to accustom them to the intricate interrelation of nickels, dimes, quarters, and banknotes of different denominations. Almost at once, however, the coins turned up in ingenious pieces of costume jewelry. It became obvious, too, that it was going to be impossible to explain why one piece of paper was worth ten other pieces of the same size, which in turn were worth all sorts of combinations of coins. So it was agreed that they would use none but one-dollar bills in dealing with the natives, and that they would put off introducing money until the store opened to show what it would buy.

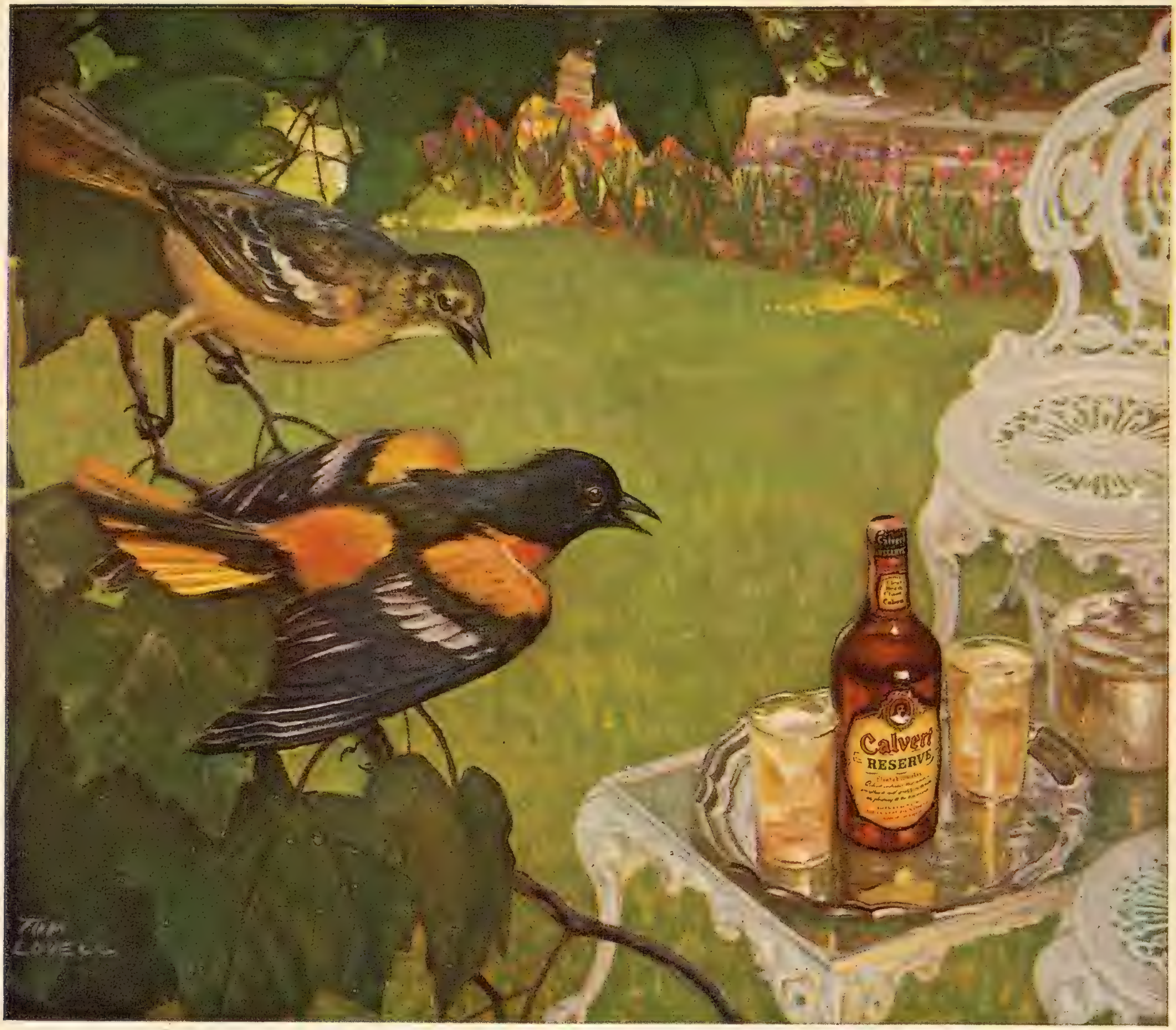
Captain Baly, the padre, viewed the whole scheme with misgiving and predicted a corruption of the otherwise ideally happy natives. He wrote a memorandum of protest to the Military Governor and consulted Mr. Edgett. The missionary agreed that there was a possibility of exploitation among the islanders but considered it unlikely.

Bill had called several officers' meetings over the census and the free election that AMG insisted upon, to get the best suggestions of all concerned. He turned the final planning and execution over to Lieutenant Schmidt, assisted by Lieutenants Sloan and Berry, and they decided that, since an election in an illiterate population could be held only by personal interview, census and election should be combined. The election was to be limited to a single point, to start with: a *yes* or *no* answer to the question: Are you satisfied with the present form of government and the administration by present incumbents? An affirmative majority would put an end to the undertaking; if there should be a negative answer—well, they'd cross that bridge later.

They would have six census-taking and vote-counting teams, and would try to do the whole job in one day. Schmidt and his assistants were working out the last details, and promised to hold the census-election within a few days.

Things were going much too smoothly. Bill Willoby worried about it and watched for the first

(*Continued on page 85*)



"Let's build here—they're certainly good to guests!"

Sensible hosts know that wise guests prefer Calvert.
They enjoy its pleasing lightness,
palatable taste, all-around whiskey agreeableness . . .
call it "the whiskey of moderation" . . . Have you tried it?
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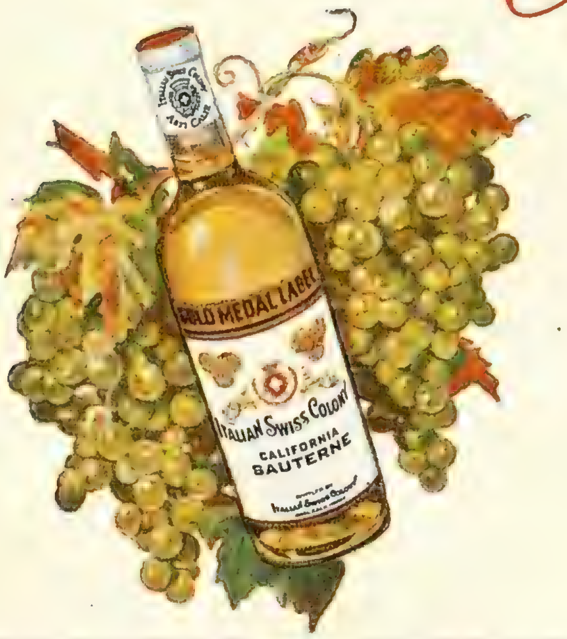
Clear Heads Choose Calvert

Calvert
BLENDED WHISKIES
Reserve OR *Special*

Calvert Distillers Corp., N. Y. C. 86.8 Proof. "Reserve"—65% Grain Neutral Spirits. "Special"—72½% Grain Neutral Spirits

Corking good wine!


GOLD MEDAL LABEL
ITALIAN SWISS COLONY
CALIFORNIA
SAUTERNE

Captured by this cork is the world-famous wine of California's historic Italian Swiss Colony—wine grown with rare skill handed down through three generations—bright and clear in color, inviting in bouquet, wonderful in flavor! Tonight, for real delight, take home one of the superb dinner wines from the Colony—say, for example, a ruby-red California Burgundy or a golden California Sauterne. Take, too, an outstanding Italian Swiss Colony dessert wine, such as California Sherry or Port. Open it—look at its brilliance—catch its bouquet—savor its flavor. You'll agree it's "corking good wine!"

ITALIAN SWISS COLONY
CALIFORNIA WINES

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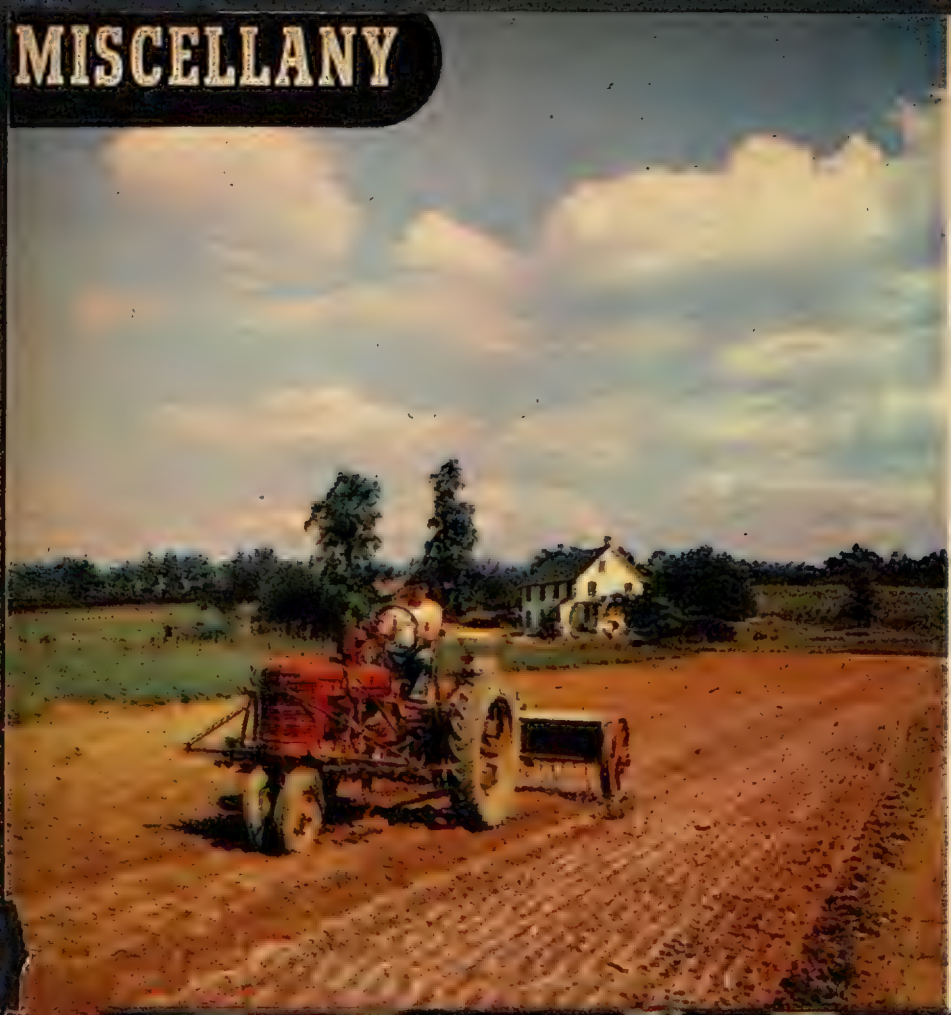
EYE-INTEREST

Few events on Earth and few people, great or merely odd, escape the camera's eye

SIGNS OF SPRING

Signs of Spring



A Farmer sweetens up his soil with lime. Before seedtime he will work it in with a harrow to stop weeds from strangling crop.

Sidewalk Art Shows give Greenwich Village painters a chance to show how hard they've been working during the winter.

W 4th ST
OUR CITY
KEEP IT CLEAN

Junior Yachtsmen practically go overboard in their efforts to launch a miniature sloop. Theirs is the old problem—no breeze.

Spring Fever gets Korky Kelly, who's tired of being "Most Photogenic Girl."

One Way to stretch your sea legs is to take a bike ride in the park, where signs of spring are all over the place.

Podolsky,

The New York Times.
LATE CITY EDITION
PRESIDENT FLIES TO SEE HIS MOTHER; FINDS HER BETTER
Freight Wreck at Stamford Blocks New Haven Railroad
TIM TYLER'S LUCK

Dominick Podolsky follows world affairs, applauds U. S. free speech and press, deplores waste.

American

A rich, full life for the former immigrant who overcame greater-than-average hardships to become a better-than-average citizen

THIRTY-SIX years ago Dominick Podolsky, a little man from the Ukraine, landed in the United States.

Nobody paid much attention to him—only two women, one of whom slapped him in the face and told him to go back where he came from; the other gave him his first job—in a sweatshop, at $5 a week.

Three years later he improved his weekly take by $3, and managed to save $700, almost all of which he lost in the 1929 crash. Today he owns his own home, has a family of three grown daughters, is a civic leader in his town, and makes $40 a week in a railroad section gang. He is a solid citizen of New Jersey—an American.

Dressmaking is routine for eldest daughter, Adele, but Dominick can still teach her tricks in making buttonholes and pockets.

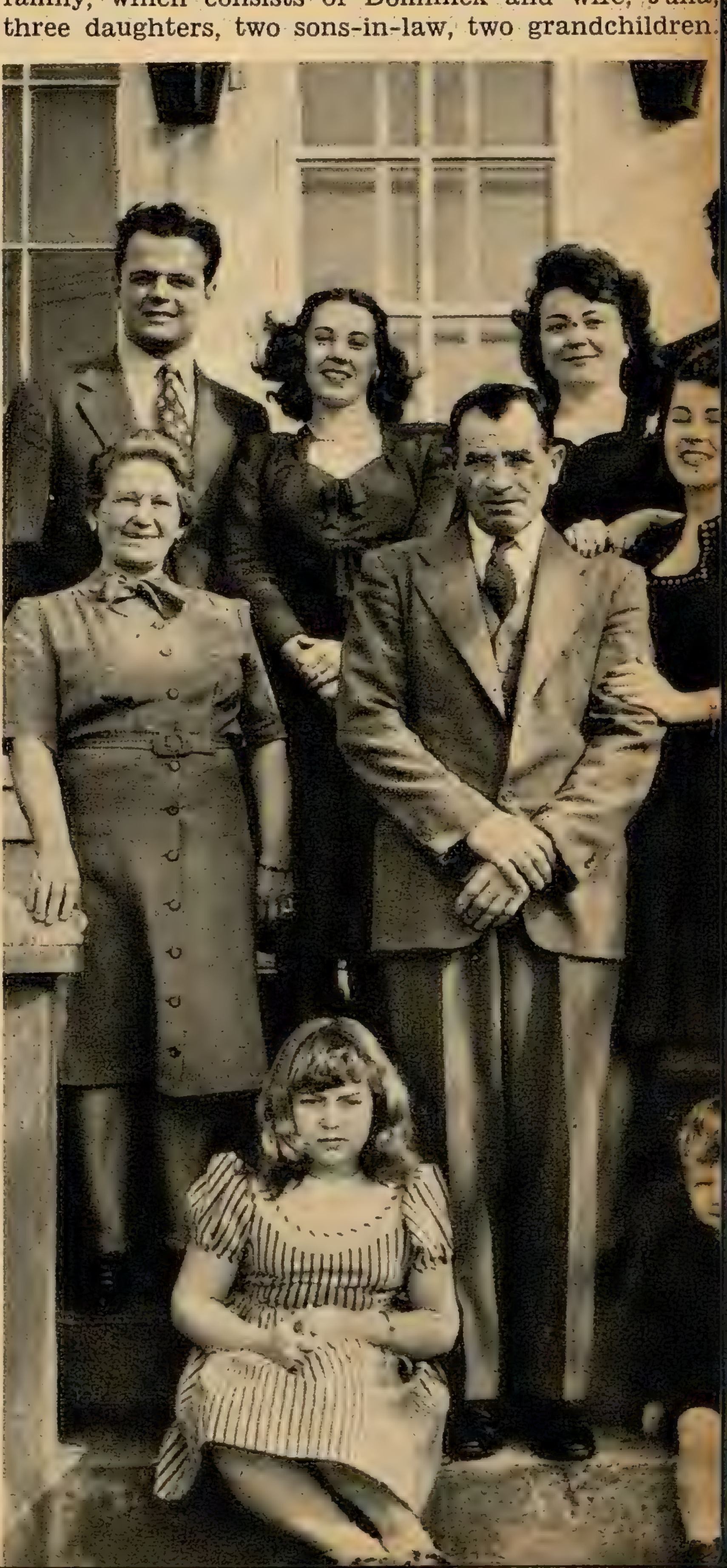
No Hepcat, Alice, shown with boy friend Dick Bell, is youngest, goes to high school, studies art and wants to continue. She works after school and on Saturdays, makes $6.90 a week, which pays for her clothes—$200 a year.

His Daughter Married His Boss, Stanley Stolosky, foreman of the section gang. Twice a month Dominick gives $84.80 to his wife. She spends $18 a week on food, preserves a lot, raises poultry. Life savings of $4,000 bought their house in 1924; additional $3,200 went for improvements. Dominick keeps it in good shape himself.

Boss of the family is really Mama. She approves of younger generation, particularly art-minded Alice. Dominick reserves judgment. He thinks parents are too lenient with their children.

Princeton
P

Father Thompson is closest friend of Podolsky family, which consists of Dominick and wife, Julia, three daughters, two sons-in-law, two grandchildren.



Blooming

**Flowering fantasies bloom on ladie
year it's fresh posies worn by to**

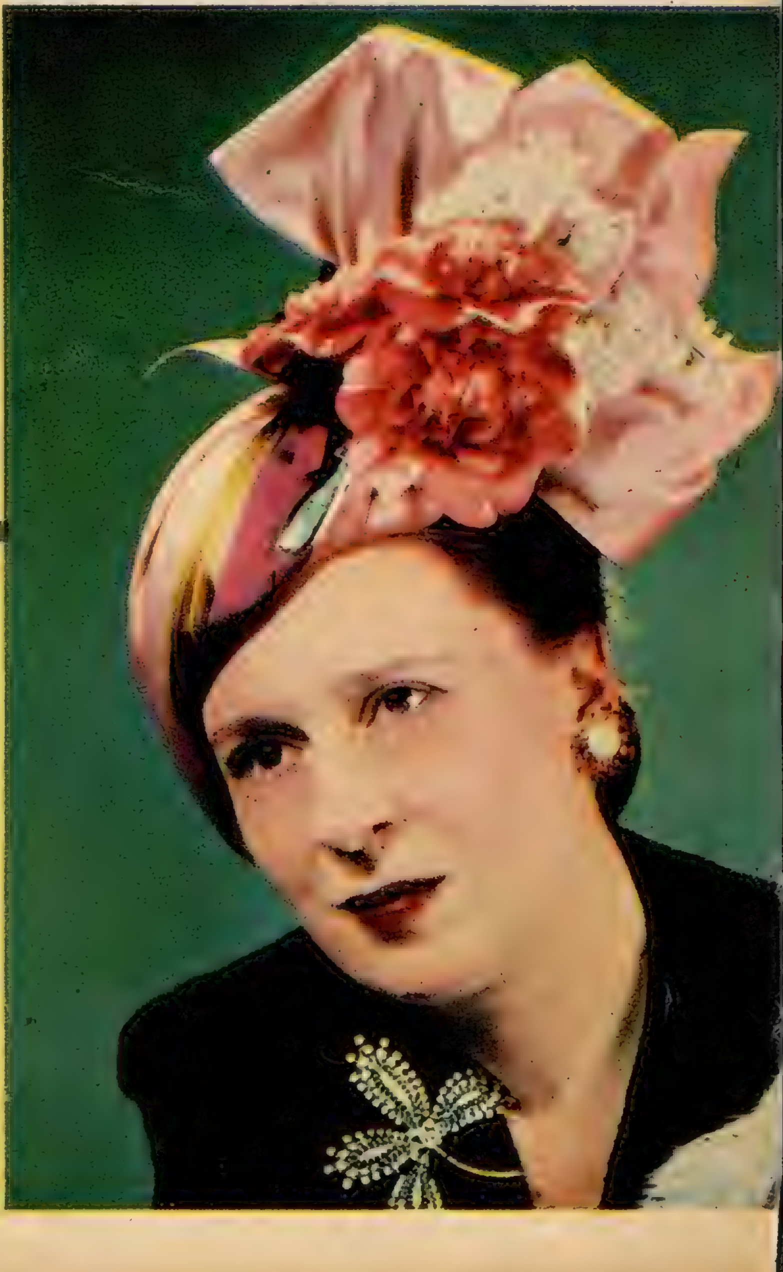
BY HELEN FAITH KEANE

Posies bloom in garden-fresh profusion where seeds were sown on Jinx Falkenberg's Easter bonnet. (See cover.) Sally Victor designed this floral fantasy to be worn amusingly with colorful seed packets for every day; bursting with blooms on special occasions.

JEWELS BY VAN CLEEF & ARPELS, INC.

ALL FLOWERS BY IRENE HAYES

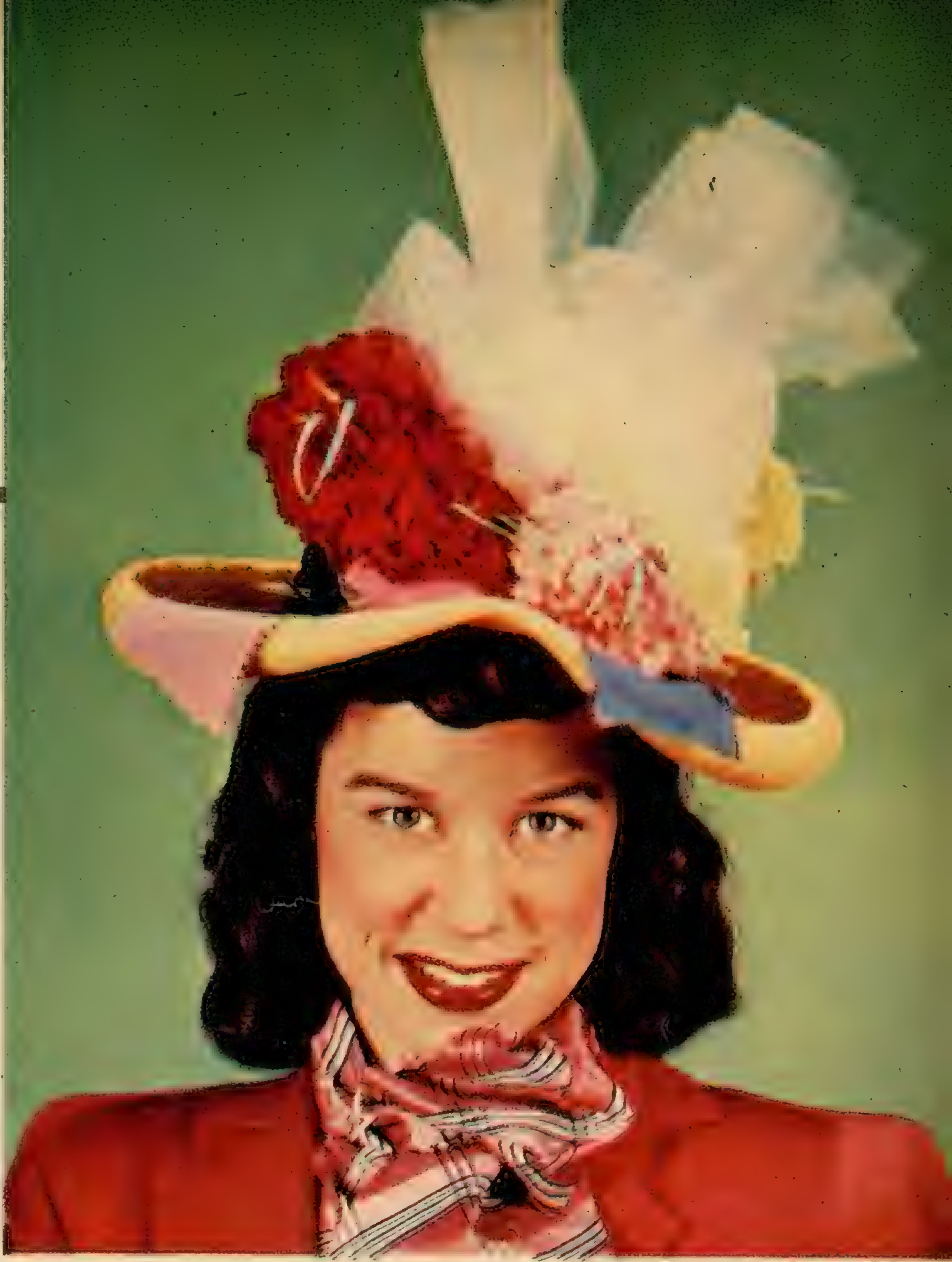
Gloria Vanderbilt had Lilly Daché, whose name is synonymous with the newest hat fashions, design the turban she wears here. The charming bow is caught up with a huge cluster of fresh camellias. Live flowers can be pinned onto any hat by means of Flower Wells, small sterling silver holders that are nonspillable, holding water to keep flowers fresh.



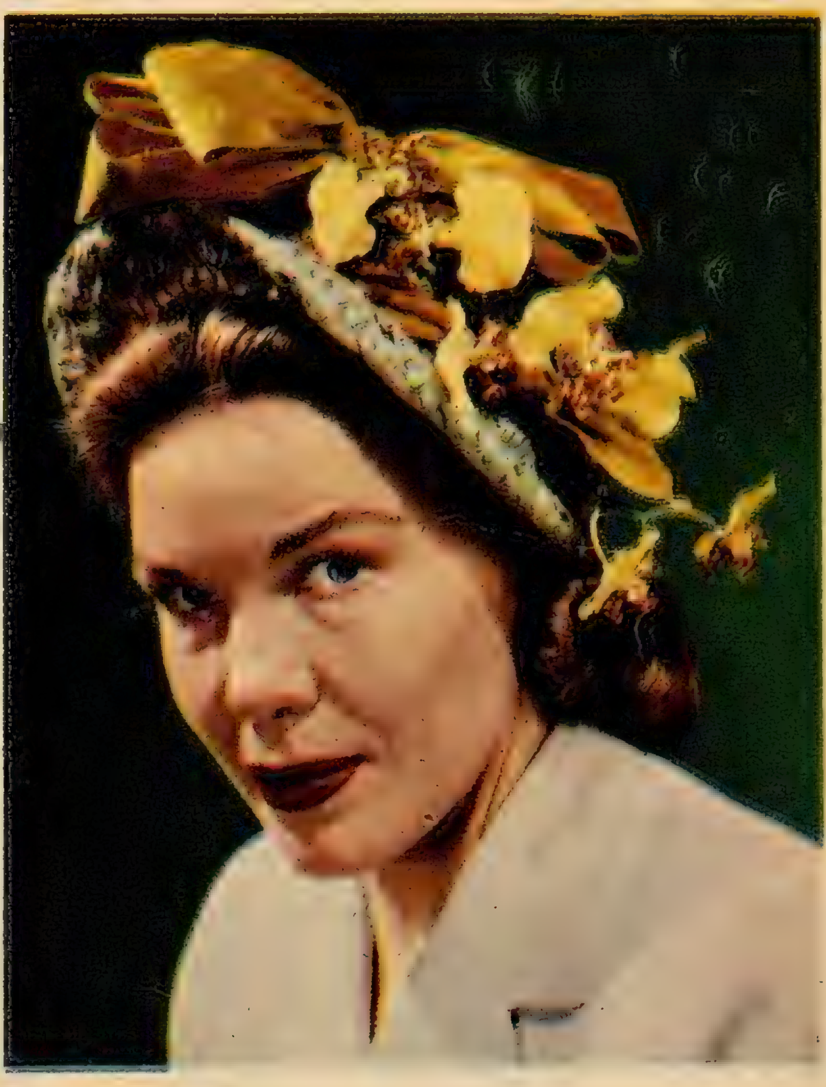
Bonnets

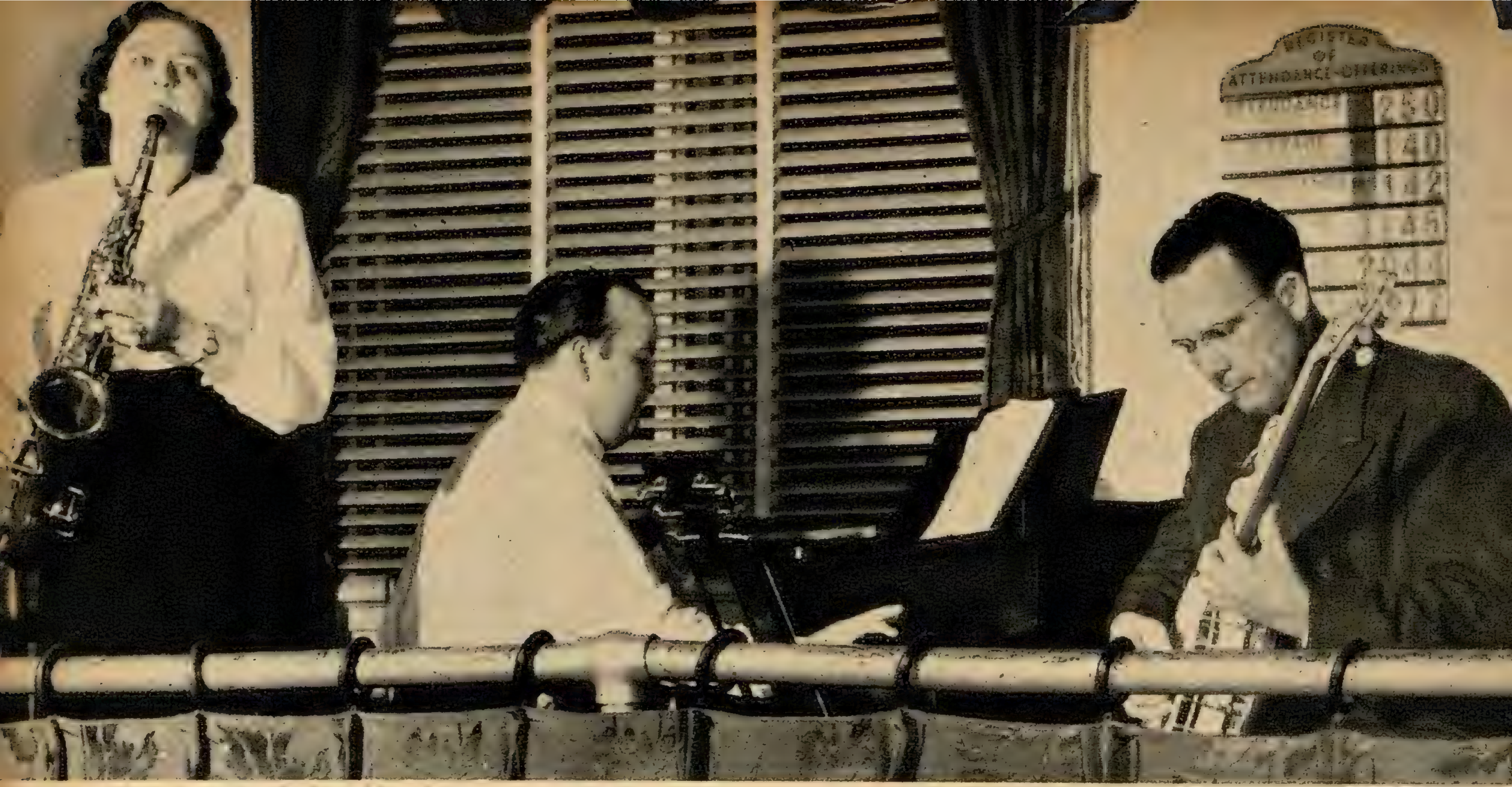
eads and suddenly it's spring! This
lebrities, fashioned by top designers

Floral Florell might be the title of this picture, as hat designer Walter Florell heaps red and white carnations on a wide-brimmed sailor for opera star Patrice Munsel. Fresh posies can make even old hats look new. Just pin them around the brim or conjure up your own made-to-order styles.



"Petunia," say the seed packets, but they're actually rare spider orchids that designer Braagaard has clustered on this hat for author Nancy Bruff of The Manatee fame. Orchids are not a must, however, says Braagaard. Often ordinary wild flowers make the prettiest hats.





Experts on trombone, trumpet, saxophone, banjo, guitar, accordion, piano, and organ, Dr. and Mrs. Neece, with visiting evangelist Joe Ragsdale (center) start the services with 'Twas a Glad Day when Jesus Found Me.

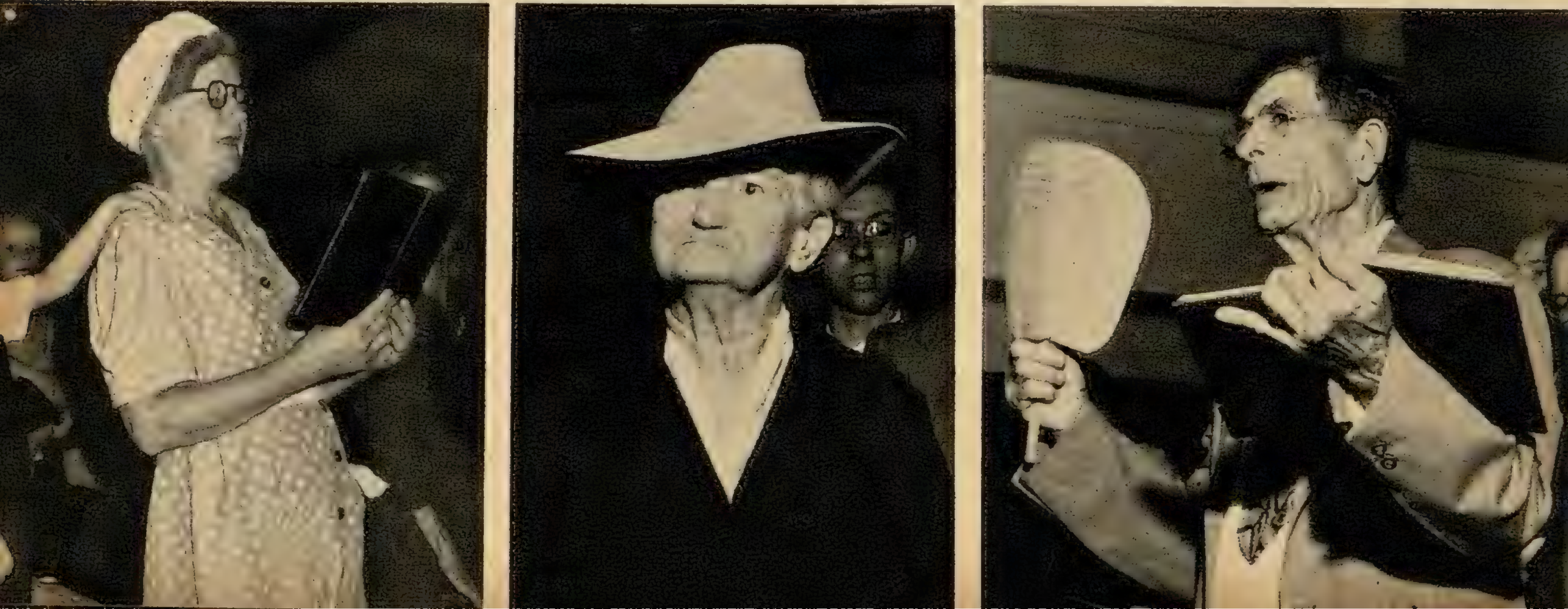
That Old-Time Religion

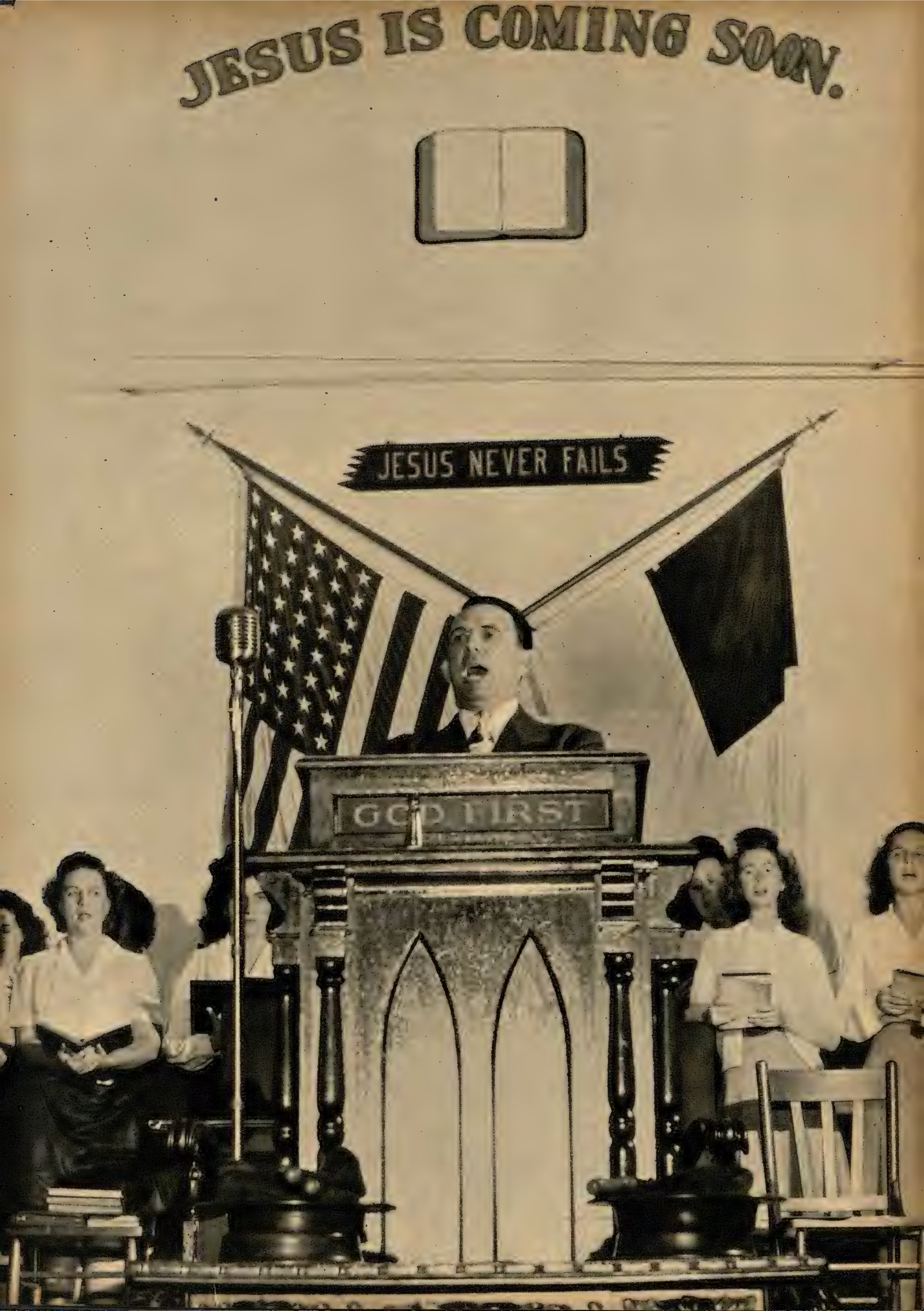
MIAMI, Florida, shares with Los Angeles, California, a number of distinctions. It is a mecca for tourists and old folks; also a center for old-fashioned Bible preaching. Dr. Charles O. Neece, originator of Amazing Grace Revival meets, presides over a church in Miami. Assisted by his wife and a succession of visiting evangelists, he preaches an old-time gospel message to a constantly changing audience totaling about 5,000 a week. Services, held every night except Monday, are nondenominational.

Dr. Neece, formerly a chiropractor, who took up evangelism when he became converted fifteen years ago, was born in the Ozarks region of Missouri. He has been at his church since 1936, except for two years spent as a traveling evangelist.

He believes that to move men and women to salvation he must touch their emotions. Thus his services for the most part are music, hymn singing, and straight-from-the-shoulder Bible preaching. He deplores the tendency of some evangelists to go too far emotionally and feels overzealousness hurts. On the Sunday these photos were taken, Dr. Neece had been notified by wire of his old father's death. The pastor, an only child, was to leave for Missouri immediately after the services and, as his father was uninsured, would have to bear all the expenses of the trip and funeral.

Led by Dr. Neece and the choir, services start with twenty-two minutes of When the Roll Is Called Up Yonder, Saved, Beneath the Cross of Jesus, etc. Such favorites, sung with ever rising volume, build the mood for salvation.



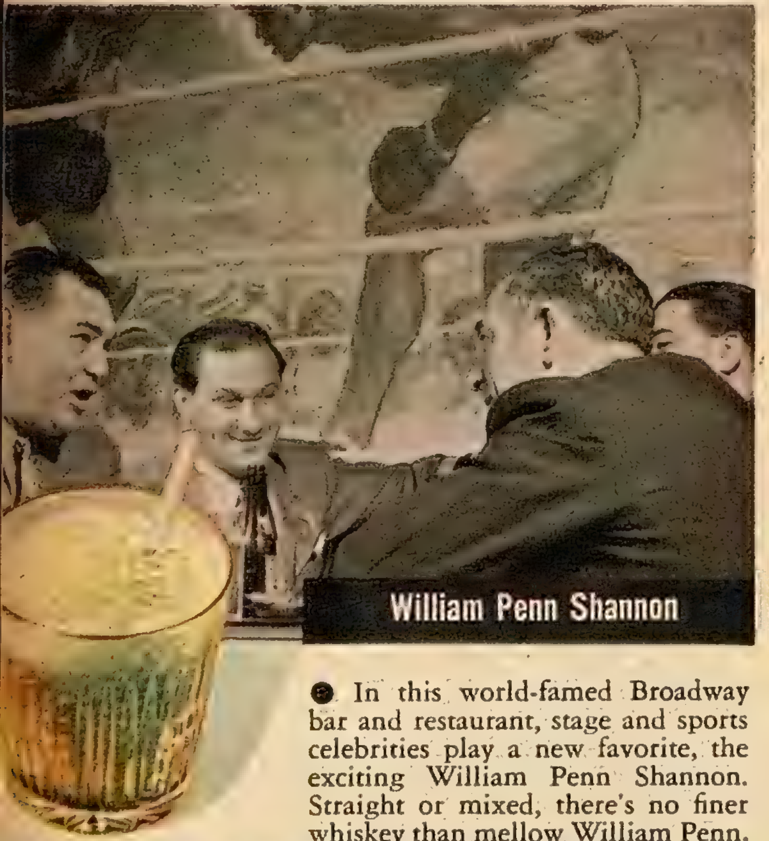

JESUS IS COMING SOON.
JESUS NEVER FAILS
GOD FIRST

Served in th

Willian

UNIFORMLY FIN

● Enjoy William Penn—a fine, rich whiskey of dependable, unvarying high quality and distinctive taste you'll remember!



William Penn Shannon

● In this world-famed Broadway bar and restaurant, stage and sports celebrities play a new favorite, the exciting William Penn Shannon. Straight or mixed, there's no finer whiskey than mellow William Penn.

William Penn Sour

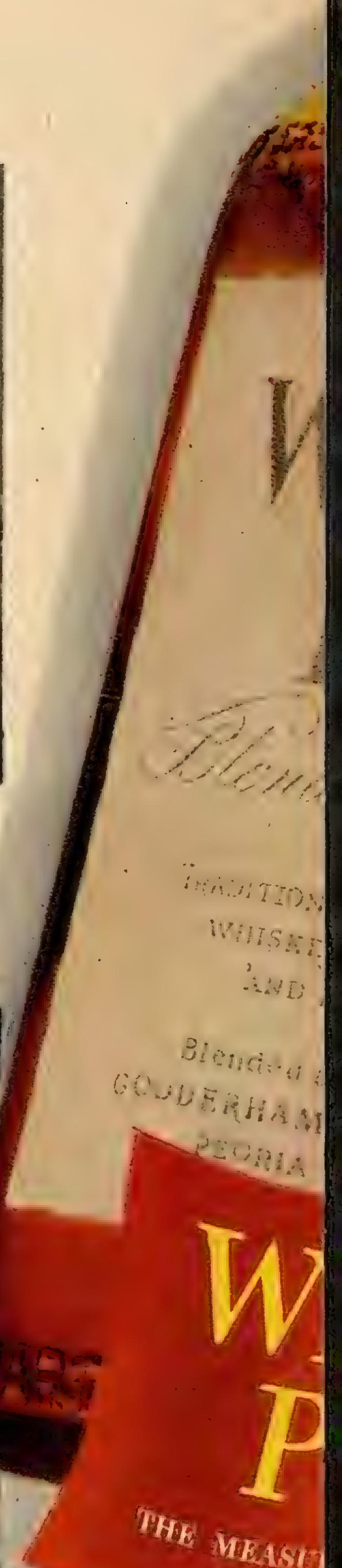
● Yachting members of the renowned Detroit club, above, rate the new William Penn Sour "smooth sailing!" William Penn is a fine whiskey that's mild and rich straight—blends perfectly in all kinds of mixed drinks.

William Penn Flip

● There's something new at the famous New York restaurant and bar shown above — the William Penn Flip! Patrons of this celebrated spot "go" for the smooth perfection of genial William Penn Whiskey.

William Penn Royal

● Connoisseurs of good living, at the noted Philadelphia restaurant, shown above, vote the new William Penn Royal *tops* among after dinner drinks. Straight William Penn Whiskey is wonderfully mild and mellow, too!



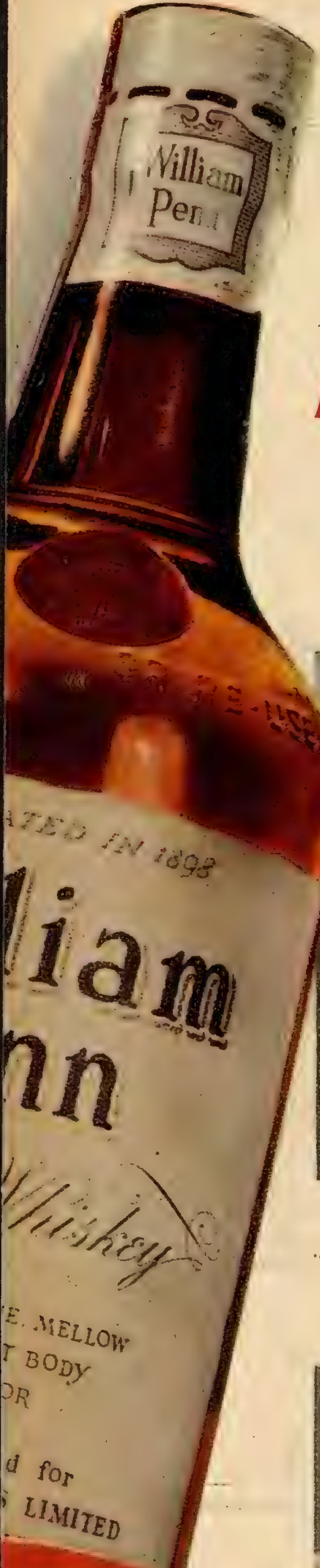
86 Proof. The straight
keys in this product
years or more old—65%
neutral spirits. Good
& Worts Ltd., Peori

best places

Penn

AND MELLOW!

● Mild, smooth and mellow straight—great in mixed drinks—it's served in the best places, making more friends all the time!



William Penn Highball

● At home in the best places, William Penn definitely "belongs" in this leading Cleveland club. Unvarying taste and high quality are things you'll remember in a William Penn Highball.

William Penn Old-Fashio

● Making new friends all time, William Penn is a ge and welcome "mixer" in famed New York restaurant. the flavorful William Penn C Fashioned. You'll like it!

William Penn Collins

● In this luxurious bar, high atop a San Francisco hotel, William Penn is enjoyed for its mildness and rich flavor. It's perfect in mixed drinks such as the William Penn Collins.

William Penn Manhatta

● Part of the magic th pleases guests in this dist guished Boston hotel resta rant—is William Penn! Mi rich-tasting, it's extra-smoo in William Penn Manhatta

COPR. 1947 GOODERHAM & WORTS LTD., PEORIA, I

Pastor Neece calls upon a member of his flock to ead in prayer. He prays loudly for 9½ minutes.

The entire congregation prays with arms upraised. Men, women, and children, some sobbing, concentrate with closed eyes on the speaker's words.

s the prayer drones on, the rising emotional itch is portrayed on more and more faces.

After the prayer, the ushers take up the collection. The church is supported entirely by free-will offerings. People give what they can afford.

THE CONGREGATION RALLIES TO THEIR PASTOR IN HIS HOUR OF AFFLICTION

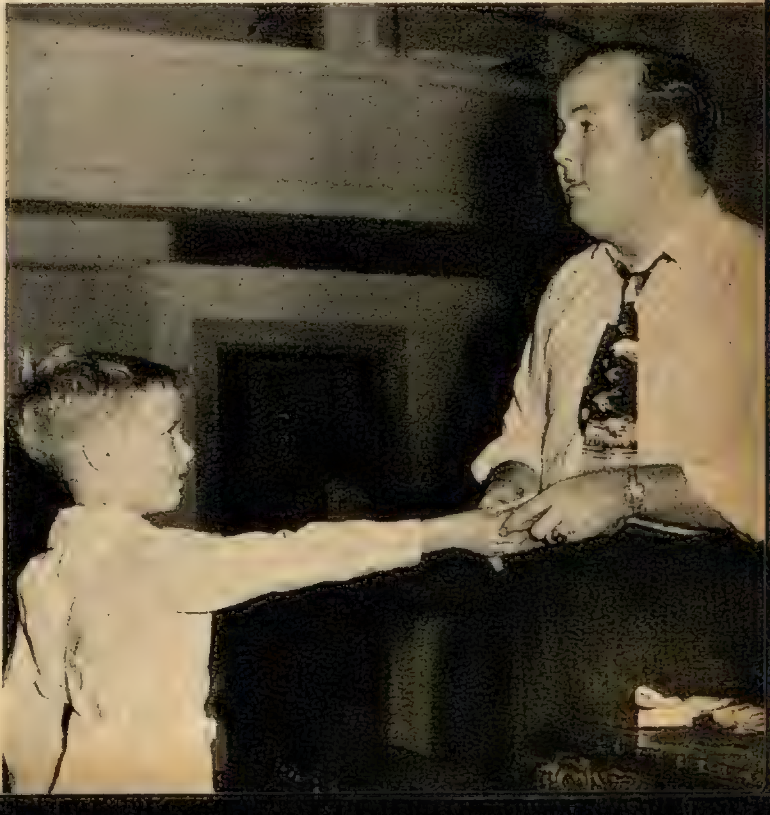
Early in the service Brother Ragsdale tells the people of their pastor's personal misfortune. He prays for help from on high. Dr. Neece weeps silently in the background. Dr. Neece comes forward to reminisce about his old father and to express his unwillingness to shift his personal financia burden to his flock. "Don't pull too hard, Brother Ragsdale,"

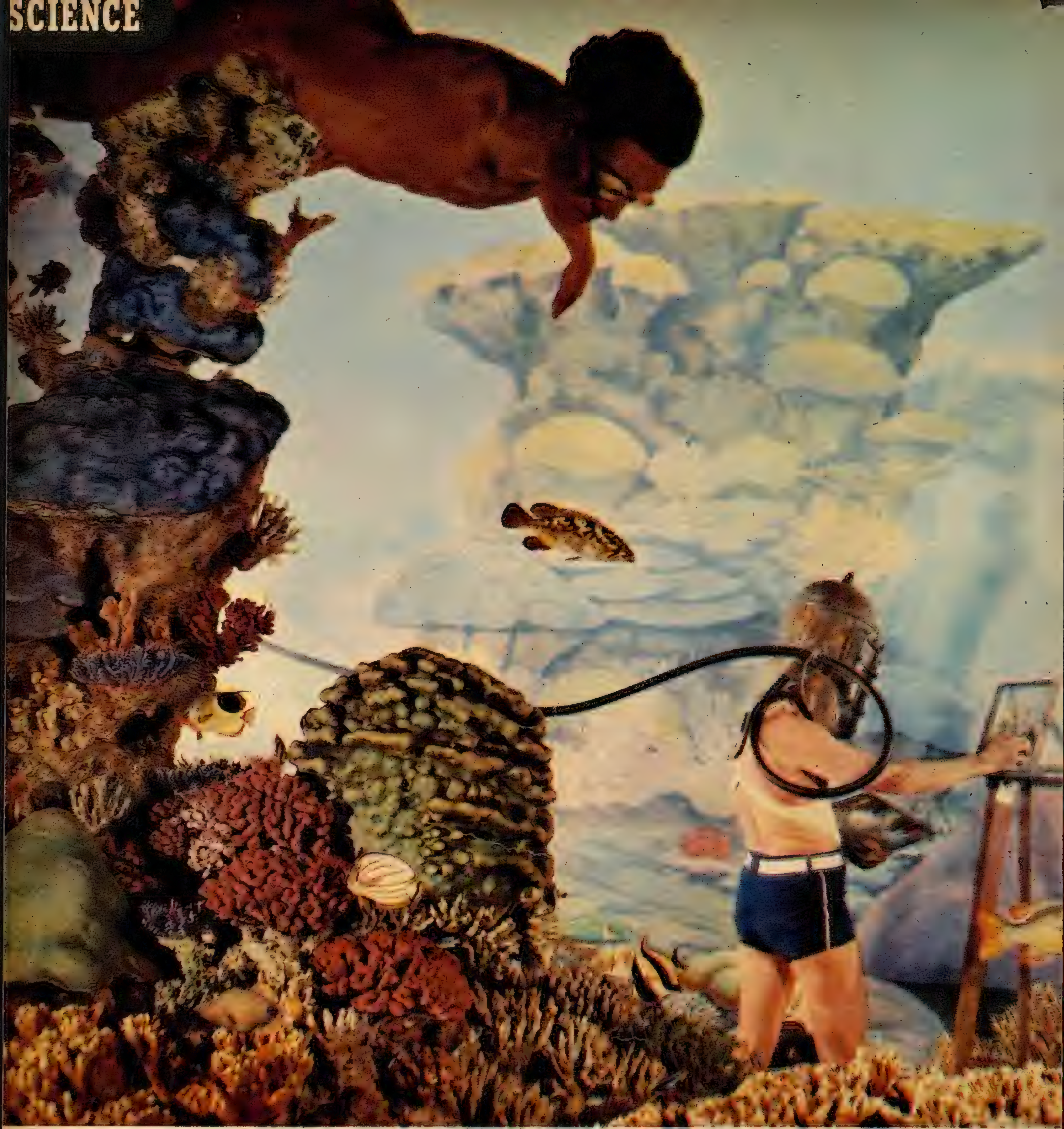
JESUS NEVER FAILS
GOD FIRST

Dr. Neece turns the services over to Joe Ragsdale, who sings a hymn to his own accompaniment. Downing his accordion, he begins to preach. Mincing no words, sparing none, he drives home the message of sin and salvation.

Climax is reached as the congregation, in grip of religious ecstasy, accepts God and begs forgiveness by moving to the benches in front. Brother Ragsdale and Dr. Neece move among them and administer hope and consolation.

he pleads while the organ and the choir sob softly in the background. Brother Ragsdale's plea is answered generously by the congregation without his "pulling too hard." A woman starts the contributions with fifty dollars and before long a sizable sum is collected to help the pastor in his bereavement. Ragsdale, who is only 21, has been an evangelist for three years.





Undersea Artist

Museum of Natural History's ichthyologist braves barracuda to paint brilliant ocean depths in oils

WHEN Chris Olsen first painted oceanscapes at the bottom of the sea, he carried two knives—one to paint with, the other for sharks. Now he has discarded the shark knife as useless, because it took too long to pull it from its scabbard. Pursuing his career the hard way, Olsen is an artistic scientist with a palette knife, making underwater sketches in color to serve as models for sculpting deep-sea life for New York's Museum of Natural History. In search for art materials that don't

float, he made a muslin-covered plate-glass "canvas" impregnated with white lead. He picked Monel metal for his palette, to avoid rust. Paints are mixed on the palette before a submersion. Ordinary brushes being unfeasible, he has adopted the palette knife. Working thirty minutes at a time, as pictured above (which is not the real thing but a demonstration in the museum), Olsen has had many narrow escapes. One was from a six-foot moray eel, which just missed him.

Weird Underwater formations are accurately reproduced by Olsen and staff from his sketches. He likes to explain marine biology to children.

Face to Face with life-size reproductions of the ones that didn't get away, Olsen feels that they are old friends. He vouches for every stripe and fin.

Night in

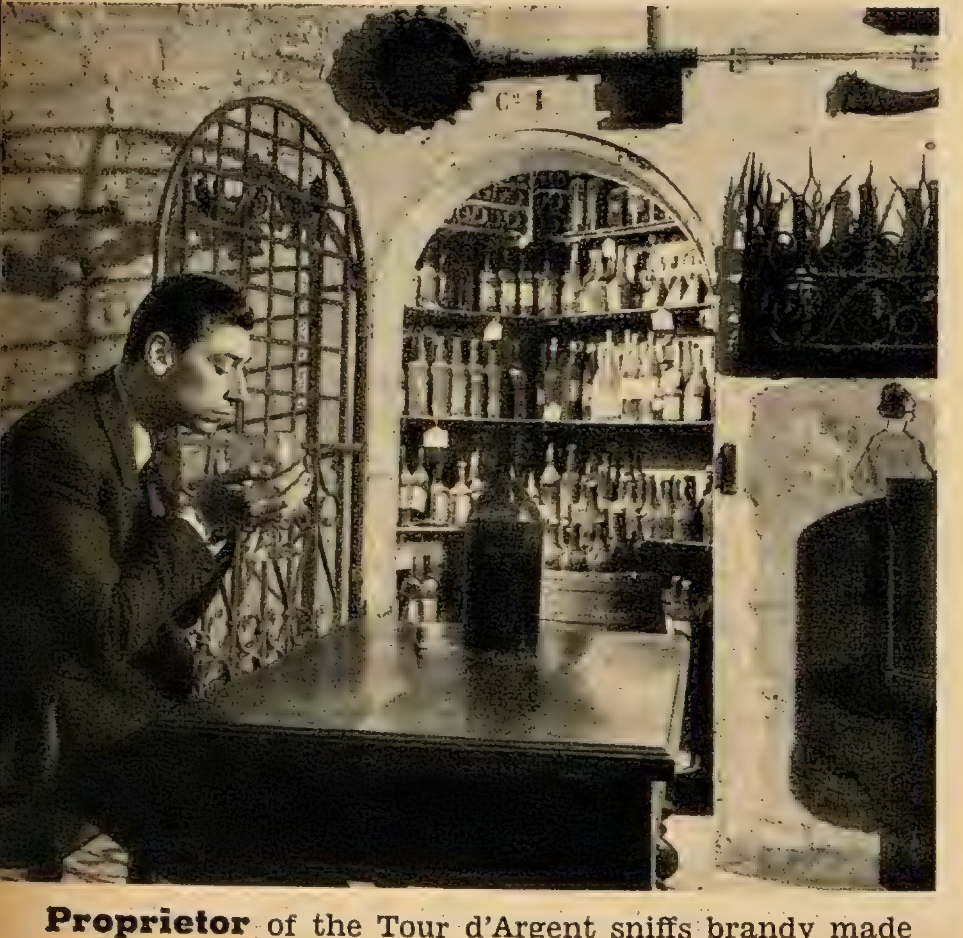
Paris is her old self again. W food is plentiful—for

NEVER being the kind of people to take their food lightly, Parisians have their own idea of how to handle rationing. A basic amount of food per person is decreed by law; anything left over can be sold for whatever the traffic will bear. This makes sense to the logical Frenchman.

Accordingly, ancient restaurants like the Tour d'Argent now serve famous delicacies such 'as pressed duck to well-heeled gourmets—usually black marketeers or foreigners. Because the price is slightly illegal, the waiter whis-

Bal Tabarin is a brassy nitery complete with cancan dancing and seminudity.

Duck Sauce is Tour d'Argent's specialty. Since 1890 200,000 fowls have been served.



Proprietor of the Tour d'Argent sniffs brandy made during the French Revolution. Cellar has 150,000 bottles.

Life
Paris

flowing, girls are dancing,
v who have the price

pers the bad news instead of giving it to you straight—*1,500 francs, monsieur.* But such bad news never outrages the ear of the average Frenchman, because he wouldn't be caught dead paying such prices. Making on the average of 7,000 francs a month, he stays away from the Tour d'Argent.

Night clubs like Monseigneur have less Old World atmosphere. Customers are mostly tourists and middle-class Frenchmen. Champagne is mediocre, the gypsy atmosphere is anything but gypsy. Montmartre has momentarily lost its punch.

View of Notre Dame is free at the Tour d'Argent. Lunch prices begin at $4.

Czech Officers at the Monseigneur drink $10 champagne — non - vintage type.

American Tourists go for sentimental gypsy music at the Monseigneur, where lights are low, prices high.

Liberty picks a Movie eligible for top honors

First rift in happy marriage of Jim (Spencer Tracy) and Lutie Brewton (Katharine Hepburn) comes when Jim refuses to let homesteaders settle on his ranch.

Hepburn and Tracy in an action-filled saga of the old-time cattle ranges

THE Western, backbone of the film industry, has graduated to the million-dollar class. One after another Class A hoss operas with Class A stars is making its bid for moviegoers' favor. Now M-G-M has come up with a lavish adaptation of Conrad Richter's novel of the bitter fight between cattlemen and farmers in the early days of American history. Superbly acted by Spencer Tracy, Katharine Hepburn, Melvyn Douglas, Robert Walker, and Harry Carey, the story of cattle baron Tracy's fight to keep his grazing ranges is accented by the sub-plot of his and Hepburn's love story. Elia Kazan's direction keeps climax after climax coming your way and Herbert Stradling's photography of the broad New Mexico plains is breath-taking.

Other Pictures Worth Seeing

THE MACOMBER AFFAIR (United Artists). Ernest Hemingway's fine short story makes a thrilling film, with acting honors going to Gregory Peck, Joan Bennett, and Robert Preston.

BOOMERANG (20th Century-Fox). Producer Louis de Rochemont's documentary technique is up to his usual high standard in this superb Dana Andrews-Jane Wyatt starrer.

The Sea of Grass

Homesteaders pour onto the fertile grazing ranges after Brewton finally loses a court decision keeping them out.

Kindly lawyer Chamberlain (Melvyn Douglas) sues Jim to force him to let in settlers, but loses to a fixed court.

Unhappy over Jim's obsession with his sea of grass, Lutie leaves him after her son is born. Doc (Harry Carey) helps.

The two children, Sarah (Phyllis Thaxter) and Brock (Bob Walker), grow up without ever seeing their mother.

Dashingly irresponsible Brock is shot in a gun duel, dies in Jim's arms, but his tragic death reunites Lutie and Jim.

Bachelor Girls

—or what happened when five school chums came from Kansas to New York in search of careers

THE majority of small-town girls come to New York City in search of careers and/or husbands. Typical are these five Kansas University graduates now sharing a three-room apartment in the former home of Mrs. Enrico Caruso in Manhattan. They earn about $30 a week apiece, from which each pays $17.50 a month for rent and contributes $5 a week to a food fund which does not include lunches. Mary Belcher spends most of her money on singing lessons. Jo Ann Teed gave up teaching in Kansas to become a specialty store shopper. Elizabeth Baker assists a woman radio commentator; and Ruth Russell has a typing job mornings, hopes to become a professional singer. After a year in New York, all would settle for matrimony. Only typist Betty Bredouw is engaged—to a boy she met years ago in Kansas.

Male Guest for dinner ruins $5▲ food budget. Occasion calls for steak, plus $1 additional per girl.

Not-So-Quiet evening at home, with landlord on the French horn. Cadet Anderson is guest of honor.▼

Clothes are common property. Liz takes up Ruth's evening gown for Mary, who is inches shorter.▼

"Whee, an audition with Billy Rose!" cries Mary, clutching letter which brought early-morning good news. Betty is borrowing lunch money from Jo Ann, while Ruth, before calling on producers, scans list of shows to be cast.

Liz Assists radio commentator Martha Deane, shown nterviewing London Daily Mail editor Stanley Horniblow.

Soprano with director Robert Shaw's Collegiate Choral, Ruth, in light suit, is a part-time typist for a soap firm.

Personal shopper Jo Ann Teed selects a gift for a customer at a swank Fifth Avenue specialty store.

Auditioned by Billy Rose for a spot in his Diamond Horseshoe, Mary plays her own accompaniment.

Privacy by consent. Gals give Betty and Cadet John Anderson a moment alone. They'll be married following his June graduation.

The camera that discovered a Gold Mine

① **"They handed me $500,000** for just a small interest in the mine," writes Frank Salerno of Bridgeport, Connecticut, a friend of Canadian Club. "I'd gone to Yellowknife to take pictures of my friend Mike's prospecting in northern Canada. To keep warm in the sub-zero weather, I kept busy photographing rock formations. For a souvenir, I chipped off a piece of the colorful rock.

② **"But when Mike saw it,** he yelled 'That's gold!' and made me stake out a claim. I'd eard about 'fool's gold' and the ribbing every tenderfoot' gets, so I played the game and waited for Mike to tell me it was all a gag.

③ **"It wasn't a gag!** I took the rock samples to a geologist who found gold in some of the ore running as high as $1250 a ton. If the rest of my claim proves as rich, Mike and I will be millionaires. And my only investment was $5 for a license!

④ **"Mike became my partner.** We sold a small interest for $500,000. Until that moment, I never dreamed such a thing could actually happen. Nobody could get that lucky camera away from me now for *ten* gold mines!

⑤ **"We celebrated our strike** with Canadian Club highballs in Mike's cabin back at Yellowknife. Canadian Club has always been my favorite whisky. It's helped me enjoy some of the happiest moments of my life—and that evening it tasted *extra* special. We sat up half the night deciding what we'd do with our money.

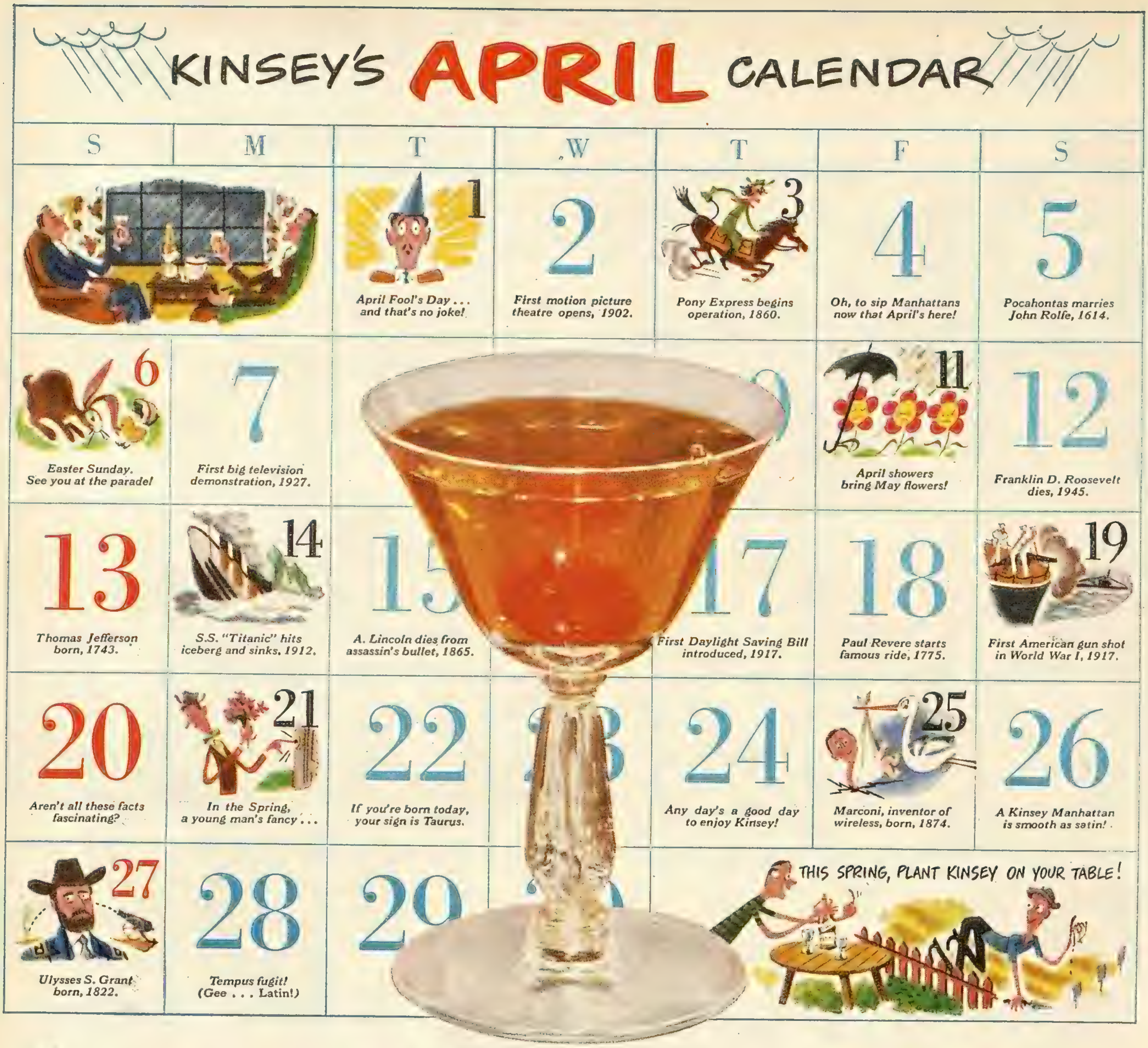
⑥ **"Gold is one of two things** I've found to be highly valued in all the lands I've visited," says Mr. Salerno. "The other is Canadian Club Whisky." Canadian Club is *light* as scotch, *rich* as rye, *satisfying* as bourbon. That's what made Canadian Club the largest-selling imported whisky in the United States.

Canadian Club
Hiram Walker & Sons

IN 87 LANDS NO OTHER WHISKY TASTES LIKE

"Canadian Club"

Imported from Walkerville, Canada, by Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Illinois • Blended Canadian Whisky • 90.4 proof



KINSEY'S APRIL CALENDAR

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
		1 April Fool's Day . . . and that's no joke!	2 First motion picture theatre opens, 1902.	3 Pony Express begins operation, 1860.	4 Oh, to sip Manhattans now that April's here!	5 Pocahontas marries John Rolfe, 1614.
6 Easter Sunday. See you at the parade!	7 First big television demonstration, 1927.				11 April showers bring May flowers!	12 Franklin D. Roosevelt dies, 1945.
13 Thomas Jefferson born, 1743.	14 S.S. "Titanic" hits iceberg and sinks, 1912.	15 A. Lincoln dies from assassin's bullet, 1865.		17 First Daylight Saving Bill introduced, 1917.	18 Paul Revere starts famous ride, 1775.	19 First American gun shot in World War I, 1917.
20 Aren't all these facts fascinating?	21 In the Spring, a young man's fancy . . .	22 If you're born today, your sign is Taurus.	23	24 Any day's a good day to enjoy Kinsey!	25 Marconi, inventor of wireless, born, 1874.	26 A Kinsey Manhattan is smooth as satin!
27 Ulysses S. Grant born, 1822.	28 Tempus fugit! (Gee . . . Latin!)	29				

April is a month sublime—
It's Kinsey-made Manhattan time!

April showers bring May flowers . . . and if *you'd* like a few bouquets, just bring your guests Manhattans made with superbly smooth Kinsey. Here's how:

2 parts delicious Kinsey . . . 1 part sweet Vermouth . . . 1 dash bitters. Stir well with cracked ice . . . strain into cocktail glass . . . add cherry.

Whatever your favorite drink, make it with Kinsey, the unhurried whiskey for unhurried moments. People who *know* say it offers something special in smoothness and flavor. So try Kinsey . . . *tonight!*

KINSEY

BLENDED WHISKEY

the unhurried whiskey

for unhurried moments

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KINSEY
J.G. Kinsey
KINSEY
Blended Whiskey

Since 1892

86.8 Proof. 65% Grain Neutral Spirits. Kinsey Distilling Corp., Linfield, Pa.

FIRST KISS

Continued from Page 19

"Because I've led a good clean life," he told her. "Four years in the army. The army puts roses in your cheeks."

"What branch of the army?"

"Air Corps."

"I had a brother in the Air Corps," she said. "He didn't come back."

"Tough," he said.

They talked about the army for several miles. She seemed to loosen up a little. She talked well and she thought straight. He couldn't get over it—a nice kid like her on the road. She was no tramp.

"Name?" he asked.

"Elaine."

"Elaine Smith or Jones or what?"

"Smith or Jones," she said. "I don't like 'or what.' "

He shrugged. "Make it Jones, then."

"YOUR name is Matthew Dwyer," she said. "It will be easier if I call you Matt. I think we'll know each other a long time."

A sharp kid. She'd gotten his name off the registration card on the steering post.

"How do you figure a long time?" he asked. "I don't know where you're going. You don't know where I'm going."

"Where are you going?"

"Redmond, California."

"Then I'll go to Redmond."

Matt gave her a quick startled look.

"Do you know what you just said?"

"I said I'd go to Redmond."

"For the luvva Mike!" he said. He pushed his hat back and wiped his forehead. He took a deep breath. "Lord Almighty!" he said then. "Did it ever occur to you that I'm a man and you're just a kid? They got laws about kids and grown men."

"I'm eighteen," she said. "It's all right if we're together."

"So you're eighteen." He was angry, disgusted, and excited all at once. "Make it you're a hundred, so what? Nice girls don't do things like that. What about your folks? You've got a home, haven't you?"

"I did have," she said. "I left it."

"Where'd you live?'

"Roseburg."

Roseburg. That was ten miles back of where he'd picked her up. She'd just started out. She'd had maybe one ride, a short one, before he came along. Good Lord! he thought. Why did this happen to me?

"So you take the first guy that stops?"

"I did not." She was very matter of fact, very dead-pan. "I walked until you came. A lot of men tried to pick me up. I knew it was going to be some man, but I wanted him to be young and nice looking and to have money. Your car is almost new. You have a good personality. I found that out after I'd ridden with you for a while." She looked at him. "I think you'll be nice to me."

"You had it figured out, didn't you?"

"Yes," she said. "I thought about it a long time."

You're sixteen, he thought; nobody but a sixteen-year-old kid would hatch a scheme like that!

Aloud he said, "But why, honey? Why?"

Little by little, he got it out of her. It was like pulling teeth, but he got it.

A couple of tons of steel had dropped on her father in a shipyard up in Portland. Curtains for him. Her brother, a waist gunner, hadn't found his way back from the Schweinfurt raid. That left just the girl and her mother. Her mother worked and had boy friends. She didn't get along with Elaine, or didn't have time to. The kid was alone too much. She got herself a lot of wrong ideas. But she didn't know they were wrong, because she was only sixteen.

He'd seen pictures of plenty like her in the papers, in the missing-persons columns. A blurred snapshot and a few lines of type.

He wasn't sure he'd ever more than half believed the kids really ran away. So this was why they left. This was what happened to them. Look what could happen to a girl. A clean sweet kid like Elaine with a shape like that, knowing from nothing but willing. He got weak thinking about it.

"Honey," he told her, "you've got to go home."

"No," she said.

"You've got to," he said. "I'll take you back."

"I won't let you."

"I'll do it anyway."

She thought a moment, biting her lips. "You could," she said finally. "You could take me back, all right. But you couldn't make me stay. Nobody could, if I didn't want to."

'It seemed a shame not to bring it along —after all, it's guaranteed forever!'
LIBERTY

"I don't have to help you," Matt said. "I can let you out."

"Any place you like," she said.

Matt felt himself getting weak again. The next guy would pick her up. And the next guy wouldn't be so fussy. Matt looked at her. He looked at her face, trying to find some hope that she might change her mind. She had a firm little chin.

But he went on trying. He made a sentimental pitch, mentioning her father and her brother and what they'd think of her. He brought a few tears to her long-lashed eyes but she wouldn't budge. He tried to bully her and threaten her with the law. No good. He tried to scare her with old demon sex. Color stained her face. She admitted she didn't know much about it, but she had figured out if everybody was born that way, it couldn't be so terrible.

The car was barely moving now. The more he'd learned about her, the slower he'd driven. They hadn't come more than twenty or thirty miles. She was about forty miles from home. No good thinking about that—she wouldn't go back. And he couldn't let her out. He'd be haunted the rest of his life. He couldn't take her with him, not across the state line—not any place, in fact. If the cops were looking for her and stopped him, would they believe this wasn't his idea? Would anybody believe it? Hell, he thought, I wouldn't believe it myself!

HER hand, soft and warm, touched his, her sweater brushed his arm. "Please," she said, "stop worrying. I'm old enough to know what I want. Why don't we just go ahead and let me worry about what comes after?"

Ye gods! Matt thought.

A service station appeared around a sharp bend. It was big and clean and had a pair of rest rooms at one side of the driveway. Matt got out of the car.

"Won't be a minute," he said.

Inside the men's room, he leaned against a washbowl and lighted a cigarette.

It was ten minutes before he began to think straight. After he stopped being scared of the mess, it wasn't so bad. The thing had broken so fast and scared him so bad, he'd thought it was a lot worse than it actually was. He looked in the mirror again. He was twenty-nine but looked four or five years younger. He had good clothes and a good car, and altogether he looked like a substantial citizen. No one would question that. She could pass for eighteen. That made their ages close enough, figuring him at twenty-four or -five. At least, no one would question the fact that they were together. He could stay on the side roads, and it wasn't likely they'd have trouble with the police. There was always a chance, of course, but for a kid like

Elaine a man could afford to take a chance.

If you don't, he thought, she'll get some other guy.

He went back to the car. She was waiting for him, nervous and round-eyed.

"O.K.," he said, "if you haven't changed your mind."

"Why should I change my mind?" Now that she was meeting it head on, she was a little scared. He liked that.

"Tell you what," he said. "I'm in no hurry. Say we drive around a little and get better acquainted. It's eleven now. I know a place—an hour's drive—where we can have lunch and maybe dance to a juke box. You got a dress in that suitcase?"

She said, "Of course I have."

"Atta girl. Slip into the rest room and put it on. You don't want to dance in those levis. And, look," he touched her long taffy-colored hair. "Can you put it up some way—make it look a little older?"

"I think so."

"Let's go, then." He gave her a reassuring smile. "And don't worry."

She pulled her chin up. "I'm *not* worried."

Much, he thought.

WHEN she'd gone, he gave himself a mental pat on the back. He had the right idea. If he jumped at her, she'd scare, even though she'd said she'd made up her mind. The thing to do was to take it easy.

He saw a soft-drink machine beside the service station, and had another idea. He got out of the car, got a bottle of coke and brought it back. He took a pint of whisky from the dashboard compartment and had a drink. Then he left the bottle on the seat.

One slug, he thought. It'll soften her up.

She was gone fifteen minutes. When she came back, Matt decided it was worth the wait. "Stand there a minute," he said. "Let me look at you." She'd done her hair in two braids, like a yellow crown on the back of her head. Swell. She wore an afternoon dress of fine soft blue wool. It was a grown-up dress, a woman's dress, and it lent a smoky blue to her eyes. He said, "Turn around." Nylons, high heels, and a trim figure. Perfect.

"Man alive," he said, "you're a dish!"

She got in and smiled at him. She was pleased with herself. She'd put rouge on her cheeks, but there was a high color, a natural color, under that lovely skin. She was excited and nervous. Her wide clear eyes had more than just the shine of youth. They had the sparkle of a kid tasting adventure. He handed her the two bottles.

"A nip," he said. "Just one, for luck."

She held the bottles, one in each hand, and looked at them a moment. He told her to take a swallow of coke first, then whisky, then a big drink of coke. She hesitated a moment more. "Well, why not?" she said. She went through the routine fast. She choked and had a hard time getting the last drink of coke. Matt hated himself just then. He hadn't realized how terrible a whisky bottle looked in a young girl's hand. He put the bottles away.

"No more pencils, no more books! No more teachers' sassy looks!!"
LIBERTY

"Stout girl," he said. "You took that like a man."

The worry went out of her eyes. She'd taken her first drink and she'd done it like a man.

"I'd better tell you about me," he said. "I can't have you taking up with a stranger."

The highway led up through steep hills where the trees stood tall and green. The sun broke out of the clouds and warmed the world with golden sunshine. The sky was blue and the air was fresh and clean. It was a perfect day for adventure and romance, for telling a young girl about far-off places.

MATT had been a rear-echelon supply clerk; but she wanted romance and glamor and he gave them to her in the shape of an Air Corps captain. A fighter pilot. The captain got himself into tight places with a grin and he got himself out with bold and ruthless tactics. He flew out of bases with names like Myitkyina, Tezpur, and Mohanbari. He flew a P-38 and shot down five Jap planes, and was shot down himself over the Burma jungle. That was where he met the Burmese princess. The Japs had killed her family in Rangoon and she'd escaped to organize a guerrilla band. She and her men smuggled the captain through the enemy lines. He was with her three weeks, long enough for her to fall in love with him. It was a tragic and impossible romance, beautiful and poignant, and modestly told.

It was straight out of a comic strip, and Elaine loved it.

"Somehow," she sighed, "I knew you'd be like that."

THEY stopped for lunch. It was rustic, dark and cool inside. They had the dining room all to themselves. There was white linen, silver, and a couple of tall candles. The steak was matchless; the wine added a worldly touch. The candlelight did wonderful things for her. It touched her skin with a warm glow, her hair with gold, her eyes with the sparkle of enchantment. She was as fresh as a mountain stream and as young as the dawn, but she wanted sophistication. Now and then she even tried a broad "a" on for size. She was pleased with the way Matt was taken. And he was taken. He knew that yesterday she'd practiced all this in front of her mirror. Not too many yesterdays ago she'd been a queen, about waist-high, in one of her mother's picture hats, high-heeled shoes, and a cast-off evening gown.

"You know," he said, "you fit a place like this. Good food, good silver, good wine. You were born for this kind of living. You have the manner. A lot like that Burmese princess. . . ."

She loved that. She loved the way he was there, holding her chair, when they got up to dance. The way he held her as they danced. The way he looked at her with hunger in his eyes. That was not hard to do. No man could look at her and not feel hunger.

"Hey," he said, "let's get out of this firetrap."

He paid the check. She walked beside him when they left, regal and gracious. He opened the car door and tucked her in. She loved that, too. He closed the door carefully.

"Let's go down to the coast," he said. "It's only a couple hours' drive. Maybe we can see a sunset."

It was all right with her. Anything was all right with her. She was his pigeon now. He knew that from the way she leaned against his shoulder, the way she looked up at him with shining eyes. Half the day was still ahead. He could afford to take plenty of time to make damn sure she'd stay his pigeon.

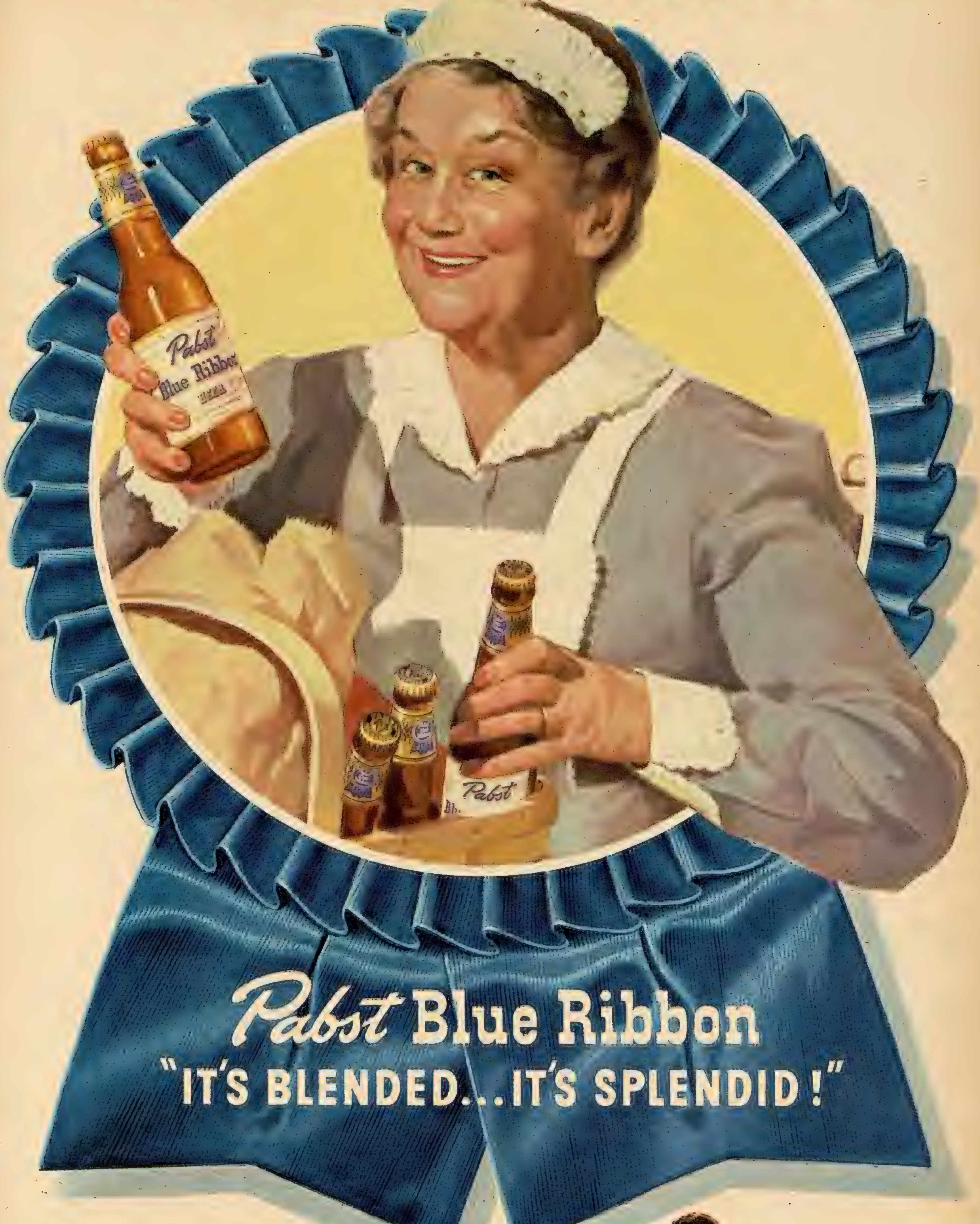
They stopped once along the road. He made her change her shoes; he took her for a walk. The trees along the patch were redwoods and a million years old. "Well, anyway a thousand," he said. She went round-eyed at the height of them.

"C'm'on," Matt said. "I'll race you back to the car."

Matt had a drink when they got there. A small one. He didn't give her any; she was high enough. They drove on again. Matt told her how the Air Corps captain and a group of his buddies were starting an air-freight line. More build-up, more romance, and more malarky. Matt was a book salesman and his salary

(*Continued on page 74*)

"Tis a fine Missus I'm workin' for!"


Pabst
Blue Ribbon
BEER
Pabst

Pabst Blue Ribbon

"IT'S BLENDED...IT'S SPLENDID!"

Copr. 1947, Pabst Brewing Company, Milwaukee, Wisc.

TUNE IN THE EDDIE CANTOR SHOW
EVERY THURSDAY NIGHT, OVER NBC

33 FINE BREWS BLENDED INTO ONE GREAT BEER

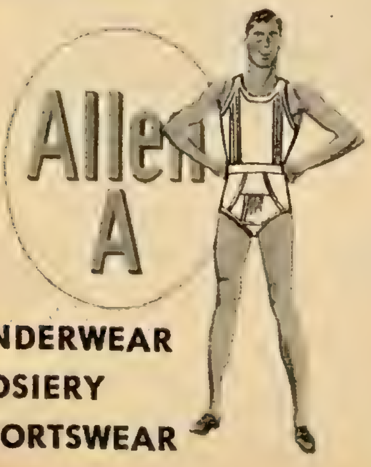
What do you know about-

A Mata H...?

Hari. Enemy agent. Asked too many questions. Like, "General, why do some men wear underwear eet ees uncomfortable, hah?" "Because," replied the General, "Allen-A's are not meant for every Tom and Dick, Hari." Hah!

An Allen-A...?

Top-ranking underwear that won't cut you. Or strangle you. Or worse. Knit with Bond Streetish attention to detail, Allen-A is the name to remember for fine underwear, hosiery and sportswear.



UNDERWEAR
HOSIERY
SPORTSWEAR

(Continued from page 72)

wasn't fat, but he'd made himself a hundred thousand dollars before they reached the coast. She was properly impressed. It gave her a feeling of security, she said.

She was hungry again. Matt fed her clam chowder and salt-water taffy at the first coast town. They looked at fishing boats. They walked along the beach and chased sea gulls. They climbed a cliff.

The gulls wheeled and cried about them. The waves knocked themselves out on the rocks below. The sun slid down through scattered clouds and fell into the sea. It was a picture sunset—long streamers of fire painting the sky, a golden pathway leading straight out across the sea. Matt couldn't have dreamed up a better sunset or a better time for it. "Look all you want," he said. "I worked all day getting it ready."

She laughed. "You do the nicest things."

THE wind was in her hair, the colors of the sunset were in her cheeks, and all the happiness in the world was in her eyes. This was the time. He put his hands carefully upon her shoulders and drew her toward him. She came without restraint. Very carefully he put his lips on hers.

With the first touch of the kiss he knew nothing more beautiful would ever happen to him. A rose petal, a breath of clean morning air, a drink from a deep cool spring—he thought of these, and none said half enough. Neither he nor any other man would have this kiss again. Her first real kiss, the first time her heart had ever been in her lips, and it was a gift so precious he could have wept.

"I—I didn't know," she whispered. "I didn't know it would be like this."

"Nor me," he said.

With that single kiss, he drew her to her feet. He put his hands upon her shoulders again. "Neither of us knew how it would be," he said, "but there it is. You know where we go from here? You know it's time to go."

"Yes," she said.

He took her to the car. He drove inland, as fast as the car and the curving road would let him drive. Twilight became dark. The highway, wide and black, rushed into the headlight beam. Matt talked softly to the girl. Her head rested against his shoulder. Weariness and the miles caught up with her, and presently she slept. Matt was alone. He drove without pause.

It was late when he found the sign he wanted. He shook the girl gently awake. "Roseburg," he said. "Show me the way, honey, and stop me a couple of blocks this side."

She gave him the directions. He parked the car two blocks from her house. He cut the motor and the lights, and turned to put a gentle fist under her chin.

"It's got to be this way," he said. "You see that, don't you?"

"Yes," she said, "and I'm glad. I didn't think it could be. It wouldn't have been this way if I hadn't found you."

"So O. K.," he said. "You're my girl now. And my girl can't go hitchhiking around the country. You'll stay home and behave yourself?"

"Matt—of course I will."

"Atta girl. If things get too tough, take a walk in the hills and pretend I'm with you. Talk to me. Or write and tell me all about it. But, whatever you do, take care of yourself for me. Right?"

"I promise, Matt."

"Swell. And don't worry if you don't see me for quite a while. I do a lot of traveling. But I'll write, and write often. I want you to answer every letter."

"Every one," she said.

"Good. One more kiss and scoot—"

He kissed her good-by. It was sweet and lovely, but it wasn't like the first. None would be like that again. She cried a little. She took her suitcase and her coat and left the car. He heard her steps go into the dark; he waited until the sound was gone. He turned the car around, without the lights. He didn't use the lights until he'd gone several blocks, then he drove slowly, looking for a telephone.

HE found a lighted store window, a man working on a set of books behind a counter. The man let him in and let him use the telephone. Matt placed a long-distance call. A woman answered, her voice anxious.

"Matt, are you all right?"

"Sure," he said. "How're the kids?"

"They waited up for you. They're in bed now."

"Tell them their pop will be home in the morning. I'm driving straight through."

"Matt, you shouldn't. It's late."

"I'll be careful, hon," he said. "And, look. Remember those letters you used to write me overseas? Those long, beautiful letters. Can you still write like that?"

"I suppose so. Why?"

"Because something happened," he said. "I'll tell you all about it in the morning. But the way it is, I've got to write letters to a kid for six months, or maybe a year. She'll be grown up by then. And the letters have to be good. I'm going to need your help."

"Of course," she said. "But you're not making much sense."

"Because I'm happy," Matt said. "You're a fine wife and I love you and I'll tell you all about it in the morning. Now go to bed and don't worry."

Matt paid for the call, went out and got in the car again. He turned on the radio and pushed buttons until he found a dance band. A little music would help on the long drive across the mountains. Anyway, he felt like singing.

THE END

ON APPROVAL

Continued from Page 23

A tap, and the door swung open, and Lily stood there in black velvet.

"Having tie trouble?" she said. "We'll soon fix that."

He marched down to dinner like a middle-aged Daniel about to confront two very able-bodied lions.

There the children were: Felicity, fourteen, Ronald, thirteen. He could sense their hostility even while he was shaking hands.

They gave Joe icy smiles and then he had to turn to shake hands with someone else. The someone seemed to be named Bob and, even at a glance, you could tell he was everything Joe wasn't. Tall bronzed man with a dashing mustache; polo-playing man probably; man who'd always know the right thing to do.

"Bob's just an old friend of the family," Lily whispered. "I knew you wouldn't mind Bob."

He minded Bob very much.

"Dinner is served," said Margery, "and we've got just what Mr. Joe likes."

IT was only the knowledge that Margery was on his side that made dinner even bearable.

For even if Lily were just across the table, she couldn't keep the children from giving him glares of icy dislike; and though she tried to turn the current of talk, it always drifted back to horses. It was a subject Joe knew nothing at all about.

He was an outsider here and always would be, and, in a way, it was a shame, for he liked the children—the stiff disdainful children he'd hoped might like him, but now he knew they never would.

He felt Felicity's sharp eye on him and he looked down quickly. His stiff shirt front was bulging out.

Bob's shirt was smooth and immaculate. It would be.

Lily rose with a quick smile as if nothing at all were wrong. "It's a shame to break this up, but it's high time I was moving. No, don't bother, Joe. Bob will drive me to the train. You just stay and get acquainted with the children."

Well, here they were in the drawing room. He was all alone with the children now and he didn't have the slightest idea what to talk about.

His voice held a heartiness that any child would know was false. "Well, I suppose you two are going to school?"

Felicity's eyes flashed. "Sure we are. And we don't like it."

He tried again. "Nobody does like school much, I suppose. I know I didn't. And I wasn't very good at anything, either."

"That must have been quite uncomfortable," Ronald said. He added acidly, "Your middle shirt stud's coming out."

An hour later Joe was ready to give up. The children had been poisonously polite. He'd tried to catch their interest, and he certainly hadn't succeeded.

Finally Felicity got up. She put her hands on her hips. She said, with utter hatred, "Why don't you go to bed?"

HE was so reluctant to go down to breakfast next morning that the children were well started when he arrived.

"Well," he said with hollow heartiness, "you've both got the day off and I have too. We'll go to lunch at the Ritz and then to the matinee of Peter Pan."

"That's a kid play," Ronald said.

"It's a stinker," said Felicity.

Margery arrived in a hurry. "Mr. Joe, telephome."

From the phone came the heavy voice of Myles, his city editor. "Joe, can you possibly come in? Chip's sick and Harry's vanished. That leaves me too short on rewrite."

That would make things just lovely, Joe thought savagely. "Look, Myles, I've got two children on my hands for the whole day."

TOM FORGOT "THE ONE THAT GOT AWAY" WHEN . . .
TOM WELCH, VACATIONING ALONE AT HIS BOSS'S "GRAY GOOSE LODGE" HAS JUST HOOKED 'OLD CLUNKER' THE LEGENDARY TROUT OF BUSHNELL'S BROOK . . .
WHAT A FISH!
WHAT TH . . . !
EEEK
IT'S ALL MY FAULT YOU LOST THAT BEAUTIFUL TROUT
SKIP IT. YOU'RE FREEZING. LET'S GET YOU HOME
HERE'S WHERE I TURN. I HOPE UNCLE HAS A FIRE GOING
HERE?..UNCLE? WHY, SHE'S THE BOSS'S NIECE... AND HE'S HERE!
GRAY GOOSE LODGE
WHAT AN INTRODUCTION! NOW, MARGIE, I'LL MAKE SOME COFFEE WHILE YOU HOP INTO DRY THINGS
GOOD CHANCE FOR ME TO CLEAN UP
OUT OF BLADES? TRY THESE THIN GILLETTES
WHAT A SHAVE! THESE BLADES ARE JUST MY DISH!
THEY HAVEN'T ANY EQUAL AT THE PRICE!
... SO, AFTER GRADUATION, MARGIE WILL WORK IN YOUR DEPARTMENT, TOM
THAT'S SWELL
SWELL FOR ME, TOO. HE'S HANDSOME
YOU ENJOY EASY, REFRESHING SHAVES THAT MAKE YOU LOOK YOUR BEST WITH THIN GILLETTES. NO OTHER BLADES IN THE LOW-PRICE FIELD ARE SO KEEN AND LONG-LASTING. ALSO, THIN GILLETTES FIT YOUR GILLETTE RAZOR PERFECTLY ... GIVE YOU POSITIVE PROTECTION AGAINST THE IRRITATION OF MISFIT BLADES. ASK FOR THIN GILLETTES
THIN Gillette BLADES
4 for 10¢

"Bring the brats in, then, and chain 'em to a desk. 'By."

Joe went back to the breakfast table. "Everything's all off. I've got to go work on the Courier. A newspaper office is sort of interesting if you've never seen one before. How'd you like to come along?"

"I should think," said Ronald pleasantly, "that it would be a fearful bore."

Joe forgot to be tactful. "Well, if you don't want to, don't!" he snapped.

THEIR entrance into the big barnlike city room came at a most inauspicious moment.

The assistant managing editor, Mr. Arthur Dale, had become annoyed. A red-faced man, like a little turkey cock, Mr. Dale had swung about in his chair and a flood of blistering profanity came from his lips.

Mr. Dale's cursing was a good deal like fine organ music—it had depth and volume and frequently went into fancy arabesques of sound.

Joe looked down in horror at his innocent charges; their faces shone in utter delight.

"Gosh," Ronald said with awe, "he can swear better than Uncle Paul."

"Much better," said Felicity. "It's lovely to listen to."

Mr. Dale thrust a piece of paper toward Ronald. "Here, boy, take this down to Sports."

A sign proclaimed that the sporting department was at the end of the room and Ronald trotted off without the slightest hesitation.

Joe did his best to rally, for there was no knowing what Arthur would say next.

"Arthur, this is Miss Felicity Barton. Her grandfather used to be governor."

"That hammerhead," said Mr. Dale.

Felicity took a long, delighted breath. "Well, he was, rather."

Mr. Dale regarded her with approval. "Look here, young woman, you treat Joe with some respect, because he's the best damned newspaperman in town."

Joe led Felicity to the city desk. There Myles, resembling some weighty judge, was gloomily clipping the morning papers.

"I'm glad someone good-looking's come into the office," he told Felicity. "The staff make my face ache. And to add to everything else, half the office boys have called up sick. Do you ever have days when every dratted thing goes wrong?"

"Oh my, yes," said Felicity.

You could always count on Myles to do the right thing, Joe thought, but you certainly couldn't count on Mr. O'Hara.

Anyone now viewing Mr. O'Hara, bent down at the desk next to Joe's, would see him only as a massively untidy bundle of old clothes. That was the way Felicity and Ronald would see him, of course. They'd never know he was quick, keen, kind, and a fine reporter. Nor would they sense that Arthur Dale was any more than a noisy little man.

Mr. O'Hara straightened up with a jerk and his thumb was running red. "Will you look at that?" he said mildly. "Ripped it on a desk drawer."

Felicity was at his side in a second. "You go right over to the water cooler and hold that thumb under the faucet. Have you a very, very clean handkerchief, Joe, and where would we find any disinfectant?"

Mr. O'Hara meekly went to the water cooler and Joe fumbled about in his desk.

"Disinfectant and bandaging," he announced.

"Hold out your hand," Felicity said to Mr. O'Hara. Mr. O'Hara did. Mr. O'Hara surveyed a very neat bandage. "Much obliged," he said. "Nice expert job."

"Oh, that's nothing at all to bandaging a horse," Felicity told him.

Mr. O'Hara's two chins quivered. "Suppose not. Have some chocolate." He held out a large cake, first to Felicity and then to Ronald. "Now, what'll we talk about?"

It was evident that entertaining two strange children presented no terrors to Mr. O'Hara.

JOE was delighted to see Dolly had come in. Dolly, with her smooth short dark hair and her fire-red blouse and blue skirt, was already assembling her properties for the day on top of her desk: a huge peppermint patty, a package of cigarettes, and the collected plays of William Shakespeare.

She took to the children instantly. "Hello, there. How do you like a newspaper office?"

Felicity's eyes were all alight. "It's simply wonderful!"

Dolly looked as if she understood. "It is, if you think it is."

Felicity stared at the big book. "Shakespeare?"

Dolly nodded. "I'm reading Merchant of Venice now."

"Oh, I know *that*." Felicity locked her hands behind her and began to recite:

"How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon
this bank!
Here we will sit and let the sounds of
music
Creep in our ears. . . ."

All the men at the copy desk turned around to listen.

". . . Look how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright
gold. . . ."

Dolly leaned back and lit a cigarette. "Very nice. I suppose you're going to be an actress."

Felicity shook her head. "Oh, no. I wouldn't be nearly good enough. That isn't anything. That's just showing off."

So it was, Joe thought, but most small girls wouldn't have sense enough to realize it.

Dolly reached across her desk for the Green Race Special. "Now comes the serious business of the day," she announced. "Picking a winner in the third. I like Aldebaran."

"Don't you do it," advised Ronald hotly. "Aldebaran's no mudder and it's raining hard at Havre de Grace. You play Sky Pilot. On the nose."

Joe thought it was time they went and looked at the reference room. As they went, he said diffidently, "Maybe you'll find it hard to get used to the people down here. They won't be like anyone you've known—not like your friend Bob, for instance."

Ronald surveyed him in exasperation. "I should say *not!* Bob can't talk about anything but horses. He has absolutely no brains at all!"

AFTER lunch, as always, the press of work began to mount. Joe wondered what he'd do with the children.

He sat there, tapping away steadily at his typewriter on small unimportant stories, and they were sitting together on the windowsill.

He stopped to ask, "Are you getting along all right?"

Felicity's dark eyes were no longer hostile. "Oh mercy, yes. We're having a magnificent time. Don't you bother about us. You've got work to do."

He'd been an awful fool, Joe thought suddenly, as his typewriter spun words into sentences. He'd only seen these two as Lily's children, and they weren't simply that, of course. They were individuals; they were people, even if they were so young. They already knew all about the fire tapper and the wire machines. They were watching everything to see how it worked.

"Joe Stone, take city council on twenty-four!"

He took twenty-four and the af-

(*Continued on page 78*)

"He doesn't know the meaning of the word fear . . . or any other word."
LIBERTY

ON TOP
From Coast to Coast
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(*Continued from page 76*)

ternoon began to spin away, dull and without much news.

He noticed dimly that Myles' assistant had left the city desk, and then that Myles was walking away from it, too, yawning.

"Somebody watch the desk," he called.

No one immediately did, and Felicity was tripping toward it.

A YELLOW light flashed on the desk switchboard and Mr. Dale, languidly laying out the paper, said, "Pick up that phone!"

Joe was amused to see how much Felicity had learned by just watching, for she was saying calmly into the instrument, "Courier desk."

Her eyes widened and you could hear her voice quite clearly. "The man says the fireworks factory at Hanover is blowing up!"

Mr. Dale ceased being languid. He roared at Ronald, "Go get Myles out of the can! On the run!"

He spun about. "You, girl! Tell the operator to get the Hanover police. And the Fire Department. And the City Hall."

The poor kid—the poor confused kid—she'll never be able to do it, Joe thought, and he leaped from his chair.

Felicity was saying, clear and low, "Get me the police at Hanover, please. And the Fire Department. And the City Hall."

Mr. Dale snatched at his own telephone. "Photo! Send out everyone you've got."

Myles came crashing through the door, and Ronald was running, big eyed, beside him.

The room had changed now, whipped into driving intensity.

Myles' voice at the phones: "Get me Eddie Collins at Middleboro. Get me Gordon McLean at the State Police."

Myles swinging about, picking up the staff with his eyes, considering, rejecting, appraising, with his mind sharp on the slow turn of the big clock on the far wall.

"Dolly! Jim O'Hara! You're going to Hanover. Get on the phone fast for first edition. Joe Stone, take the mayor's speech on twenty-three."

Arthur Dale's voice, toneless and level: "Well, gentlemen, I guess here's where we rip the little paper to pieces."

Joe picked up the phone to listen to the City Hall man and he wondered what the children would make of it.

They wouldn't know the whole room, the whole staff, were racing with the clock: racing against the tyranny of time to get a story into first edition.

He looked around anxiously, and there they were, quiet as two little mice, by the window.

Time began to race as it always did and all the lights blazed up on the desk switchboard. Myles and his assistant were working at the phones like mad.

CAMERAS.GUNS.

"Cash or charge, Mr. Vogelswinner?"
LIBERTY

"Joe Stone! That's enough on the mayor. Take Eddie Collins with fireworks story on twenty-two."

He was tired now; he'd be much more tired before he was through. He listened to Collins' high voice and then hung up.

"Boy! Boy!" Myles was calling and there weren't any boys.

Myles said to Felicity as if she were someone he had confidence in, "Sit over there, honey, and help answer the phones."

The big desk made her look smaller still, a helpless little girl, a very little girl lost in all this confusion.

"Pick up that phone!"

She held it to her ear. She said, with only a small ripple of excitement, "It's Mr. O'Hara. He says he's telephoning from a house where the roof's on fire."

"JOE STONE! TAKE O'HARA OFF TWENTY-SIX. IN A HURRY!"

Mr. O'Hara's voice, slow, deep unruffled: "Joe? Glad I got you. It's sort of hot here. Fourteen houses gone so far and this one's afire, so that's fifteen. Four dead. Forty injured. Fireworks factory going like a torch."

Mr. O'Hara's voice changing a trifle: "I've got to get out of here. Say, how are the kids, Joe?"

"They're swell."

HE put down the phone, and he hadn't any carbons and he hadn't any copy paper. He looked up at the clock.

Myles was calling. "Felicity, Ronnie, over here, please."

"Yes, sir."

Myles was saying, "Look, Joe's got to write fireworks for first edition and he hasn't too much time. How'd you like to help out?"

"Yes, *sir.*"

"Felicity, make up a lot of books for Joe. Two carbons between three pieces of copy paper. Ronnie, you stand right by Joe's desk and run his copy up to me the minute he takes it out of the typewriter. . . . JOE STONE! TAKE DOLLY OFF TWENTY-THREE!"

Two small blue figures beside him, so silent, so intent, they seemed to be holding their breath.

He reached for carbons and copy paper and there they were, all in a neat pile.

"LEAD ALL—FIREWORKS."

The words began to come, as they always did, and his typewriter was a steady roar.

Myles' voice. "That's enough for a start, Joe. Ronnie, run it up!"

He slipped take two into his machine.

Myles' voice again: "Good stuff, Joe. Keep it coming!"

TAKE three now, and the children were certainly seeing him at his worst. He knew how you looked when you worked this way under pressure: tie off, collar ripped open, perspiration starting out all over you, your face going a dirty gray and all the bones of your skull seeming to show through the flesh.

The children kept their eyes closely on him. For they knew now that the whole room, the whole paper, the linotype machines, the compositors, the big black presses they'd seen downstairs, even the trucks on the street, the newsboys on the corner—all were waiting for Joe. He wasn't a big man actually, but under the light from the little green-shaded lamp, he seemed huge—almost herculean.

He fumbled at emptiness. "Somebody give me a cigarette."

There was one between his lips and Felicity must have put it there.

Take six—Fireworks. His hands were wet and clammy now and there was a dull ache at the back of his neck.

"That's enough for this time. Bite it off, Joe."

Five o'clock.

He sat back, limp, and Ronald said in hot excitement, "I never saw anybody run a typewriter so fast."

He answered exactly as if he'd been speaking to one of the staff, "Quite a workout."

He knew that was the way he'd always speak to them now, whether he ever became their stepfather or not—not as if they were Lily's children or just children, but warm and easy, as one friend to another.

"JOE STONE! TAKE DOLLY OFF TWENTY-FOUR FOR A BULLETIN LEAD ALL!"

Edition in at last, presses going in a low dim grumble, the papers just come up. He was dog tired.

Arthur Dale came in, dripping from the composing room. He sat down and slowly swung around.

"Come up here, you kids."

Mr. Dale said, "Somebody give me a couple of vouchers." He turned to the children as if they were two people he really liked. "Here. take these up to the cashier."

Ronald's voice was sheer astonishment. "You don't mean we're going to get p-paid for it!"

Mr. Dale gave him a light cuff. "You did a day's work, didn't you? Come in some summer when you're older and I'll give you both a job."

He took off his glasses. "I can't take it the way I used to. Guess I'm getting old. Go on home, Joe. You've got a good night."

Going down the hall now, the dark quiet hall, toward the elevator, and Joe sensed that something very odd was happening to him. He was so tired he had to think hard what it was.

Each of the children had a small hard arm around him.

HE went up the steps of Lily's white house and he wondered what Lily would say.

He'd taken her children down to the paper and they'd been exposed to floods of fearful language; they'd been put to work. You couldn't expect Lily to be pleased at all that. But his brain was still too tired to sort it out.

He stood in the dim hall with the children beside him, and there was Lily, dark and lovely in a white shirt and slacks.

"Why, Joe, you look all in! Come right here and sit down."

The soft chair felt good and his head went wearily back. It was ironic that when your whole fate hung in the balance, you were almost too tired to care.

The children went at Lily with a rush.

"Lily! Joe took us down to his newspaper office!"

"Did he? Was it interesting?"

"It was wonderful! Lily, the fireworks factory blew up and it's the lead story and Joe wrote it! Look, Lily, it's right here in the paper!"

Lily's eyes were so dark and inscrutable you couldn't tell anything from them. "My! That must have been exciting!"

"Oh, it was—terribly! And Mr. Dale paid us three dollars and fifty cents apiece for doing absolutely nothing, and he wants us to work for him some summer!"

"I never heard of anything so marvelous." Lily bent over him. "Joe, they weren't a nuisance, were they?"

He looked up, amazed. "A nuisance? I should say not. Why, they're"—all the words he knew were too feeble—"they're simply swell!"

It seemed unlikely that Lily should be sitting on the chair arm with her hand softly stroking his head.

Ronald said sternly, "Lily, even if Joe is going to be our stepfather, you've simply got to treat him with more respect."

"Have I, dears?"

"Because he's the best damn newspaperman in town. He's important—Joe's awfully important."

"Yes, dears," Lily said. "I knew that a long time ago."

THE END

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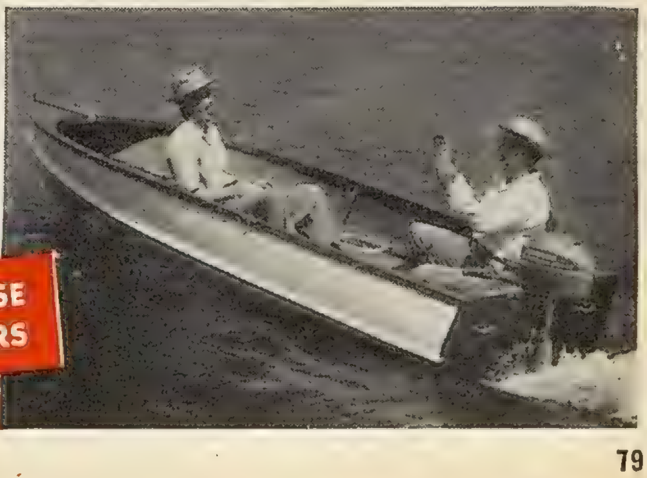

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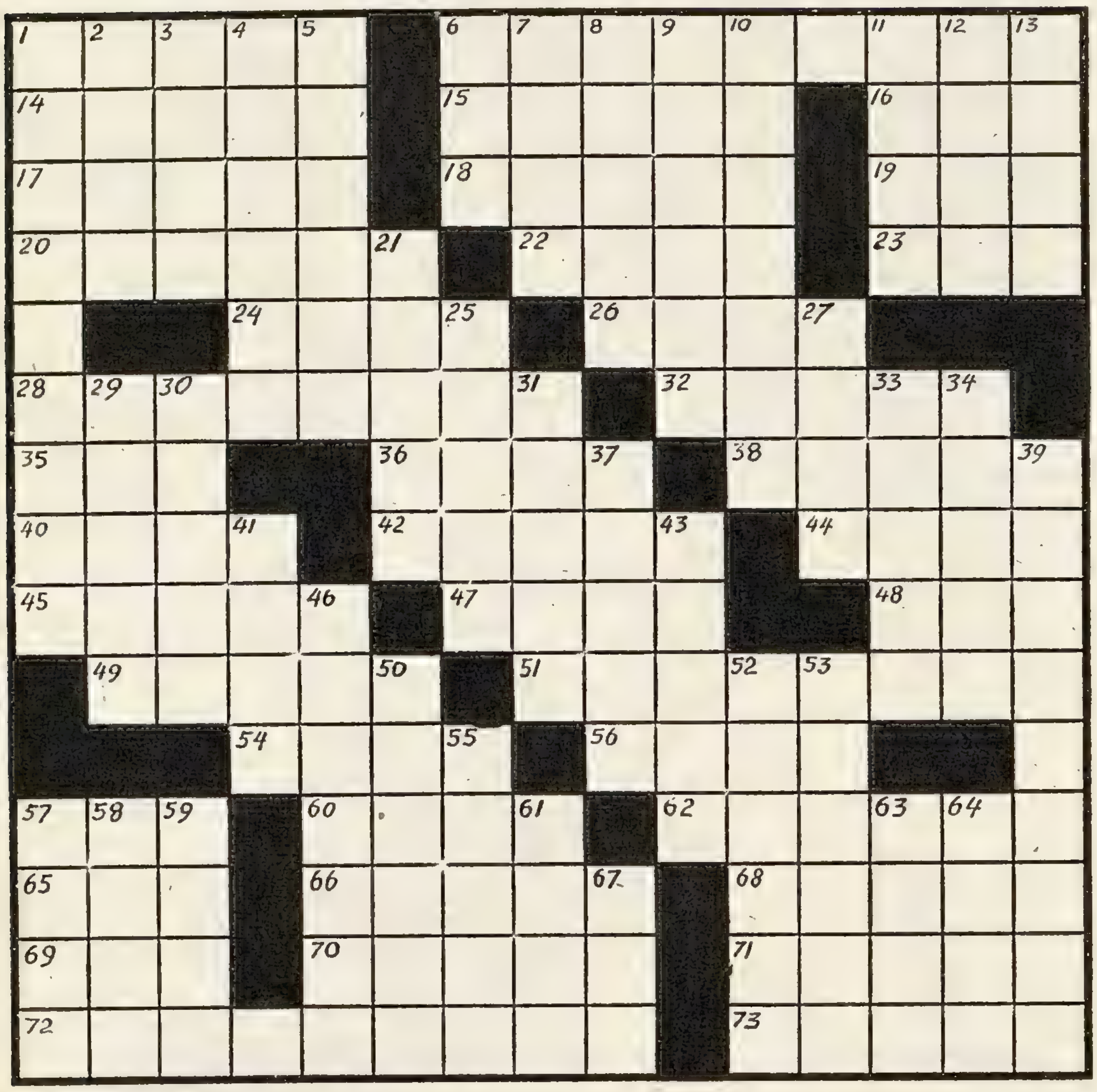
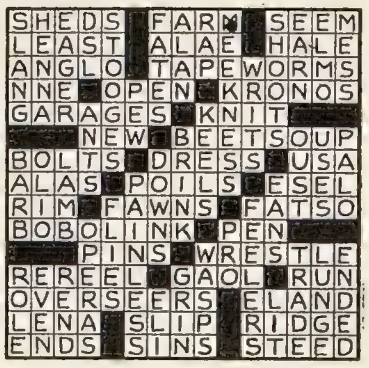


HORIZONTAL

1 Like father-like son
6 Kind of evening gown upheld by prayer and, oddly, law
14 Hardened marine colony
15 The Nero Young Men's Christian Assassination A. C.
16 Balder—
17 Island overrun by German vermin
18 This has returned to its former occupation—Love
19 Form of horse's neck
20 You never hear a word from this from morn till night—it dreads opening day
22 "You'll drive me out of my mind!" "That's not a drive—that's a ——!"
23 This has 100 teeth and eats through wood
24 You can get a nasty dig out of it
26 The happy bull is the well-this bull
28 When prices slump, these jerks are left holding the bag
32 Corregidor, Texas
35 Incorrigible Liars Illustrious (abbr.)
36 This puts 51 across into the pants
38 Past tense of swimi
40 He made planes for indoor aviators
42 The Man from Athens via Shakespeare
44 Modest violet's hangout
45 Itch removers
47 You can fill this with eee
48 The atom of yesteryear (abbr.)
49 British Empire field days
51 Lessenlessen
54 Ohmbody who knows ——'s ——
56 Human linoleum



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G	A	R	A	G	E	S	■	K	N	I	T	■	■	■
■	■	■	N	E	W	■	B	E	E	T	S	O	U	P
B	O	L	T	S	■	D	R	E	S	S	■	U	S	A
A	L	A	S	■	P	O	I	L	S	■	E	S	E	L
R	I	M	■	F	A	W	N	S	■	F	A	T	S	O
B	O	B	O	L	I	N	K	■	P	E	N	■	■	■
■	■	■	P	I	N	S	■	W	R	E	S	T	L	E
R	E	R	E	E	L	■	G	A	O	L	■	R	U	N
O	V	E	R	S	E	E	R	S	■	E	L	A	N	D
L	E	N	A	■	S	L	I	P	■	R	I	D	G	E
E	N	D	S	■	S	I	N	S	■	S	T	E	E	D

March 29 Answer

57 A couple of afterthoughts after (abbr.)
60 Harry the Heavyweight (Was he a knockout!)
62 Elman can always do this to a living
65 Backward time
66 Giggly, sassy, and the kind of show our fathers loved
68 Pelts pellets precipitously
69 Apollo's old pal
70 "Nu, see?" says Mrs. Nussbaum. "It'll follow!"
71 Hat bird
72 Them ez haz it and throws it around
73 Puts it down and relaxes it

VERTICAL

1 When placed on the lap and squeezed, it emits agreeable noises
2 Jack's vessel of short-story fame
3 Old Blood and Guts, now on vacation
4 Universal stuff
5 One of Disney's Dizzy 7
6 This runs through Snerd's veins
7 Dis makes dem funny sounds in Brookalyn
8 Reattack the washboard
9 That dancing gal in Grieg's life
10 Colorful, aren't they?
11 Days in the universal calendar
12 This can cause a gas shortage
13 Goo-lash, or loose hash
21 "Kindly do this, or else—"
25 Pea Queue Lea Are
27 Ozarkhound
29 It sure does this to men's lives
30 Five things the puppy said when its tail was stepped on
31 First victim of the housing shortage
33 Stout little island
34 Shadows of coming events
37 Bugles blown during scentry duty at the front
39 Bank tellers' consist of horses, gals, and stock, they say
41 How to go to get there
43 Wrestles wromanticklishly
46 Tack along under a heavy load with three sheets in the wind
50 A little thing slipped on the finger for remembrance's sake
52 What the rich man hopes to be
53 What taxes, labor, and Russia do to Mr. Apoplexy
55 Short and snappy
57 By me
58 Kind of man who supports actors (abbr.)
59 Kind of out the ball-park owner enjoys
61 What he saw without his glasses
63 Snooty sassiety assumptions
64 Russian prison whip
67 Her problem: To make him say this without him thinking he's being made to say it

The answer to this puzzle will appear in the next issue.

WHAT IRON—WHOSE CURTAIN?

Continued from Page 17

And these two objectives are self-contradictory to an embarrassing degree.

The first is to get the largest possible amount of machinery, goods, and materials out of these countries at the fastest possible rate.

The second is to entrench local Communists in control of these governments and to make their national Communist parties completely dominant—again at the fastest possible rate.

HOW one practice works against the other is easy to see. By applying the Number One objective, the Russians have drained many hundreds of millions of dollars' worth of national wealth out of both Hungary and Rumania. That, in turn, has seriously weakened the economies of these countries. (Many Hungarians and Rumanians protest bitterly that their lands are being "milked down" into permanent impoverishment.) Simultaneously the Soviets and local party organizers have worked dynamically to win hundreds of thousands of patriotic Hungarians and Rumanians into the Communist ranks. The national Communist parties were, and are today, only small minorities. They badly need many more members and more leaders. But how can you convert great numbers of citizens to Communism when these same people, for the most part, feel that Soviet actions are radically reducing their country's wealth and diminishing its chances of recovery?

This explains, in large measure, why the majority of Hungarians and Rumanians remain strongly opposed to the Communist philosophy and predominantly aloof or hostile toward the Soviet system. The Soviets' cruel losses in war forced them to concentrate first upon getting all possible materials out of ex-enemy countries fast, so that reconstruction of Russia's vast war damages could be speeded up. This, clearly, has been Moscow's Number One priority in eastern Europe. Even the strengthening of neighboring national Communist parties had to be jeopardized for this objective. As a result, no observer can study internal politics along the Danube today and conclude that the position of the local Communist minorities is "iron-clad."

So the Soviets' two self-contradicting programs have created many problems. The economic program, designed to speed home reconstruction, has been pursued with determination. The political one, of bolstering Communist Party strength in these two countries, has suffered and lagged behind as a consequence. More than for any other reason, this seems to explain why the Communist-dominated Budapest and

Bucharest governments have not yet attempted to introduce any real Socialism into these lands. Both they and the Russians have had their hands plenty full without complicating matters further.

But the Soviets undoubtedly have long-term, as well as immediate, objectives in Hungary and Rumania. From their viewpoint, governments which are completely Communist, or at least unhampered by any strong political opposition, would be preferable. The arrest of many Smallholder Party members in Budapest this winter indicates the probable direction of future pressures. It looks like a contest to see whether Hungary's majority party can be reduced to a minority status.

Aside from relative party strengths, most observers see the Soviets' chief long-term objective as the establishment of Marxist systems in these Russian-zone countries. They expect this will happen eventually—maybe in two years here, or in five years there. But the Hungarian and Rumanian armies are not yet completely Communist-officered. A program to indoctrinate their soldiers was only launched last June, and it still has a long way to go. These satellite armies are still far from being "iron-Red." In addition, all of agricultural Hungary, Rumania, and the Ukraine (the combined gigantic bread basket of all Europe) suffered the most terrible drought in living memory last summer. Millions of Hungarian and Rumanian peasants and city folk have suffered near-starvation this winter. Hungry and hopeless people always blame the government in power—and these are Communist-dominated. It has been a heavy blow to Communist prestige and propaganda.

THE Soviets are likewise in a tight spot because the time of the Red Army's occupation of Hungary, Rumania, and Bulgaria is running short. Completion of the treaties with these countries raises the question or necessity of the withdrawal of Soviet troops. The presence of Russian divisions has had an inevitable psychological effect upon the occupied nations' governments—especially on politicians in the opposition. If these divisions must leave Hungary, for instance, within a year—can the Hungarian Communists continue their virtual control of the Budapest government? If the "Iron Curtain" was all that Churchill's voice made it sound, it would be so solid that this question wouldn't exist, as the "plot" clean-up offensive in Budapest has demonstrated.

Since the withdrawal of Red Army forces must be put into effect before any great length of time, political pressures inside Hungary, Rumania, and Bulgaria seem bound to increase this year. Precise developments are likely to be dramatic and may bring violence, precisely because Communist control in these countries is not yet nearly so all-

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embracing as the loose "Iron Curtain" talk would intimate.

As I reached home after five months in central and eastern Europe, our headlines blazoned with the news that Soviet representatives, at the United Nations and in the Council of Foreign Ministers, had made encouraging and very significant concessions about disarmament, the atomic problem, and the peace treaties. I wasn't surprised. I read the news reports and said to myself: "Well, you've been seeing some of the reasons for these Soviet concessions down the Danube." The reasons were there—factual reasons available to any reporter willing to spend the time and money to study and evaluate them.

NOW the greatest postwar conference, the showdown about treaties with Germany and Austria, is getting under way in Moscow. It will be the biggest international horse trade, or poker game, since Versailles. I'm willing to be so rash as to venture a prediction, based in part on my Curtain-zone observations. I expect the Soviets will ask for plenty at first, and probably appear extremely adamant. I doubt if this Moscow conference will do much more than plow up a lot of ground. It may possibly end in a deadlock, and look like a failure. Simply because the question is so complex and so vital to every nation concerned, my guess is that it will take about two years for the Big Four to negotiate a treaty on Germany. If it takes less, it may largely be because Moscow sees urgent need for more stability in central Europe —and for greater reparations deliveries from Germany soon. In other words, it would be because neither the Soviet Union itself nor the eastern European countries have nearly so much internal "iron" as has generally been supposed.

The other half of my guess, however, is the really important observation. It is this: That within approximately two years, or less, the Russians will make concessions and compromises about Germany that will bring agreement. Why? Because the Soviet Union in this early postwar period is not nearly strong enough to choose isolation and try to go it alone. That doesn't have quite the ring of iron, does it?

THE END

BEDSIDE MANNER

"Early to bed and early to
rise"—
Its logic, I fear, is hazy:
For the former, I'm never sleepy
enough;
For the latter, I'm much too
lazy.

—*Philip Lazarus.*

SPECTATORS WITHOUT CALLUSES

Continued from Page 25

He has designed and built the temporary field seats for every important outdoor prize fight since the Dempsey-Tunney fight at Philadelphia in 1926. Indoors and out, he has designed and supervised the construction of six-day bike tracks, ice- and roller-skating rinks, ski jumps, jai-alai frontons, basketball and tennis courts.

He has planted or remodeled outdoor stadiums in Cleveland, Miami, and San Juan. Though he was extremely young at the time, he was a foremost figure in the building of the present Garden, became consulting architect on the design and construction of the Boston Garden in 1927, and since then has given both free and professional advice to virtually all promoters bold enough to build cloisters for their fun and games.

Levy's wizardry is principally responsible for the abruptness with which arenas patterned after the current Garden can be changed from hockey to a fight, to a basketball game, to a rodeo, to an ice show in a matter of hours—not days.

THE incredible New Garden he has designed will never be exceeded in size or versatility, he believes. It began in his own mind in the late 1920s when he saw, to his quiet dismay, that the arenas he had helped erect left much to be desired. But nobody retained him or any other architect to create the dream arena during the financial blight of the 1930s, and when that blight was quelled, Levy offered his services to the army as a private. The army took him in with a commission and he emerged as a lieutenant colonel and deputy commander of the Baltimore cargo port of embarkation.

Levy saw something of his friend and client, Brigadier General John Reed Kilpatrick, during the war. Kilpatrick, president of Madison Square Garden, served overseas in this, his second World War. But he never got too far out of touch with his beloved Garden to know that tens of thousands of cash-bearing fans were being turned away each month for want of a seat.

With Levy and Kilpatrick it was a case of supply meeting demand. They put their dreams together and, once out of uniform, began searching Manhattan for a suitable site. They searched for a year.

Manhattan's city blocks are domino-shaped, long enough in one direction for even the most ambitious arena dreamer, but too narrow in the other direction. Thus it soon became apparent that the New Garden would need two Manhattan blocks. And even one Manhattan block is not something that can be snapped up in a hurry. Indeed, one block the men inspected bore a price tag of $24,000,000.

But at last they found their spot, the blocks running from 58th to 60th Street, on the west side of Columbus Circle, and extending to Columbus Avenue.

Kilpatrick rushed off to get the support of his board of directors and, of even more importance, the city's Triborough Bridge and Tunnel Authority, which will finance the $20,000,000 structure through a bond issue—with the Garden Corporation operating the premises and guaranteeing interest, amortization, and taxes. After thirty years the property and its management will revert to the city.

As Kilpatrick rushed, Levy fairly sprinted to his drafting board. The result of his feverish work, tentatively named the "New Madison Square Garden, Convention Hall and Parking Garage," is that he has designed history's costliest investment in sports buildings.

It will sit like a muscular colossus over 59th Street, which will become an arcade and enclosed thoroughfare. Its purring escalators alone will be able to handle close to 30,000 fans in less than half an hour. Under its terrazzo playing floor, biggest ever made, will run six miles of brine piping for freezing a huge rink.

LEVY saw a few aircraft carriers during the war, and their vast deck elevators gave him an idea. In the New Garden a sixty- by eighty-foot section of the playing floor will be in reality an elevator, which can be dropped down a flight to form a swimming and diving pool.

The brine piping beneath that section will be made of flexible rubber, and water will be introduced into the pool, or quickly sucked out, by other high-pressure piping. Elevated above the main floor level, this flexible section can become a stage. What is more, the elevator when used as a stage will be able to shape itself into three sizes, to fit anything from Henry Wallace doing a solo to the final round of the Harvest Moon Harlem jitterbug championship.

The presence of the swimming and diving pool will open up an entirely new mass-attendance sport. The enormous success of Billy Rose's Aquacade at the New York World's Fair of 1939-40 indicated the extent of the public's appetite for such festivals, and A.A.U. and college swimming and diving meets also will move into the Big Time.

Temporary seats used on the floor of the New Garden for fights will be mounted on mobile platforms, designed by Levy to fold away into specially built alcoves in a fraction of the time needed today to dispose of them.

The New Garden will have a three-tiered garage beneath it, one level below the street surface, one level even with the street, and one on what amounts to the first floor of the building. It will take care of more than 2,000 cars—a number that would stretch from 59th to 42d Street and from Eighth to Madison Avenue if parked along the curbs. It is this parking factor, rather than an interest in sports, which has prompted the city to enter enthusiastically into the whole venture.

More than 80 per cent of all the seats in the New Garden will be along the side lines. In the present Garden, and those that followed suit, the end zones are virtually as big as the side lines.

Another classic beef Levy has exterminated in his new design is the one raised by bleacherites that they must depend on word-of-mouth for about half the information they gain during hockey games, ice shows, basketball contests, rodeos, and other events not confined to a small spot in the center of the main floor.

THIS contempt for the customer's view is the fault of Tex Rickard, who financed the present Garden, when the old Old Garden (built in 1890 at the corner of Madison Square) had to be torn down.

Tex was primarily a boxing promoter.

"Gotta gimme some more seats for my fights," he would tell young Levy, and brandish his gold-headed cane. Levy would sigh with what was then a Georgia accent, rub out one of Lamb's drawings and give Rickard the seats. Occasionally he would suggest that perhaps the place might some day be used for something besides boxing, and that customers who patronized those other more wide-flung events would raise a fuss if they missed a lot of what was happening.

"*What* other events are there?" Rickard would thunder.

Tex would have liked the New Garden, however, not for its apparent and hidden improvements, but because it will seat 25,000 for fights, as against 18,500 in the present Garden. For hockey it will hold 22,400, as against the present 15,500. Basketball, including the crack pro teams now rising in the sport, will be able to draw 24,000 instead of 17,400; and let us not forget that the New Garden's cushioned seats will be as much as six inches wider than the present Garden's.

While the New Garden dominates the U. S. sports-building scene, it hardly completes it. In addition to many municipal and university plans, two professional football-team owners are giving serious consideration to housing their burly mercenaries and clients. Both of them—George Preston Marshall of Washington, D. C., and Curly Lambeau of Green Bay, Wisconsin—want a roof over their heads, knowing that the professional football fan is less eager to risk pneumonia than is his college brother.

Marshall, a fierce dreamer, has more blueprints for his dream arena

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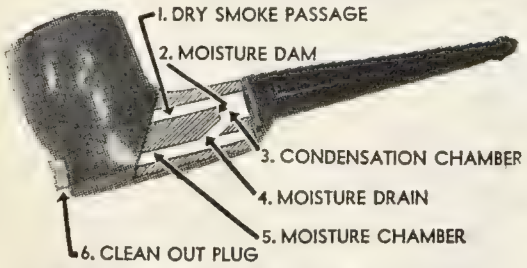

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than one would need to choke a whale. He rolled them out for the writer once upon a time, and those which did not whiz back and snap at him indicated that the man had something there. Just what, remains to be seen.

The seats in George's indoor stadium—about 35,000 of them—would be mounted on wheels, which in turn would rest on more tracks than a Chicago railroad switching yard's. The stands would be electrically driven—that is, George could move them this way and that, changing the shape of things by pushing the correct buttons.

If it was football George was dispensing, he could touch a button or two—the buttons presumably are to be done by Cartier—and the stands would obediently line up along the side lines with a profitable humpback effect between the forty-yard lines to add to the number of seats in that high-priced section.

If it was boxing, there would be another series of buttons to push, whereupon the stands would cluster animatedly around a ring pitched in the middle of the playing field. Baseball? Simple. The stands would take shape around a diamond, with decent respect for the foul lines. If George's team came up with a good left-handed slugger, their owner would move the right-field bleachers in a wee—to give the oaf something to shoot at, just as Jake Ruppert provided Babe Ruth with his favorite architectural target.

MARSHALL'S press box for football games was to be a thing fit to give Norman Bel Geddes ulcers from envy. It was (and still may be) an aluminum gondola mounted on a monorail slung close to the roof. It would move up and down the field in unison with the action below. Sports writers would watch the play through a glass-bottomed floor. For purposes of identification to the experts hovering overhead, players would bear numbers on the tops of their helmets.

The writer shamefully admits he may be responsible for the failure of the Marshall Stadium to appear on the American scene. When George showed me the plans I enthused into a mild foam until he said:

"And the best feature of all is that there will be a glass roof over the whole stadium. No more football games ruined by bad weather; no more baseball games or fights postponed on account of rain."

"But, George," I asked with a nervous whinny, "what's going to happen to that glass roof when you start bending your stadium into all those different shapes?"

The great man stroked his jaw for a moment, perplexed and silent for one of the few times in his sports career. Then he waved his arm decisively.

"Problem for the engineers!" he decreed.

The only known plans for new baseball-park building are those of Salt Lake City, Des Moines, and Allentown, Pennsylvania. Each city has the opportunity to introduce a much needed note of progress in their building designs.

They might even discover cantilever roofs!

Baseball-park owners apparently recoil from intelligent architecture as quickly as Rickard did. Most of their recent changes have been confined to the innards of their gingerbread establishments. Perhaps the most impressive of these have taken place at the Yankee Stadium, whose new owners—Larry MacPhail, Dan Topping, and Del Webb—have installed a swank bar and new dressing rooms, and conjured up a plushy reading lounge for the Yankee players. It has one of the finest libraries of comic books in existence, including a notable first edition of Captain Marvel.

But black iron pillars and green-painted wood remain the warp and woof of the American baseball stadium, and with rare exception an adult is in need of a decompression chamber to cure the "bends" he contracts during a long afternoon or night on the uncomfortable chairs.

ONE thing is certain: There will be fans to fill all the old and all the newest sports seats. General Kilpatrick, who has made more of a study of more types of fans than any man alive, says:

"The war taught millions of young men and women in uniform a new appreciation of sports through actual participation and as spectators. They were not only trained individually in a variety of sports, but they were able to watch the greatest champions of our time in competition.

"Joe Louis is one of the outstanding examples of the kind of champion millions of service people saw in person. In fact, just about every champion in every field exhibited his or her talents before the military through the war years. For millions of kids it was their first opportunity to see the best sports talent. They want to see more—and they constitute the backbone of today's new and growing audiences."

Levy is inclined to believe that the present $50,000,000 building program will take care of them. He is certain that there never will be a larger indoor arena than his New Garden.

"Even New York can't support any more than this," he told us recently. "It's the perpetual upkeep: taxes, management, servicing, heat, light, and the tricky appetites of the fans.

"Fans are curious people. They'll undergo any hardship at an outdoor sports event. They sit around cramped on hard, bare seats and endure any kind of climate. But bring a roof over their heads and they demand comfort. That costs an awful lot of money."

THE END

PARADISE WITH SERPENT

Continued from Page 42

signs of disaster, but detected none.

That, of course, was because he could not know of the vengeful activities of Angela Toland.

Hell has no fury like a woman scorned, as William Congreve observed, in what may have been an autobiographical aside, two and half centuries ago. Angela's anger did not abate. She had a weapon for revenge on the unspeakable Captain Willoby, a weapon she knew how to wield; and luck had given her a chance to use it.

She read the piece over before she put it into the envelope:

An emerald lying on the blue moiré of the limitless Pacific. An earthly paradise. A South Sea isle from the pages of an escapist romance.

"Every prospect pleases," my heart kept repeating as the big army transport plane climbed the sunny sky, "and only man is vile"! I was leaving Midi Island, after a visit of not quite a week, and I was glad to see the last of it. I wished then, and I wish now, that I could wipe the memory from my mind.

I wish I could suppress the facts I am about to set down, but my duty is clear. The people at home have a right to know what is happening to their young men in the far places of the world.

It is up to me to tell them the facts about Midi Island, where young American occupation officers while away their time and forget their cares in the arms of the beautiful ecru-skinned native girls they have installed as their concubines. This is no secondhand story. I have seen these girls with my own eyes. I have talked to one who knew only nine words of English; and she said those words to me:

"I belong to Captain Willoby. I am his woman."

It so happens that Captain William W. Willoby of West Bay, Long Island, is not married, but he is engaged to marry a lovely girl in New York. Captain Willoby is a commander of the American Occupation Force. He is also Allied Military Governor. He is a tall, slim young man, typical clean-cut young American, you would say. . . .

THAT would do it. A neat job of writing. And hot stuff, too: plenty of sex, which was what the public expected of Angela Toland.

She smiled as she licked the flap of the envelope, closed it tight, and turned it over to make sure of the address:

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There would be an awful row, of course, before Washington would clear the piece for publication. That was why she had addressed the envelope to Ted Lakeland and written a personal letter to him. Ted was a fighter. If necessary, Ted would go to Washington himself and blow the roof off the War Department.

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He'd have it in his hands within less than a week. Mason Everest of National Press was flying to the States in the morning, and would fly on across the country with only the briefest possible pause in California. Mason had promised to see to its delivery personally.

Somebody knocked at the door of her hotel room. She opened it and stood back, gazing up into his eyes.

"Mason *dar*-ling!" she breathed, and let him take her in his arms.

EVEN with the door and window both wide open, the medical OD's room was stuffy. Doc Everly lay on the cot he had pulled into the middle of the room to catch any breath of air, and tried to get gripped by My Kingdom for a Clue, whose paper cover featured the single word: *Gripping!*

Somebody stumbled on the step outside the building. The screen door closed with a bang. There was the sound of uneven half-dragging steps coming closer, accompanied now by indistinguishable mumbling. Captain Gerson came in with a running stagger, caught at the iron foot of the cot, and steadied himself.

"Doc'r Everly, I presume," he said and giggled. "Min' 'f I siddow'?"

Everly drew his legs up to make room. "Help yourself," he said.

The captain half fell into a sitting position on the cot. Then he straightened up suddenly, threw his shoulders back, clenched his fists. He squinched his eyes shut and opened them. The effort produced results.

He spoke clearly for the first time: "No time for horsing around, lieutenant. I'm on the ragged edge of the unpardonable sin: being so far gone in drink that two people've got to die because I can't help 'em. Pretty, eh?"

Everly dropped his book on the floor. "How do you mean, cap'n?"

"Do you know how to do a Caesarean section, lieutenant?"

"I've watched 'em done in hospital."

"I mean—I mean, could you *do* one?"

"Gee, cap'n, I—"

The captain got carefully to his feet and managed to stand squarely, swaying only a little. "How much do you know about sobering up a drunk in a hurry?"

"I'm on surer ground there. I was on duty in an alcoholic ward for nearly six months."

"Good."

"How do you mean, captain?"

"Mr. Edgett—you know, the missionary—came around and picked me up tonight. To see an emergency case. I was out cold on my bed. Biggs had to slap me awake with a wet towel. I got hold of myself."

"Edgett must've known—but I bet he had no idea how I really was. I went with him, made him drive."

"Did you see the case?" Everly asked.

The captain nodded his head. "Young native girl. Seventeen—eighteen—nineteen. Married to a nice, desperate kid. She's terrified—see it in her eyes—but hanging on tight. I examined her. Thank God for training that stays with you. Got a cigarette?" Everly lighted a cigarette for Gerson.

The captain filled his lungs with smoke, shuddered, and spoke again: "She's got a congenital pelvic malformation. She's got to have her baby tonight. The only thing's a Caesarean. Not a hard one for a man who knows how. *I* know how, Everly. I've done dozens. And *look* at me!"

"Did Edgett drive you here?"

"He stayed with the girl and her husband. I said I had to get instruments. Drove myself somehow."

"Well?"

"I want you to sober me up. Do whatever you think's necessary. Give you three quar'rs 'n hour. Can do?"

"I'll give it the old college try." Everly jumped off the bed and put on a pair of shorts and some raffia mules.

"When you've done your best," Gerson said, "wancha come wi'mme, assist. 'Nesth'tis', nurse, assistan', see?"

"O.K."

"If goes all ri', bring me back here 'n' gimme a sock 'n a jaw."

"If it goes all right? Why?"

"Teach me a less'n. If it fails, 'f I lose mother *or* baby, wancha to make full report through channels. Run me out th' army. Run me out medical profession. For mur-der."

"O.K., cap'n. Let's go into the dispensary. You'll do all right."

DIANA FORRESTER was an intelligent young woman. She understood her unique position on the island. She appreciated the homesickness and boredom of the young men marooned there and made due allowance for their emotional fantasies.

She was pleasantly warmed by the attentions they pressed upon her but wise enough to discount their significance. But she found her dealings with them became increasingly trying. . . .

LIEUTENANT SCHMIDT'S pink face grew pinker and his mouth twisted sidewise, as a baby's does with a gas pain. His large hand was damp and kept increasing the pressure on her fingers.

Diana said, "Why don't you come in for a minute? You'll be pretty sure to get a cocktail at this hour."

He released her hand at last. He said, "I—uh—well—don't want to impose—"

"You won't be imposing. After all, you took the trouble of driving me home. Did I thank you?"

"I don't remember. Makes no difference. Listen, Diana—"

The pink of his face turned to crimson. He said, "Diana—have you got a minute or two? I want to talk to you."

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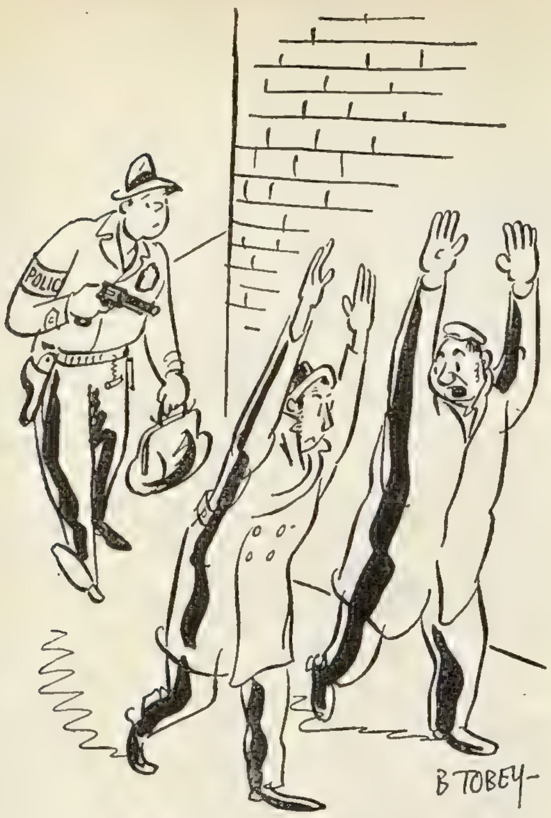

"—and by a rookie, too!" LIBERTY

"Come along. There's a bench over here by the brook."

When they were seated side by side, he took her hand in his and stared at it.

He said, "I guess I'm not very—well, not such a hell of a guy. I mean, first looeys are a dime a dozen, and — Well, anyhow, the army's not my lifework. I've got an Ohio State B.S. degree, and my dad's going to take me into his industrial chemical business, and I'll be— Look. I know I'm not much *now,* but—"

He replaced her hand carefully in her lap and shrugged his shoulders. "Well," he said, "there you are."

"*Where* am I?" Diana asked.

"Don't laugh at me, Diana!"

"I'm not laughing at you. I'm laughing at your low estimate of yourself. Bill Willoby would be lost without you. He told me so the other day. And Mike Sloan—"

"Well, gosh! All I was trying to tell you— What I'm getting at is—would you—*will* you marry me? Not right now, of course. But I mean, we could be—kind of—engaged, couldn't we?"

Diana said, "Schmitty, listen to me. In the first place, I think I'm older than you are. In the second place, you've never seen me under ordinary circumstances, in my right setting. You don't really know anything about me. You don't love me any more than I love you. Do you now, honestly?"

"Well, gosh—"

"A VERY superior piece of furniture," Lieutenant Biggs said, rocking the swing gently back and forth. "Scrap iron, some chain the Japs left, the seat of a settee with busted legs, and a bucket of paint—government property converted to private use."

Diana was sitting beside him on the thing, which occupied one end of the terrace. She said, "What I like about you is your modesty."

"Very well, ma'am. I admit I'm my own most ardent admirer, but that's not what I was working up to. What I was going to point out is how useful I'd be around the home."

"You don't think I think you built this all by yourself?"

"Don't you?"

"No."

"Well, in this particular instance, you're more or less right. Have to keep my men busy. Satan finds work for idle soldiers."

"What about idle officers?"

"Officers have to think up their own mischief. Cigarette?"

"Thank you."

After a long silence he said, "Diana, am I allowed to be serious for ninety-five seconds?"

"A hundred and twenty, if you like."

"Thank you. To start with, I want you to know that you're not only the prettiest girl I've ever met, with the prettiest figure. You're also the smartest, most sensible, generally nicest. Do you mind?"

"It's very flattering, Biggsy, but not true, I'm afraid."

"I swear it's true. Of course, I grant it's a personal opinion. A man's emotions get mixed up in his observations somehow. My grandmother used to speak of the 'eyes of love'—and that brings us to the point. I love you, Diana Forrester."

"Biggsy!" She was genuinely surprised.

He took her hand. "I do, you know."

"Biggsy, my dear, you ought to report yourself sick. Your nostalgia's affecting your vision."

"All right, laugh it off. It's true, just the same. I've been brooding about it. Wondering what to do about it. Wondering whether to tell you, and if so, how."

She said, "Don't you realize that you're at a disadvantage? I'm the only American girl you see, the only one you have seen for months or years."

"The only one I care to see." He gave her hand a squeeze. "Well, I'm not going to bore you with it. But I've served notice on you, Diana. I love you. I'm going to do everything I can to make you love me. If you show any signs of it, I'm going to ask you to marry me. May I have a small, child's-size kiss to seal the bargain?"

She could feel him shiver a little as his lips touched hers.

AT THE southern tip of the island, where the road paralleled the cliffs, Mike Sloan pulled the car over to the side of the road. He said, "I've seen these cliffs by sunlight and by moonlight, and they're always beautiful. Let's see what they're like by starlight. These stars are so big and bright."

Diana said, "Yes, you get the illusion of being deep in the heart of Texas."

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"Only when Buck Fetters is within voice range. Come on."

They walked, arm in arm, able to see shrubs and trees under the moonless luminous sky. They reached a row of coconut palms that leaned inland, as if to avoid looking over the dizzy edge beyond them.

Diana stopped beside one of the trees and put her hand on its harsh-furred trunk. "This is close enough for me, thanks. I don't care much for high places."

"You miss something. I like to lie flat with my head over the edge and look down."

"Go ahead. I'll wait here."

"Oh, come on. It's fun."

"There's no accounting for tastes. It gives me a nasty feeling in the middle."

"It wouldn't if you were lying down, because you'd know you were perfectly safe. Come on."

"You *are* a child, aren't you?" she said, and let him lead her by the hand he was holding.

"O.K.," he said. "Here we hit the dirt. Hands and knees first." He lowered himself on one hand, still holding her fingers with the other. She got down beside him. He said, "All right. Now just lean forward till your chin's over the edge. As follows."

She inched forward until the cool updraft from the cliffside blew on her face. Even dimly seen, it was a dizzy prospect. Her fingers gripped the edge painfully. "I—still don't like it," she said, trying to catch her breath.

His hand slipped across her back and gripped her shoulder. He said, "Good Lord, you're trembling like a what-you-call-'em! Not an aspirin; the other thing. Let's get you away from it. I'm sorry I teased you."

Not until she was back on her hands and knees did she realize how shaky she was.

He was on his feet beside her. He said, "Here, I'll hold you. All right. Up you come!" His grip on her elbows helped.

She was in his arms then, and he was kissing her. Much too violently. She stiffened her body and pushed him away.

He said, "I'm most awfully sorry."

"You needn't be. I knew better than to go to the edge. High places are the one thing I can't take."

He stroked her cheek and bent his head closer. He said, "Dinah darling!"

"No, Mike." She twisted out of his grip. "Let's go back."

"Please, Dinah. I want to talk to you."

"We can talk in the car." She swung away from him and started for the car. He slid in behind the wheel.

HE DID not start the motor. After a long silence he said, "Do you know I've never asked anybody to marry me?"

She laughed. "You must have left a trail of broken hearts like a paper chase."

"I didn't mean that. But I've devoted a good deal of time and energy to girls here and there—"

"And ingenuity, too," she said. "Like weakening them by having them look over cliffs."

"Do you mean you think I did that on purpose?"

"Certainly. Very ingenious."

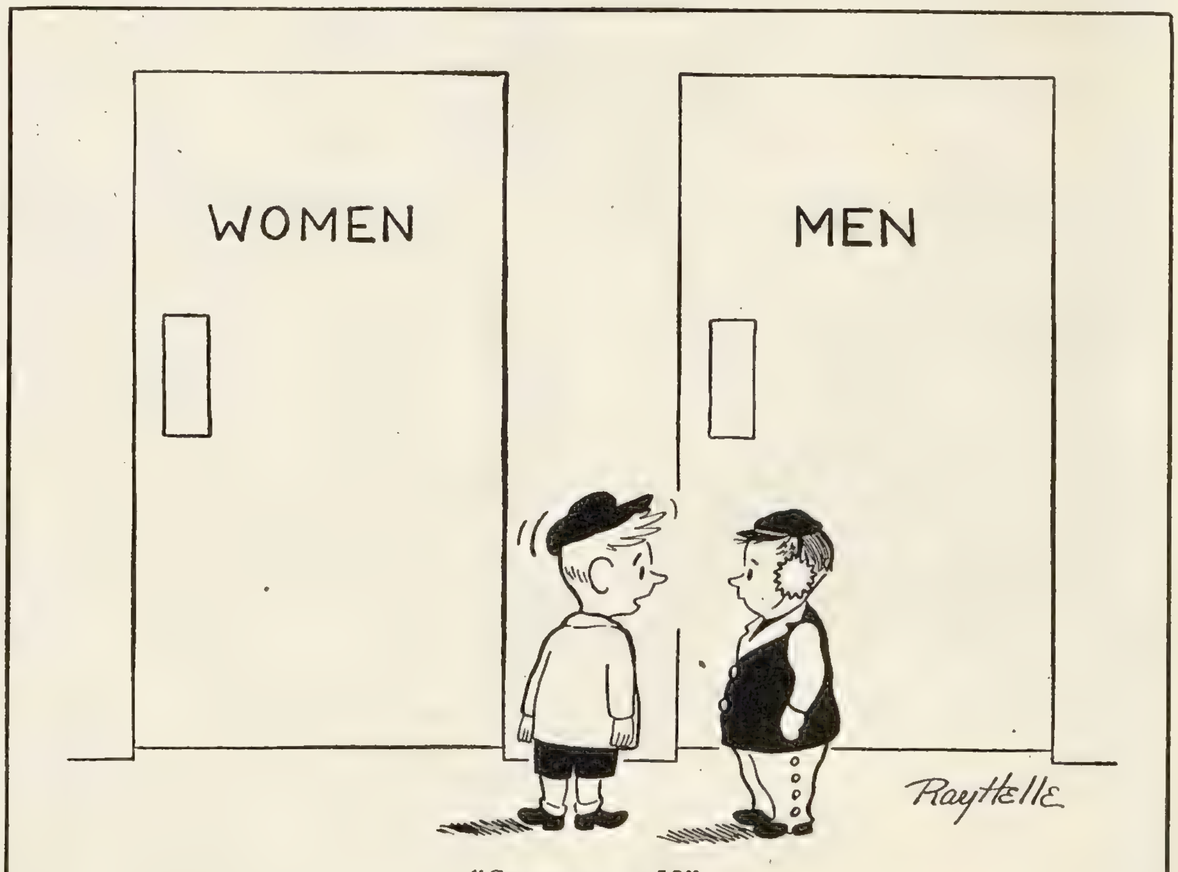
"That's not fair. I thought it'd be fun to lie there and talk."

"I see."

"Well, anyway, all I wanted to say was that I never met a girl I wanted to marry, in all the dozens I've fooled around with."

"Marriage," she said, "isn't everybody's cup of tea."

"Don't be poisonous. I'm trying to tell you that you're the only girl



"Can you read?"

LIBERTY

I've ever met that I wanted to marry."

She looked at his black silhouette, half turned toward her. "You wanted — When was this that you wanted to marry me?"

"I also want to slap you," he said. "I want to marry you right now. I love you, blast you!" He laughed in spite of himself, and she laughed with him.

"Michael J. Sloan," she said after a while. "You are a nice idiot. It's nothing against you that I wouldn't marry you for anything I can think of. When you get back to civilization, you'll be very thankful."

"Dinah, really—seriously—"

"I'm serious. What's the matter with you is the law of supply and demand. Don't fall for it."

"What do you mean—supply and demand?"

"Hundreds of American men, one American girl. Some day you'll be back home where there are hundreds of girls—thousands of girls—millions."

He considered the statement in silence. After a while he said cheerfully, "I don't believe that's the answer at all, but it's something to dream about."

She liked them all.

They called on her singly and by twos and threes and all together. Nor did those who had talked of marriage let her refusals drive them away. That was fortunate, for she saw them all nearly every day, either in the office or after hours, and it would have been difficult to maintain strained relations.

CAPTAIN BILL WILLOBY remained scrupulously polite, friendly, considerate, and kept his emotions, if any, to himself. With a house of his own and his two handsome servants (Toami tall and straight and strong, Rozouila lovely as a painting), Bill seemed to be evolving into a colonial officer in the British tradition, a little less intimate with the others, a little more withdrawn with his responsibilities.

Diana wondered. Had the girl in the photograph really hurt him deeply, after all? Was he in pain with the old wound in his thigh that wasn't quite so well as he had thought? Or was it just the weight of his duties as commanding officer and military governor?

What was it he had said? "You're always setting somebody an example." Yes, that was it. "You have to think twice before you even move a finger, and you never relax." That might account for his ever-so-slight aloofness.

As for Mike Sloan's suggestion—Mike, as she had told him, ought to be ashamed of himself. Bill Willoby was not the kind of young man to get entangled with a native girl. Even with so lovely a little thing as Rozouila.

(To be continued in the next issue)

ENOUGH IS ENOUGH

Continued from Page 33

if he hopes to find something. "Not a scratch on me," he is wailing. "Oh, Dominic, oh, Salvatore, why couldn't we be partners in this *misèria?*"

Rosa made a quick sign of the cross. "God's will," she said. "We must think now of the widows and orphans."

Pasquale broke down again. "*Ahimè,* the widows and orphans! I go now to face them—a murderer."

When we got to Lena's house, she was already dressed in black. "Get down on your knees to our Lady!" she cried. "Thank her for sparing *your* man."

Pasquale and I held her up while she staggered to the couch where her four children were huddled together.

"My poor fatherless ones," she said, kissing her oldest boy, who was thirteen. "You will never see your poor *papà* again. My little Toto, you must be the *papà* of us all now. You must sell the papers and shine the shoes to help *mamma* make a living. *Ahimè,* my poor Dominic, where is your college education for our little Toto now? Where are the piano lessons for Tina? Dominic, what will become of us now?"

The tears were splashing down Pasquale's face. "Lena, in the name of God," he said, "don't say those things. They hurt me here." He put his hand on his heart. "Don't you know that as long as I live, as long as I can stand on my two feet behind the counter, there will be a living for you? I will be *papà* to your little ones. I will work all my life to make up for the *papà* I lost you."

WHILE Pasquale was making these vows to Lena, Cristina, the other widow, came in with her orphan baby and her old mother. She was a bony girl with hair like a wet floor mop. Her house dress stretched across her belly so that you could see she was with child. Cristina looked dumbly at Pasquale and let me take the child from her arms.

Looking at Cristina made Lena start to cry again. She slapped her forehead and rolled her eyes. "Look at her, poor thing," she said. "Ah, Pasquale, Pasquale, why didn't we all go for a ride with you in your automobile this morning?"

The baby in my arms trembled and cried. "Let him cry," Lena said. "He has something to cry for, that one. He knows, little as he is, there is no more *papà* to lift him on his strong shoulders."

Pasquale took the baby from me and kissed the top of his head. "Cristina, my child," he said, "I have already said to Lena that her children will not want for the care and love of a *papà* as long as I live. I say it to you too. I cannot take the place of their own dear *papàs,* but I

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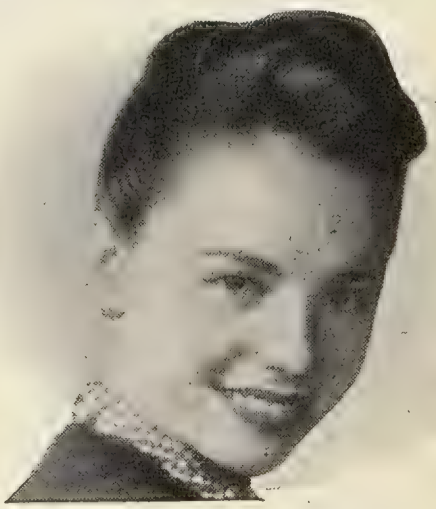

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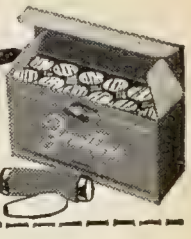

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give you both my promise, on my mother's eyes—" Pasquale could say no more, what with choking up and being drowned out by loud crying.

Pasquale started being *papà* to the families of the two widows from the day of the funerals.

At each funeral Pasquale sat with the widow and held her up when she followed the coffin from the church. He lifted up the smaller children so that they could kiss *papà* good-by. He shook hands with every mourner and agreed that it had been a miracle that *his* life was spared. "Particularly when you were the driver," some people said.

When the funerals were over, we went first to the house of Lena. There were many relatives there but no wine or cake. "What can you do?" Lena said. "It takes a man to arrange these things."

"You tell me what you need for tomorrow and I will bring it home," Pasquale promised her.

Lena slapped her forehead and sighed. "You know what to bring *me*," she said, and made as if she were swallowing a pill of green poison. "But for the little ones, a few chickens for soup, and some vermicelli."

Lena gave Pasquale a long order for many kinds of food. She also gave him a pair of Toto's shoes to take to the cobbler who was Dominic's friend. For a minute there passed through me the feeling that she was piling too many errands on Pasquale. But when I looked at the sad faces of her four little children, I thought—if it were not for Pasquale's automobile their own *papà* would be here tonight. And I was ashamed.

I thought that Cristina would be easier, but my judgment was bad. When we went to see her, she just stared.

"Do you need rice, spaghetti, coal, red wine, matches?" I asked.

She made no answer. Her old mother bared her two remaining teeth at me.

"Easy for *you* to talk," she said. "*Your* bed will not be empty tonight. *Your* babies are not crying for their *papà*."

"*Si, si, mamma.* That I know. We cannot fill the empty bed, but we must fill up the bowls of the little ones, born and unborn."

The old lady made a nasty laugh. "Ha!" she cackled. "Too bad you were not thinking more of our needs when Pasquale was upsetting his automobile. What good are your fine thoughts now?"

FROM that day on it was as if Pasquale had sold himself into slavery to the two widows. Every day before he came home he went to their kitchens with his arms heavy with food. Although the best of everything went to them and the leftovers to us, there was no pleasing them.

The whip of Lena was easier to bear than the martyrdom of Cristina. Lena complained and scolded. The fish was yesterday's catch; the chicken was cold storage. But Cristina looked on Pasquale's purchases in injured silence.

It was not only that Pasquale had to see to it that the widows' pantries were full. There were other responsibilities. When Lena's two older children were confirmed, it was Pasquale who made the arrangements and stood in a father's place. When Toto hid in moving-picture shows instead of going to school, the teacher sent for Pasquale.

And with Cristina we never found out what was needed until people began to talk about our neglect. How were we to know, for example, that she had given up going to the doctor for her condition because Salvatore had always gone with her and now she would not go alone? The way we found out about it was when her old mother started telling everyone that "some people expected a woman to go to the doctor alone, without a man at her side, like a common servant girl who does not know the father of her brat."

Anyway, Pasquale offered to take her, and the old lady was outraged and went around telling people of the indelicate suggestion we had made. Just as if she herself had not put the idea in our heads!

And that is when people began calling Pasquale the Sultan and referring to me and the widows as his three wives.

But the worst of it you have still to hear. Now at the business there were only Pasquale and 'Manuello, the Maltese dishwasher, to do all the work. Pasquale, who could not heat up a pot of soup to keep his insides from growling, saw that the chef's job was not for him. He sent to the union and got a heavy Sicilian who sweated like a prizefighter before the open broiler. When Dominic and Salvatore were alive, all the partners took their wages out of the business before they divided the profits. But, of course, they did not pay themselves the wages that the union demanded for its workers. Paying the Sicilian union wages meant less profits. The widows complained. The only thing that Pasquale could do was to wait on the counter alone. This way he saved the wages of another waiter.

LIBERTY

Dunque, there was Pasquale doing all the buying for the business and three families; waiting on more than thirty stools singlehanded; adding figures and banking; running from the house of Lena to the house of Cristina; speaking firmly to the children who were out of hand; telling stories of woe to dentists and doctors who sent big bills to the poor widows; repairing pipes and funneling wine.

And all we got from it was ridicule from outsiders and ingratitude from the widows.

YOU think maybe that we should have sold our interest in the business? Even if Pasquale had the heart to get out, you think that anyone would want to go into partnership with two shrewish widows? With Cristina's mother on the side? There was no talk of the widows selling out, because where could they get that kind of return on their money? That left nothing but to pray that they would get married again — but, as everybody said, where could they find a husband like Pasquale?

I could see this going on until Lena's and Cristina's children were grown, if Pasquale lived that long.

They say if you are pushed up against the wall too hard, your mind works like a general's. That is the way it was with me.

"Please, Pasquale," I said to him when I made up my mind to speak, "lock up the business one week and go see what your cousin Giacomo is doing in the vineyard. I dreamed last night and the night before that the grapes were the size of watermelons. Something tells me that things are not going well."

I didn't tell Pasquale that I wanted him to go sit in the hot valley sun for a week, nor that I had reasons for wanting him out of the way.

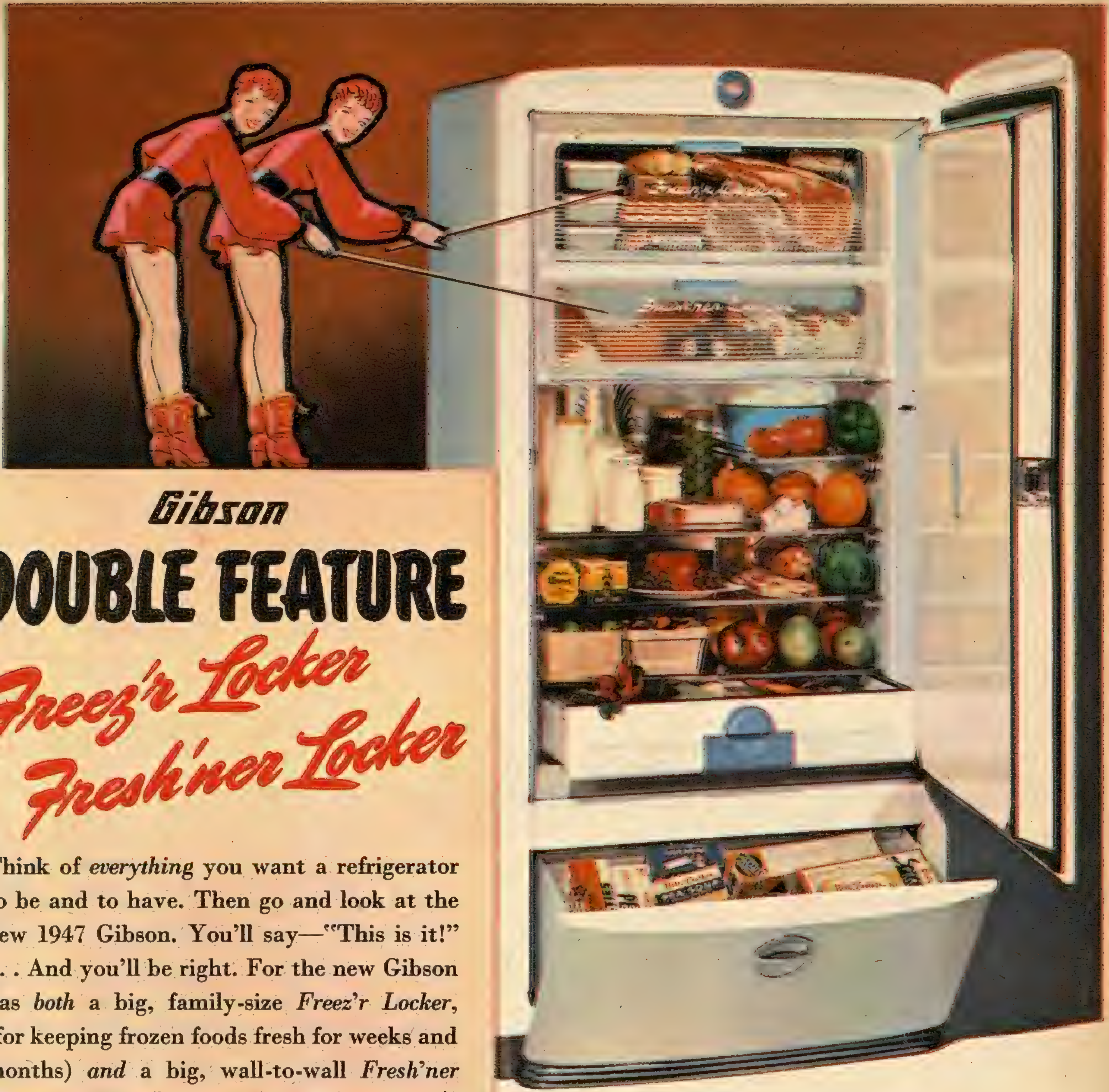
"H'm," he said, shaking a finger in his ear. "It's about time to sell the crop. You think Giacomo could get mixed up and sell it twice, like he did once before?"

"I am not saying anything, one way or another. All I know is your eyes don't show you what is going on two hundred miles from here."

Pasquale considered this. "If I go down there," he said, "who will see that the widows get their supplies every day? That Cristina would starve to death just to show people how poorly I provide."

"Let me see," I said slowly, as if I

(*Continued on page 92*)



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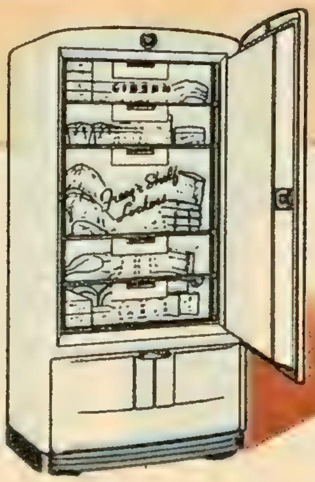

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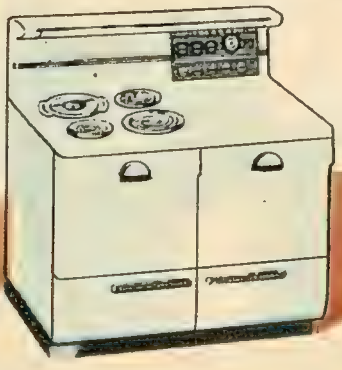

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(*Continued from page 90*)

were thinking things out. "Why don't you, instead of laying 'Manuello off, give him half pay to do the job for you? Suppose it comes to a few dollars? Is it not better than losing your crop?"

"He is little but he is quick on his feet, that one," Pasquale agreed. "He can run up and down stairs fast enough even for the widows."

When we told Cristina that 'Manuello would take Pasquale's place for a week, she gave no sign of hearing. Lena seemed pleased with the change. "Maybe he will not be so stingy with our money as Pasquale," she said. "Maybe we will get some first-class food again."

I suggested to Pasquale that 'Manuello could do the buying for me too. "You know how people will talk if you do more for the widows than you do for me."

THE arrangement began just as I expected—with the widows commanding 'Manuello as if he were their donkey. You should have heard 'Manuello tell of the insults and kicks they had for him.

"*Per favore,* Signor 'Manuello," I begged sweetly, "For the sake of Pasquale, do not abandon them. They will tell all who will listen, and a long line will form itself, I can tell you. They will say that Pasquale is a heartless man and that he has left them to starve."

I treated 'Manuello with great respect. Always I addressed him as *signor* and served him sweets and wine with a white napkin.

"It is a *disgràzia,*" 'Manuello said. "If I were Pasquale I would twist their necks and give people conversation for a month."

As for himself, 'Manuello vowed he would quit the restaurant the day Pasquale got back. He would quit happy, he said, if he could first pay them back for the insults they were piling upon him.

"Perhaps you can," I said, pressing more *panettone* on him. I then permitted myself the pleasure of discussing with him ways and means of fixing the widows so they would badger Pasquale no more.

'Manuello and I had many long talks during the week that Pasquale was gone. When Pasquale returned, 'Manuello did just as he had threatened to. He hung up his apron and quit at the end of the first day.

Pasquale was so discouraged that day that he came home first, to draw on me for courage before going to see the widows. "For a week I was a free man," he said, "free from those witches and their bawling young ones. Now what am I? An ass laden with wares for their tables."

"*Coràggio,*" I said. "I will go with you this afternoon. I will help temper the blow of your homecoming."

Lena had many people at her house that day. Her cousin, who was a translator in the courts; his wife, who gave singing lessons and read palms; Cristina, Cristina's old mother, some neighbors, and the roomer.

"Darling, couldn't you crack the ice *before* you put it in the bag!"
LIBERTY

Everyone seemed to be mocking us when they said "*Buona sera.*" Lena bowed low to Pasquale. She was wearing her best black dress.

"*Buona sera,* Signor Impostore," she said, making hissing sounds. "Have you come to tell us more lies this evening?"

Pasquale looked as if someone had pulled a chair out from under him. "Lies?" he said. "Who is telling lies?"

Everyone laughed unpleasantly. "Go ahead, lie some more," Lena said. "It is no great trick to pull the wool over the eyes of widows and orphans."

"Our great protector!" Cristina's mother shrilled.

"With both hands in our pockets," Lena said.

Her cousin, the court translator, got up and began to cough behind his hand. "What my *cugina* wishes to say to you," he said, as if he were saying a Mass, "is that she and the other widow have been deceived by you. They made, this week, the unhappy discovery that you have been offered for the business a sum twice the original investment."

Lena nodded and the old lady shook her fist at Pasquale.

"Nobody, I give you my word, nobody has made me any kind of offer for the business," Pasquale said. "The way things are, nobody is interested in buying it for any price."

Everybody laughed at this. "Not for any price," Lena mimicked Pasquale. "Poor business, it is no good. Maybe the widows will sell it to me for nothing."

"Persons we trust," the cousin continued, "have told us that you went to the country this week for the purpose of borrowing money from your cousin so that you could buy the widows' interest cheap, and then sell out the whole business for a big profit."

Pasquale, who seldom cursed, said, "*Per Cristo,* I swear I do not know what you are talking about. All I know is that nobody would take the business for a present."

Lena pointed at him like a lawyer. "You, Signor Impostore, you would like it from *us* for a present."

Pasquale looked around the room like a desperate man. "Where is this person who wants to buy for big money? If he lives and breathes, I say, '*allora,* let's sell to him.' "

"You don't have to look far," Lena's cousin said. "The way conditions are now, there are twenty, thirty people who would jump at the chance."

"*Ebbene,*" Pasquale said, "tell them to jump. We will sell. Me, I will sell for what I put in it. For me it is double price just to get out for what I paid in the first place."

Lena grabbed her cousin by the coattail. "Take him up on that—take him up!" she shouted. "Give him a pen to put those words down."

Pasquale snatched the fountain pen from his pocket and gouged it into a piece of brown wrapping paper that was lying on the table. "There!" he said, making big splashing letters on the paper. "I have written that I will sell my share to the two widows for the money I paid for it. And I have signed my name. Now," he handed the pen, point forward, to Lena, "you sign, you and that other *striga.*"

BEFORE we left, the cousin, who was also a notary public, drew up proper papers.

On the way home, even though he was in a biting temper, Pasquale began to worry. "Wretched women," he said. "What will become of them? Someone will cheat them out of the business."

"They will survive," I said. "They have their insurance money every month. Cristina's mother owns flats to rent, and Lena has stocks in the gas company. And there are always roomers."

Fortunately this was so, because it must have taken all these possessions to console the widows for the loss they suffered in the sale of the business. Of this transaction I heard much from 'Manuello, who to this day still comes to our house. He always grins at me with his wide-apart teeth which, with the passage of time, have become more few and far between.

All of which goes to prove one thing. And that is that my grandmother was wrong about people with wide-apart teeth not being able to keep a secret. Not once in all these years has 'Manuello told that he and I cooked up the story about the big offer that Pasquale had for the business, and that he, 'Manuello, planted it where it would do the most good.

THE END

MR. ADAM

Continued from Page 38

writers, “W. S.” Well into July there were sporadic bursts of optimism as communities reported births, but all these, it developed, were the result of over-long periods of gestation. The President allotted unlimited funds and all science was enlisted for the N.R.P., or National Re-fertilization Project.

On the first anniversary of the Mississippi explosion Maria Ostenheimer phoned me excitedly. “Stephen,” she said, “a baby is going to be born.”

“Now Maria,” I said, “just last week I flew down to Virginia on one of those tips, and it turned out to be a baby born to a circus elephant named Priscilla.”

“Stephen, this is the real thing. You will remember I mentioned Dr. Blandy, who practises in Westchester. He was called on this case four months ago. The baby was conceived exactly nine months ago—three months after those damn uranium rays sterilized all the men. Blandy knows there will be a great deal of publicity after the baby is born, and he's asked my advice. I said,” she continued sarcastically, “that I might persuade you to handle the press.”

“Bless you, Maria. Bless you!” I exclaimed. “Where is this child being born?”

“The Gatehouse, Rosemere, Tarrytown. You'd better get going, Stephen, because it may happen any time this afternoon, according to Blandy.”

I CAUGHT the next train from Grand Central. A stocky, red-faced perspiring man, perhaps forty-five, opened the door before which my taxi deposited me.

“I'm Smith,” I said.

“How d'you do,” he said. “I'm Blandy. Can't shake hands. Just washed 'em. Ostenheimer told me about you. Your first job is to take care of him.” Blandy nodded towards a corner.

Seated on a green hassock, with his long chin cupped in his hands and his knees and elbows askew, was a man. I said, “Hello.”

“Hello,” he said, and got up, stretching out to six feet plus. “I'm Adam. Homer Adam.”

“You're the—”

“Yes, I'm going to have a baby. I mean Mary Ellen is.” His shock of bright red hair appeared to be attempting to fly off his scalp in all directions.

“Look, fellow,” I said, “take it easy. My name is Steve Smith, from the AP. I'm here to help you.”

From upstairs came a sharp, feminine cry, suddenly bitten off in the middle. Adam collapsed on the sofa.

Just after dark Dr. Blandy shouted: “Hey, down there. It's all over. It's a girl—a fine girl!”

I walked to the phone on the hall

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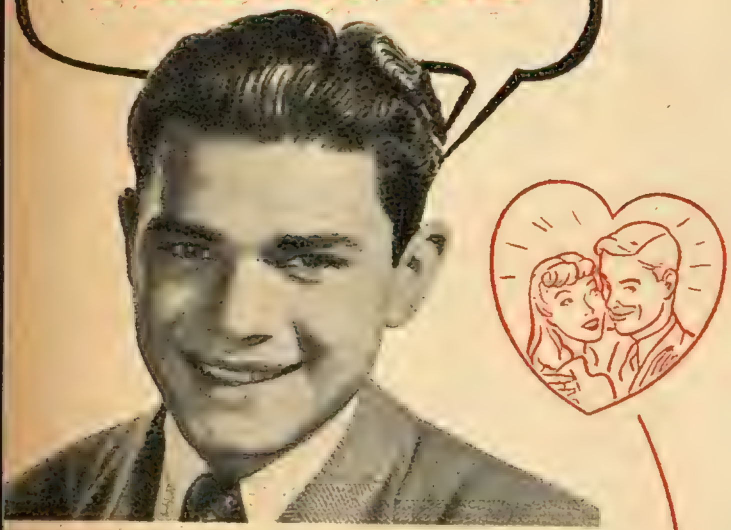

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TUNE IN: *TWO NETWORK SHOWS!* "The Adventures of Sam Spade" Sunday evenings, CBS Network; "King Cole Trio Time" Saturday afternoons, NBC Network.

table and called J. C. Pogey. After Homer Adam had seen his baby, I began to ask him questions.

"Where were you on the day Mississippi exploded?"

"In Colorado," Homer replied. "The boss sent me to investigate the possibility of reopening some old silver and lead workings near Leadville. I spent the whole day in the lowest level of Eldorado No. 2. You know that's one of the deepest shafts in the world."

"When the explosion came," I said, "you were probably completely shielded from the world by lead?"

"Yes," he said, "I suppose I was."

"Was there anybody else down there with you?"

"Oh, no," he replied. "You see, Eldorado No. 2 has been abandoned for a generation or more. There are watchmen who operate the elevators, and guard the machinery but they rarely go into the lower levels."

A FEW days later Homer and I sat playing gin with Blandy kibitzing when Colonel Merle Phelps-Smythe put his riding boots and spurs through the door.

"Who's in charge here?" he boomed. "I'm here to see Mr. Adam!"

"Why nobody's in charge," Homer said, "but I'm Adam."

"Well," Phelps-Smythe explained, "the Army sent me to take over. I am the personal aide and Public Relations Officer of the Commanding General, Eastern Defense Command, Zone of the Interior. From now on"—he poked a fat forefinger at Homer's throat—"you are under the protection of the Eastern Defense Command. General Kipp is personally responsible for your safety, and I am responsible to General Kipp."

"How," I inquired, "does the Eastern Defense Command go about taking over Mr. Adam?"

"In the first place—" the Colonel began, and then said: "You're that AP man who has been messing up the publicity. Who authorized you to be here anyway?"

"Me," said Homer meekly. "I did."

For a moment Phelps-Smythe was repulsed, but he quickly recovered. "In the first place," he said, "the Joint Chiefs of Staff have decided, in the national interest, that Mr. Adam is vital, strategic government property. The Joint Chiefs felt themselves authorized in making this decision on the basis of future national defense."

Homer sat down, his mild blue eyes blinking. "But I don't wish to be taken over," he protested. "I just want to be left alone with Mary Ellen and the baby. Is it my fault that all the rest of you are sterile?"

Phelps-Smythe put his hand on Homer's drooping shoulder. "Now, my boy," he said, "you are just as much a military secret as the atomic bomb. Your wife and child will be taken care of until the present emergency is over. Funds have already been provided."

"I'm not going to leave Mary Ellen and the baby!"

"You won't have to leave immediately. You don't have to go to Washington until the hearing. You see, the Joint Chiefs have simply declared you are vital and strategic. The War Department was entrusted with your safety, and my commanding general was given the job. But your final disposition will not be decided until after the Congressional hearings."

Homer looked dazed and helpless.

"You're pretty lucky at that," said the colonel. "At first, we were going to put you down with the gold in Fort Knox. But the Surgeon General decided it might be bad for your health. I've got a lot of papers for you to fill out. Incidentally, I'm taking you out to dinner tonight to meet my commanding general."

I caught the next train back to the city and reported to J. C. that the Army had taken over.

"There's a tug-of-war going on between the National Research Council and the National Re-fertilization Project as to who will get Adam," he informed me. "Both outfits think they can use Adam to start our birth rate going again. There's a battle going on between Congress and an Inter-Departmental Committee as to who will decide policy on Adam. And a powerful group feels that the question of Adam is international, rather than national, and should be turned over to the United Nations."

"Quite a story, wasn't it," I said, hinting at a bonus.

J. C. got that faraway look.

ONE day early in December I came home and found Maria Ostenheimer and my friend of the Polyclinic, Dr. Thompson, in our living room. "Hello," I greeted them. "Didn't know you two knew each other."

"Our acquaintanceship," said Dr. Thompson, "is strictly professional—at least thus far."

"They've just come from Washington," Marge said. "They appeared before both the Executive Inter-Departmental group and the Joint Congressional Committee on behalf of the National Re-fertilization Project. They testified for Artificial Insemination."

A startling and horrible possibility gripped me. I pointed my finger at Marge. "If you think for one instant," I told her, "that we are going to fill this apartment with lanky, redheaded children, none of them mine, then you had better start thinking again. You're not going to be any female guinea pig to test the productive capacity of Mr. Adam!"

Thompson laughed. "Relax, Steve," he said, "relax!"

Maria was grave. "We came to see you about Homer Adam himself."

"Is he pining away without his Mary Ellen?"

"Well, something like that," Maria said. "You see, this business has naturally been a very great shock to him. When he got to Washington they shot him full of paratyphoid, typhus, yellow fever, influenza, cholera—as if he were going to catch cholera at Fort Myer—smallpox, and I don't know what else besides."

"What," I inquired, "has this got to do with me?"

"He likes you," said Thompson. "He trusts you, and he wonders what became of you."

"If the government decides that N.R.P. be placed in charge of Homer Adam, rather than the N.R.C.," Maria informed me, "we want you to handle him."

"Oh, my God!" I said. "Nominated to be nursemaid to the potential father of his country!"

A FEW days later black headlines covered the front pages of the morning papers:

PRESIDENT OKAYS A.I.!

N.R.P. Wins Over N.R.C. but
Scientists to Get Fund
to Continue Research

Would-be Mothers Volunteer
Throughout Nation

England Asks Aid

Before night J. C. motioned me into his office. "Steve," he said, "I just got a call from the White House. Danny Williams—the President's Secretary. Well, they want you down there to handle Adam."

"Haven't I got anything to say about this?" I demanded.

"Not much," said J. C. "I don't like to lose you, but it is exactly the same as if you were drafted."

I went home and packed.

Marge took me to the train and kissed me goodbye as if I were off to Shanghai. The last thing she said was, "You will do your best, won't you?" Women are such queer people.

I HADN'T expected anyone to meet me at the station, but when I went through the gates into the concourse, a neat young man with a pointed, thin, suspicious nose stopped me. "You're Mr. Smith?"

"Uh-huh."

He held out his hand. "I'm Klutz—Percy Klutz, Deputy Director on the administrative side. The Chief sent me down to meet you."

"That was nice of him," I said. The Chief would be Abel Pumphrey. I wondered how he had recognized me, and asked. He said the AP Bureau had produced a photograph.

When we were seated at lunch Klutz said: "I suppose this is as good a time as any to fill you in on the big picture. We're really beginning to build an organization, now. Everybody thinks the Chief is the coming man in the Administration. Of course, it has been an uphill fight. First the Interior Department tried to take over, and then the Public Health Service. Right now we're operating under the Executive Office of the President, so we don't have much budget trouble. The real test will come when we go to Congress for regular annual appropriations. I guess our big break was when we got Adam away from the National Research Council."

"How is Homer Adam?" I inquired. "I'd like to see him as soon as possible."

He began drawing a chart on the tablecloth. "Now up at the top, of course," he went on, ignoring my question, "is the President, and right under the President is the Inter-Departmental Advisory Committee. They decide top policy."

"On what?" I asked. "I thought the idea was simply to get Adam in shape, and then start producing babies."

"Oh, no!" Klutz said, startled. "The production end is only the smallest part of it! That comes way down here"—he indicated the bottom of the tablecloth—"in Operations."

"Now as you see," he went on, "the top policy group is composed of the President himself, the Secretaries of State, War, Interior, and Navy—I don't know why they put in Navy except that they put in War—the Surgeon General, Director of National Research Council—we couldn't keep him off it—and finally the Chief."

A strange light came into Klutz's eyes, and he began to sketch more boxes. He drew a line away from the line that connected Pumphrey to the Planning Board, and put a little box at the end of it, and wrote "Smith" inside the box. "I don't know whether you'll operate on the policy, or the planning, or the operations level," he explained.

"Is Homer Adam in that little box with me?" I demanded.

"Oh, no," he said, "Adam is way down here, at the bottom. You're way up at the top." In a little square at the end of Operations he wrote, "Adam."

I said, "Now look, bud. If I'm not going to take care of Adam, say so now, and I'll be on my way. This wasn't my idea. It came from Adam first, and then from the White House."

Instantly his manner changed. "Oh," he said. "I didn't know that."

I RECOGNIZED Klutz as one of those public servants who have no equals. Everybody is neatly tagged either above him or below him. He keeps his nose nestled close under the coattails of those above, and his feet firmly planted on the heads of those underneath.

"I didn't bring up the matter of Adam," he explained, "because there seems to have been some confusion about him in the directives. You see, when Adam was turned over to N.R.P. the Army claimed that the presidential directive merely gave N.R.P. the use of Adam, but that his security was still a matter for the Army. We reached an agreement with the Army by which a committee was set up to direct overall policy on Adam, personally, rather than Adam in the productive sense, and to hand down directives to the Operations Branch. I represented N.R.P. on the committee, and Phelps-Smythe—"

"That bastard!" I remarked, and Klutz jumped.

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"Well, he represented the Army. He and I reached an agreement that you could also sit on the committee."

I told him what I thought of such an arrangement in a few words, all short and Elizabethan, and Klutz said he thought Pumphrey should decide, and I told him we might as well have a showdown right away.

Abel Pumphrey seemed calm and cheery—an apple-red and apple-round man with a Herbert Hoover collar squeezing his neck—when he greeted me. "Well, well, Steve!" he said. We had never met before. "It's certainly fine of you to come down here and help us out. Fine!"

"I told him about the directive," Klutz said, "and the little committee we'd set up, and how he could sit on the committee."

I said, "No committees. I hate committees."

Pumphrey drooped. "I'll call in Phelps-Smythe, and we'll tell him about it."

Phelps-Smythe glared at me. "The War Department," he stated, "wishes a written release of all responsibility for the safety and protection of Adam. We intend to withdraw our guards and security patrols from the Shoreham at six o'clock this evening."

"So that's where you've got Adam caged up?" I said.

"Is the War Department going to make anything public on this?" Pumphrey asked Phelps-Smythe.

"Naturally."

"Very well," Pumphrey sighed. "I'll send the release around to your office, Colonel."

As soon as Phelps-Smythe left, Klutz turned to Pumphrey. "I'd better find Nate," he said. "This looks like trouble."

It turned out that Nate was Gableman, the Assistant Director for Public Relations, a dark and cadaverous young man with long black hair and finger nails that matched it in length and color. His eyes ran over me as he listened to Pumphrey's account of what had happened thus far, and he said, "I should have been cut in on this at the start. But I'll get out a special press release now. You hold that memorandum until I'm ready."

"What is our story, Nate?" Pumphrey asked.

"Why, it's very simple. Abel Pumphrey, Director of the National Refertilization Project, today announced that N.R.P. had taken over complete personal control of Mr. Adam from the War Department, at the President's request. Then we say that Steve Smith here has been appointed a Special Assistant to Mr. Pumphrey and entrusted with Adam's safety.

I could see that Gableman was a pretty smooth customer around the edges and an expert in mimeograph warfare. "We might also hint," he went on, "just to get in a dig at the War Department, that Adam hasn't been doing so hot under the previous arrangement."

"Oh, I wouldn't do that!" Pumphrey protested. "It could start a panic. Why, you ought to see the letters I get from really big businessmen—I mean the very biggest—on the importance of Adam. Do you know what would happen if anything happened to Adam? Why, the insurance companies would go bust. The effect on the market—inconceivable—"

"Okay," Gableman agreed. "I hadn't considered that angle. I'll get to work."

AT the Shoreham I found Adam in the living room customarily given over to the Duke of Windsor and presidents from the banana republics. He was a walking skeleton. "Steve!" he said, "I'm glad to see a human face!"

He began to tell me the tale. "They'd discuss me like I was a stud horse," he said. "Right in front of my face. . . ."

I ordered up a case of rye and poured Homer a big slug.

"And I want Mary Ellen now more than I've ever wanted anything in all my life," he went on. "I need her, Steve. I begged them to let me go to Tarrytown for a day or two, or to let her come down here. But Colonel Phelps-Smythe and Mr. Klutz said absolutely not."

"Don't worry, Homer, I'll get it fixed up." I promised. "Let's have another drink," I suggested, "and then after dinner go down to the Blue Room."

"Sure!" he said. "Sure!"

When we turned up at the Blue Room the headwaiter recognized Adam and bobbed us to a ringside table.

Across the floor I spotted Oscar Finney, once a reporter, now a Hollywood butterfly officially titled Public Relations Counselor, at a thousand a week. With him was a golden-skinned creature partially clad in lamé — Kitty Ruppe, who once danced in the chorus line at an uptown club. Now she was Kathy Riddell, and Oscar Finney had made her fairly famous as "The Frame."

Finney waved to me. I waved back. When he and The Frame came over I did the introductions.

The Frame was either a very smart girl or she had been carefully coached. She had read in the papers how Homer intended being an archeologist, when he was young, and so there was a bond between them. Had Homer ever heard of Professor Ruppe, at the University of Chicago? Well, that was her father.

Presently one of those "house" photographers you will find in places like the Blue Room asked us to move a little closer together. When she raised her camera I let my right arm slide around the back of The Frame's chair. Nobody noticed, except Finney. The flash came, the photographer moved off. Finney said, "Steve, you've got a suspicious mind."

"Just careful," I said.

Two tables away I saw Senator Fay Sumner Knott. When she was nineteen she was the most beautiful debutante in New York—remember? —and at thirty she was the smartest divorcée in Rhode Island, both in brains and looks. At thirty-five she married the President of Executive Trust. When Executive Trust died she dipped a dainty toe into the mud puddle of politics, and lo, there she was in the Senate.

Fay kept looking at Homer, but Homer kept his eyes on The Frame. Presently Fay rose and walked past our table, slim and magic as a wand, but holding her chin tip-tilted to erase the lines in her neck. She ignored The Frame, smiled at Homer, nodded at me, and just at the proper distance said: "That stupid little bitch!"

The Frame started out of her chair like a leopardess, but Oscar grabbed her, and anyway Fay had already reached the door.

WHEN I opened my eyes the next morning I discovered something new had been added to the Adam suite: Jane Zitter. She isn't very tall, and she isn't filled out in the right places. About the best you can say for her clothes is that they are neat, and her thick glasses make her eyes larger and rounder than they ac-

(*Continued on page 98*)

IN THE APRIL 26 ISSUE

Wake for a Lady

By H. W. Roden

A beauty-contest winner, a press agent, and a murdered man figure in this fast, tough thriller. Gorgeous O'Hara wanted to be in the movies, but plays a far more dangerous role in this swiftly paced mystery.

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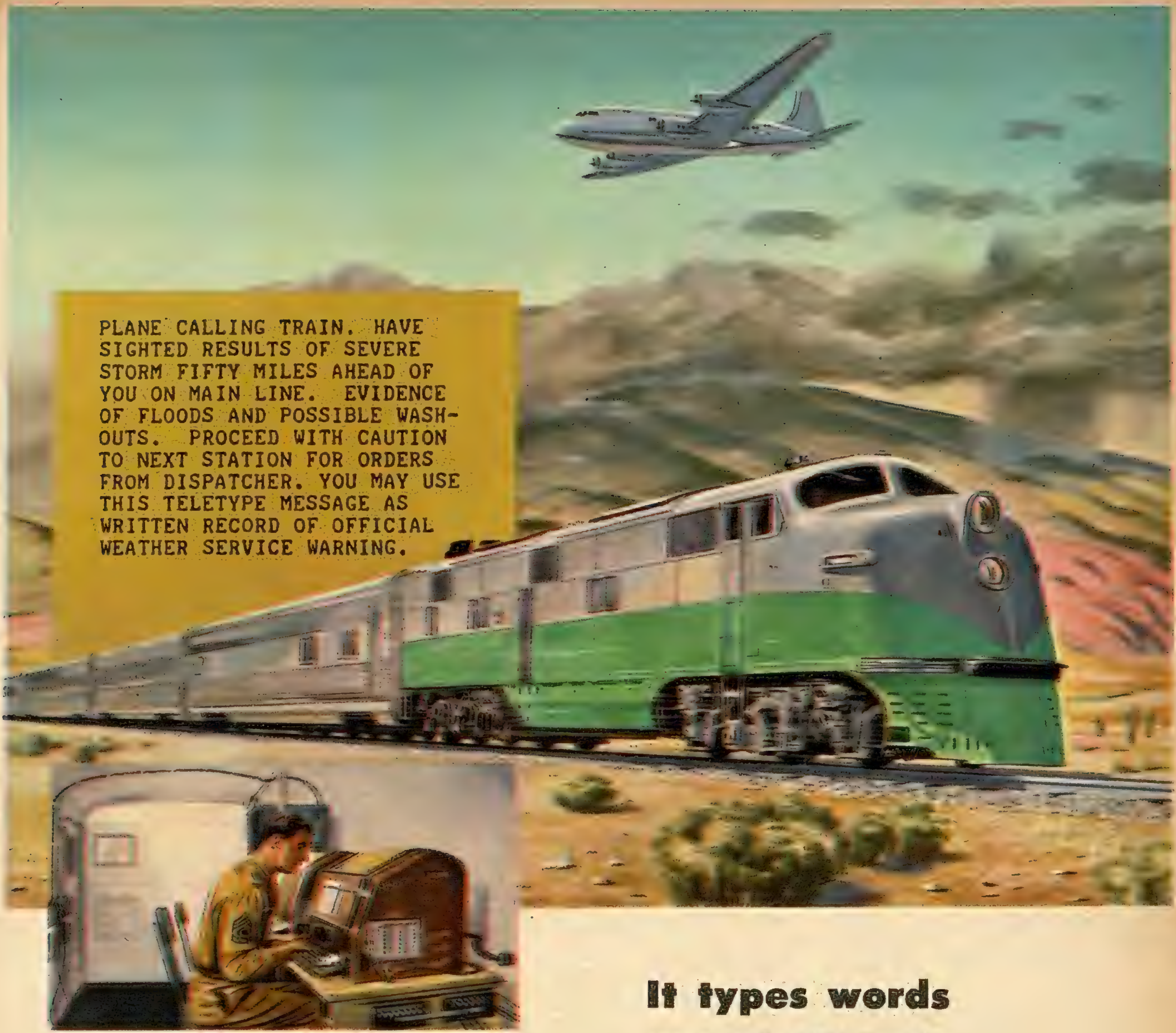

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MR. ADAM

Continued from Page 96

tually are, so that she appears perpetually startled.

She shoved a cup of coffee at me, black. "Mr. Smith," she began, "my name is Jane Zitter and I'm your secretary and everything was piling up so that I thought it best that if Mr. Smith wouldn't go to the office then the office had better go to Mr. Smith."

"But I really don't see why I have to have an office," I added.

"But you do have to," Jane said. "People write you memoranda, and you have to write them back. Why, already you've received a whole envelope full."

"I'll make a deal," I said. "You learn to make my initials, and you initial every memo that comes to the office. That's all you have to do."

"I suppose you're crazy and I'll get into trouble, but I won't let you down. Mr. Adam," she added, "went out."

"Did he say where?"

"He just said somebody had called and he had made an engagement to discuss archeology."

I called the Press Club and got Finney. "Look, Oscar," I said, "that Frame of yours is out with my boy Homer, and it smells ungood."

"Oh, is that where she went?" he said. "I've been trying to reach her all morning."

"Oscar," I warned him, "don't try to pull any stunts with Adam."

He hesitated. Finally he said, "Steve, I'll lay it on the line. Kathy herself suggested it would be a smart pitch to hook her up with Adam. I told her to lay off. I told her that grabbing Adam would be like stealing the U. S. Mint, and it would be bad box office. So she said okay, and if she's out with Adam, then it's news to me. Do you know where they are?"

"Haven't the foggiest notion," I said, and added, "I don't mind Homer seeing Kitty—or Kathy—so long as it doesn't break into print. It might be good for Homer."

JANE and I started out to search. The doorman at the Shoreham remembered that Mr. Adam had taken a cab to the Smithsonian Institute, and there we found them sitting on a stone bench.

"I hope you don't mind, Steve," Homer protested. "You said I could do whatever I wanted, you know."

"Of course, Homer," I soothed him. "But just let me know what's going on."

"We were followed," said The Frame. "I'm sure of it."

"Don't worry," I said. "I'll find out about it. So long as you don't get in a jam, what the hell? People can't object to you taking an interest in old stones."

I told Homer I'd see him at dinner, and we left them.

"Look, fella! For the last time: we'd like to be alone."
LIBERTY

"She's up to something," Jane said. "It's perfectly obvious. She wants Homer Adam. But then, so does everybody else," I told her.

Jane shook her head. "No, I think you're wrong. She might even be a Communist agent. She practically ambushes Mr. Adam in the Blue Room, and then she attacks him on his only vulnerable front, which is archeology. It is too perfect."

"I wouldn't worry," I said. "Homer has a perfectly good wife in Tarrytown, and only yesterday he was begging me to let him see her."

"He won't beg any more," Jane predicted.

It turned out she was correct. The two spent their days in the pursuit of Aztec culture. They went out together every night to the Footlight Club, a little place on Connecticut Avenue. Of this I approved. I didn't want Homer trotting The Frame around to any of the big places.

But one evening he came home more mussed than usual. He poured himself a drink and said, "Kathy is going back to Hollywood tomorrow."

"That's too bad," I said. "I think she's been good for you."

He was trembling. "Steve, is it possible for a man to be in love with two women at the same time?"

"It has been done," I said.

"I think I am in love with Kathy. I suppose I love Mary Ellen, too," he went on. "Until tonight I always thought I loved her very much. But I'm not sure that I love Mary Ellen the way I love Kathy. It isn't only archeology. We were made for each other."

"Now what gave you that idea?"

"Kathy told me. We didn't go to the Footlight Club tonight. We went up to Kathy's room in her hotel."

I asked him to tell me exactly how far things had gone. He stammered, got red in the face, and finally said that things had gone as far as they could go, but that it wasn't his fault.

"Homer," I said. "I hardly need to tell you what the repercussions would be if your affair with Kathy became public."

"You don't have to tell me," Homer said. "Kathy doesn't seem to appreciate my position. She wanted me to run away with her. I told her I couldn't do it—that I had my obligations, and she said to think it over."

THAT night I lay awake thinking. I decided that the best way for Homer to keep his balance was to bring Mary Ellen to Washington.

In the morning I went into his room and found he was dressing. "Where are you going?" I asked.

"I'm seeing Kathy off. She's catching the noon plane for Los Angeles."

"Homer," I said, "you'll just make it tough on yourself. You've made your decision, now stick with it."

Homer sat down on the bed and put his head in his hands. "I just wanted to see her this once more."

I said, "I'm arranging for Mary Ellen to come to Washington and stay here with you, at least until A.I. begins. You do want to see Mary Ellen, don't you?"

"Why, of course. I'm all confused."

"Well, since you'll probably see Mary Ellen tonight, it would only make it worse to see Kathy at noon, wouldn't it?"

"I suppose so, but I promised Kathy—"

I put my hand on his shoulder. "I'll go to the airport and see her off, and tell her how things are."

"Will you?" Homer said gratefully. "Thanks, Steve." He hesitated a moment. "What shall I tell Mary Ellen?"

"Why, tell her nothing! Homer, believe me, if there is one thing a woman would rather not hear about a thing like that, it is the truth. If you want to lead a life of utter and complete misery, just start confessing. But as long as you are married to Mary Ellen and it looks like your marriage is going to last, lie, lie, lie until your teeth drop out!"

Homer looked at me in shock and wonder, like a Boy Scout whose Scoutmaster has uttered a bad word, but he nodded yes.

The wind was playing around the ramp at the airport, and it was an unseasonably warm day. The Frame was carrying her fur coat across her arm. "Hello, Steve," she said, "Where's Homer?"

"He's not seeing you any more," I said. "His wife is coming down from New York right away."

"Did he tell you about us?"

"Yes."

"Steve," she said, "this isn't simply an infatuation."

"It has got to be," I said. "There's his wife and daughter, and A.I."

"Your foolish A.I.!" she said.

The loudspeakers were calling her flight.

"You try to stop me, Steve! You can't turn destiny aside, or halt the will of God."

On the way back to the Shoreham I stopped off at the FBI.

MARY ELLEN arrived the next day, and I put Jane Zitter in charge of the menage Adam and flew to New York.

Marge was wearing a new dress when I arrived, one of those dresses that make you keep watching. She was all smelled up with perfume, and it seemed to me that her make-up was a bit too perfect. "You think we're going out tonight," I accused her, "but we're not."

"Of course not, darling," she said. "Maria and Tommy Thompson are coming over, and we'll play bridge and talk." She kissed me as if she were testing my breath for liquor.

"What's wrong with you?" I asked.

"Is there anything wrong with me wanting to kiss you?"

"Certainly not. I like it. That's why I'm here."

"You've been having fun in Washington, haven't you, dear? I just saw a newspaper picture of you and what's her name—The Frame—at a fashionable supper club."

I said, "That's what you get for reading the tabloids."

"She must be charming," Marge said. "I really don't see why you bothered to come to New York and visit me, except of course you probably have business to discuss with Maria and Dr. Thompson."

"Of course," I said, "that's the only reason I came to New York. As a matter of fact, I don't see how I can stay the night."

Marge kissed me again, and this time it wasn't testing. "Come on," she said, "give." I told her about Homer and The Frame. It made her very thoughtful. "Stephen," she said, "if that girl gets Homer, where will that leave the rest of us?"

"But she's not going to get Homer. His wife is with him now, and they seem perfectly happy."

"But that isn't much better."

"Marge," I inquired, "are you considering having a baby by A.I.?"

"Perhaps," she said. I knew that meant yes. Instantly I felt betrayed. I knew that every other husband whose wife contemplated having an A.I. baby would, too.

When Tommy Thompson and Maria arrived they seemed to be tiptoeing on a pink cloud. How two doctors can reconcile the terms of medical anatomy with the delicate language of passion is something that has never been fully explained, but they do it all the time.

OF COURSE we talked about A.I., and finally Tommy said, "I don't think the world is going to be permanently sterile. I think there's a chance that the male germ isn't totally destroyed, and that it's just a matter of nursing him back—or jarring him back—into full vitality. I've got a compound—"

"Quack!" I interrupted. "Purveyor of snake oil!"

He ignored me. "It is mostly seaweed. High iodized content."

"That's very interesting," said Maria, suddenly alert. "Why don't you try it out?"

"I am trying it out. But I need more experimental animals—mostly husbands. How about you, Steve?"

"Not me," I said. "I'm no guinea pig. And right at the moment I don't feel like filling my stomach with seaweed."

"You're a big help!" said Marge. "You're practically a traitor to the human race!"

At nine o'clock news came over the radio that two unsterilized males had been discovered in Outer Mongolia several months ago, but the Russians were keeping it a secret. Like Adam they had been in the lowest level of a deep lead workings when Mississippi blew up.

"If it is true, what effect would that have on the N.R.P.?" Marge asked.

"Oh, I think it would start a production race between us and the Russians. And there would be a lot of pressure to utilize Adam immediately."

A little later the telephone rang. It was Jane, in Washington. Everybody was excited about the news from Outer Mongolia. Gableman and Mr. Pumphrey wanted me to return immediately. There was to be a special conference with the State Department at ten in the morning, and the Planning Board would meet at

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eleven, and at noon Mr. Pumphrey would call at the White House.

I said she was a sweetheart, and that I would give her a kiss when I got back, because I saw that Marge was listening.

"You don't make me a bit jealous," Marge said when I hung up. "That was your secretary, and she doesn't worry me at all, if you gave me an accurate description of her."

Around noon the next day I flicked on the television, and who should be there, looking directly into my eyes, but Senator Fay Sumner Knott. Marge said, "Isn't that a charming suit?"

"Hush," I said, "I can't hear what she's saying."

"Oh, switch it off," said Marge. "She's only talking politics in the Senate. She *is* photogenic, isn't she?"

"I speak at a critical moment," Senator Knott was saying. "News has just reached us that in Outer Mongolia there are two unsterile men. Now I do not begrudge the Communists the right to continue, but think what it would mean if the world were swarming with Communistic Mongols! Our most critical and vital resource," she went on, "is one man—Mr. Adam. And what has the Administration done about Mr. Adam?"

The Administration, Fay declared, had allowed Mr. Adam to consort with a number of women. She herself had seen Mr. Adam drinking with a notorious actress. She understood, "from the highest military authorities," that there was a woman living with Mr. Adam even now.

Then the telephone rang. It was Mr. Gableman, for me. I took the phone and said, "It's me, Smith. I quit." But in the end I agreed to take the next plane.

"Darling," Marge said, "won't you try some of Tommy Thompson's tonic, or whatever it is? I do want you to be the father of my children."

"Your only chance of becoming a mother," I told her, "is for Homer to be the papa, unless, of course, it is true about the two Mongolians, and the Russians agree to share them with us. And when you consider how many women there are in the world, I don't think your chances are very good. Honestly I don't."

"I am going to have a baby," Marge said, "I am, I am!"

EIGHT-COLUMN banner headlines greeted me in Washington: "ADAM LIVING WITH WIFE!"—which showed that within a few hours the shrewd Gableman had managed to counteract Fay Knott's blast. I entered the Adam suite in the Shoreham. There they were, in the kitchenette, having a drink. Homer was about as relaxed as a high tension wire, but Mary Ellen appeared unworried and gay.

"I want to speak to Steve alone for a moment," Mary Ellen said. "You don't mind, Homer?"

"Oh, no, certainly not," Homer said, and he fled.

Mary Ellen looked at me directly a few seconds with those level gray eyes. I recognized the look. I've had it from Marge a few times. It is grim business. "It was pretty lucky for the N.R.P. that I happened to be in Washington, here with Homer, when this thing blew up in the Senate today," she said. "I wouldn't be a bit surprised if you didn't encourage Homer to run around with that girl just to get his mind off the responsibilities of his home, so he'd go quietly when you were ready to lead him to the slaughter. I think she seduced him."

"Did Homer tell you that?"

"Certainly not! And I wouldn't let him, because if he ever told me I'd have to give him up. And that I am not going to do!" Her eyes suddenly misted. "You see, I love Homer. I'll always love him. I'm no glamour-puss. I'm only going to have one man who really, honestly loves me, and that man is Homer. So by golly I'm going to fight for him."

************★************

Even with the amazing new gadgets that help to make driving automatic, it is still necessary to turn when the road does!—*Buck Sullivan*

****

THERE was a Planning Board meeting on Friday morning. When I came in, Pumphrey said, "Mr. Smith, this is a crisis!"

Sitting as observers were the liaison officers for the War, State, Interior, and Navy Departments, the Public Health Service, and the National Research Council. In a corner sat Danny Williams, the President's Secretary. When I glanced at him, one owlish eye closed in a wink.

"We all have had the greatest confidence in you," Pumphrey said. "But now we feel we have been betrayed."

"I don't see what's so terrible in letting Homer Adam stay with his wife for a while," I said. "You asked me to get him into shape so that we could start A.I."

"Well," Williams said, "the President thought that if Adam's health had improved we should just put him into production. I suppose that both from a political and a medical standpoint we had better separate Mr. and Mrs. Adam for the time being."

I said that if the doctors okayed it, production could begin Monday.

"What did they decide?" Mary Ellen asked when I got back.

"Well, they decided that A.I. had to start right away. And they thought it best that you and Homer separate for a while. Anyway, it would be pretty embarrassing for you to stay, now wouldn't it?"

She said in a small voice, "I don't think it would be so terribly embarrassing."

"Oh, sure it would," I told her. "Anyway, as soon as production is placed on a sound basis, you and Homer will be together again."

"I wish I thought so."

"What makes you think it won't happen?"

She stood up, very straight, unashamed of her tears. "It's that girl—The Frame. She called him from California this morning. What does she want?"

"What do any of them want? To have a baby, I guess."

"No, it's deeper than that. Steve, I'm afraid!"

Going into the kitchenette, I told Homer about the meeting of the Planning Board, and then I said, "I hear Kathy called this morning."

"Yes. Steve, I can't forget her. Mary Ellen is wonderful. But how can I help it if I keep thinking of Kathy?"

We took Mary Ellen to the station and put her on the New York train.

Back in the hotel, I telephoned Tommy Thompson, and he promised to be in Washington in the morning. "I'll bring a surprise for you," he said.

DR. THOMPSON arrived in the morning. He brought Marge, Maria Ostenheimer, and J. C. Pogey. "This is the visiting delegation," he explained. "I hope you have room for us."

I told them to look around and pick their own bedrooms. "All except you," I told Marge. "You know where you sleep."

"Yes, darling," Marge said, docilely.

"Why are you being so nice to me? What are you up to?"

"Why, nothing, sweetheart. Aren't you glad to see me?"

"Certainly I'm glad to see you, but when you get sugary like this I know that you're up to something, or you've done something bad."

At eleven o'clock Tommy and I took Homer to the U. S. Public Health Service for his examination. When they came out, Tommy told me, "He's okay. We're getting out an official report—that is, the Surgeon General will get it out—but the main thing is that you can use Homer Adam on a limited scale."

I ran to the telephone like a cub reporter with his first flash. I called Abel Pumphrey and gave him the news, and then I called Danny Williams at the White House.

When we got back to the hotel there was a party. Everybody treated Homer as if he had just made a winning touchdown, and he seemed to like it. Whenever our phone rang, he answered. Long before, I'd arranged a selected list of people who could call and get straight through. Other calls were referred to N.R.P. Finally Homer answered the telephone and didn't call anyone else to it.

When he had finished, I went

(*Continued on page 102*)

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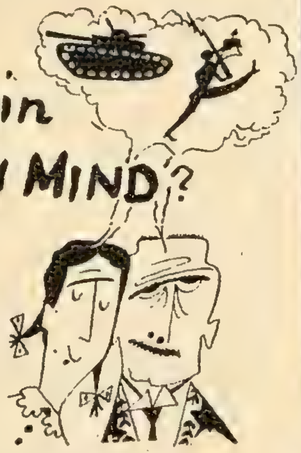

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MR. ADAM

Continued from Page 100

downstairs to the switchboard. "There was just now a call for Mr. Adam," I said. "Where did it come from?"

"Oh, that one. From L. A."

"Who authorized calls from L. A. up into 5-F?"

"Mr. Adam himself did! We don't screen any calls from Miss Kathy Riddell."

"How long has that been going on?"

"Why, ever since Miss Riddell was in Washington."

THAT afternoon we were all sitting around, and Marge was acting as bartender, and Tommy Thompson was telling us about his experiments. It seems his first batch of seaweed lotion hadn't been successful. So he had revised the formula.

"Wouldn't it be grand if it worked," Homer said. "Imagine, I could—why I could do whatever I wanted. I'd be just like everybody else!"

Gableman and Klutz came to see us. They seemed distraught and worried. "Bring Mr. Gableman and Mr. Klutz a drink," I told Marge. "And, honey, change the brand. Every drink I've had this afternoon tasted funny."

"Has it, dear?" Marge asked. "I'm sorry. Perhaps I'm mixing them wrong. I'll do better."

Gableman signaled me and we went into a huddle in a corner. "Hell to pay," he said. "Every state wants priority on production, and the honor of furnishing the first A.I. mother. The State Department," he added, "is conducting the most delicate negotiations on how to share Adam. It is so delicate because of the two Mongolians."

"May I say something?" Homer asked timidly.

Gableman didn't hear him. "The State Department doesn't want to accused of appeasing Russia, but if there actually are two Mongolians then we want to be big-hearted, and offer Russia a good slice of Adam."

Homer interrupted. "I was just going to say—"

"Yes," Klutz said. "I think we should have a group of experts draw up recommendations."

"Wait a moment!" Homer shouted. "Did it ever occur to you people that I might want to have something to say about this matter? Why can't I pick my own brides?"

"Perhaps," Gableman suggested smoothly, "Mr. Adam is thinking of one certain person?"

"And what if I am?" said Homer.

Marge shoved herself in front of me. "I think Homer is absolutely right," she said. "I think for the first one he should choose whoever he wants."

Klutz held up his hands. "Now, Mr. Adam," he pleaded, "the N.R.P. could not possibly allow you to allocate yourself. We would be accused of permitting you to set yourself up as a dictator—which indeed you would be."

Gableman said, "We'll have each Senator and Congressman nominate two women—just like they nominate candidates for West Point—and then we'll give them numbers, and the President can pick a number out of that goldfish bowl we always use for those things."

"Say, that's fine," Klutz agreed. "But what about the international drawings, if we have any?"

"Oh, we'll leave that to the UN," said Galeman, "although the State Department won't like it."

Homer, silent and white-faced, walked out of the room, down the hall, into his own bedroom, and shut the door.

LATER that evening a Special Agent from the FBI came with the dossier of The Frame which I'd requested the day she left for the Coast.

She had been an honor student at her high school in Chicago, and later at the University of Chicago. Her father was Professor Ruppe, the archeologist and scientist. She had taken her B.S. at Chicago, then come to New York and danced while taking a master's degree at Columbia. In 1940 she had gone to Hollywood. She had become engaged to an atomic physicist who had been killed in the Mississippi explosion.

She was the author of a number of brilliant papers on nuclear fission, and during the war she had served as assistant to the atomic physicist Dr. Felx Pell. The dossier ended: "Loyalty and patriotism unquestioned."

I went into Homer's room.

"You're not mad at me, are you," I began, "because I didn't stick up for you when you said you wanted to pick the first A.I. mother?"

"Oh, no, I'm not sore, I was just trying to do someone a favor."

"I suppose you wanted to pick Kathy."

"Oh, no, I wasn't thinking of Kathy. Not at all."

"Who were you thinking about?"

He hesitated, and then blurted out, "Steve, it was Marge. Please don't be angry. I was only trying to repay all your favors and your kindness. And I know that more than anything else Marge wants to have children, and she's always been so nice to me, and she said she would be delighted to have an Adam child."

"That is really very decent and generous of you, Homer," I said. "But I think that on behalf of the Smith family I must decline. Why, it would be just like an official of the Department of the Interior deeding himself oil land owned by the government." Then I asked, "Homer, does Kathy want to have children?"

"No. She said she wasn't ready yet."

"Did Kathy ever suggest that you shouldn't go through with A.I.?"

"She said I was being used improperly, and she doesn't have a very high regard for the N.R.P."

"Did she ever talk to you about nuclear fission, or anything like that?"

"Oh, no! All we've ever talked about was archeology—and us."

Well, if The Frame wanted to destroy Homer, she'd had plenty of opportunity.

I went to my bedroom and turned on the light and Marge instantly raised her head and said, "Stephen, this is a fine time to be getting to bed. It is—" she looked at her watch—"nearly three o'clock. If that's all you think of me you can just get into your own bed."

"Don't worry. I will! There are a number of kinds of infidelity," I said, taking off my shoes and slamming them on the floor.

"Stephen, stop talking in riddles."

"You know what I'm talking about."

She made a face at me.

"You certainly have changed a lot," I said, "since this morning. This morning you were silky sweet to me. Now, you don't want me to touch you."

"I didn't say I didn't want you to touch me."

"Yes you did. You told me to get into my own bed."

She sat up, looking very pink and round and powdered and clean and smooth. "Stephen, you don't know a damn thing about women!"

I turned out the light.

WHEN I sat up next morning I had white flashes and spots in front of my eyes. "Oh," I groaned. "I feel awful."

"That's too bad," said Marge. "What's the matter, hangover?"

"I didn't drink enough to have a hangover. I think I'm sick."

"Oh, I hope not," she said apprehensively. "I'll bring you some aspirin, and coffee."

The coffee tasted horrible. "You put salt in here," I accused her, "instead of sugar."

"No I didn't. Really I didn't."

"Call Tommy Thompson," I said. "I think I've got pneumonia, or something."

She got Thompson in a hurry.

"When I look at things," I said, "they keep jumping around."

"Nerves," Thompson said. "You'll feel better soon."

After a while I did feel better. But all day long everything I ate and drank tasted salty.

At noon Monday Marge and I went to the Capitol. We left Homer in the hotel, at his own insistence.

The drawing was held on the floor of the House. The President reached his hand into the goldfish bowl and drew out a capsule and handed it to the Clerk of the House. He opened it, unfolded a slip of paper, and shouted into the banked microphones: "The number is 646!"

Up from the well of the House there floated an excited feminine scream. Number 646 was held by Senator Fay Knott.

"Well," Homer said when Marge and I came in, "what's the verdict?"

"Senator Knott," I said.

"What about her?" Homer asked.

"She won the draw. She's going to be A.I. Mother Number One."

Homer's mouth hung open. "No!" he said when he could speak. "No! No! I won't do it, Steve. I won't have anything to do with this any more. Why she's the worst—the absolute worst—" He got to his feet, and started for the door.

I led him back to his chair and motioned to Marge and told her to quick bring some liquor. Her hand was unsteady when she gave it to us.

Homer drank his without taking his glass from his lips, and just at that moment Gableman came in, followed by Abel Pumphrey. Pumphrey grabbed Homer's hand and began to pump it and said, "Well, well, now we're on our way, aren't we, Homer? The worst is over."

"Senator Knott is down in the lobby right now," Gableman said. "She's coming up in just a moment to pose with you."

"If she comes in here," Homer said, very softly, "I'll strangle her."

I decided it was time to intervene. "Gentlemen," I said, "Mr. Adam is overwrought. I think you had better go on downstairs and tell Senator Knott that Mr. Adam is sorry, because if she comes up here I really do think he will slap her around." I led them to the door.

Homer was still in his chair when I shut them out. "Steve, I really don't think I'll go through with it," he said.

Marge sat on the arm of his chair, her long, sleek legs swinging, and ran her fingers through his hair. "Homer," she said, "think of me and all the other women who will just curl up and die inside if they lose hope."

That night after Homer went to bed Marge said she didn't like the way he was acting, and I said I didn't either but I wasn't going to do anything rash that would upset him.

WHEN I awoke Marge was sitting on the edge of the bed, looking at me. She leaned over and kissed me. "It's a dream of a morning," she said. "It's spring. Birds and everything."

We put on our robes and went into the living room and picked up the morning papers. Jane Zitter called from the kitchenette, "How do you want your eggs?"

"Poached, honey," I yelled back. "Marge too. Where's Homer?"

"Oh, he went out for a walk in the park," Jane said.

Suddenly I wasn't hungry. I dressed in a hurry. I rushed downstairs. I asked the clerk at the desk if he had seen Mr. Adam this morning.

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"Why, yes, Mr. Smith," he said. "I saw him at about nine. He left an envelope for you."

"Well?" Marge asked, when I walked into 5-F.

I tried to open the letter.

"Let me have it!" she demanded.

Inside the envelope was a single sheet of paper. I read over her shoulder:

> Dear Steve,
>
> Please consider this my resignation from N.R.P. Under the Constitution and by any other laws I have got as much right to resign as anyone else, and I resign, as of now.
>
> You have been a good friend, and believe me if it gets you into trouble I am sorry, but I am sure you can get out of it.
>
> I am going away with Kathy. We are going away and we are not coming back. I tried my best to do my duty, and I wouldn't have minded so much if Senator Knott hadn't been picked as Mother Number One.
>
> I am sorry to leave Mary Ellen and little Eleanor, but there is money enough to care for them. I think Mary Ellen will understand that my only chance for happiness is to resign and go away with Kathy. She is the only one who has the courage to help me. So, goodbye, Steve.
>
> HOMER

I picked up the telephone. "Who are you going to call?" Marge asked.

"I am going to call the airport, and we will get on a plane to New York right away. We'll retire to Smith Field and pretend none of it happened."

Marge took the telephone out of my hand and slammed it on its cradle. "Oh, no you're not! You're responsible, Steve. If you run out, now, I'll leave you."

My every instinct warned me to get out of that hotel fast, and keep going, but since I could not do this, there were obvious steps to be taken. First I called the N.R.P. and notified Abel Pumphrey. Then I got Inspector Root, at the FBI. I had gone to Tex Root when I needed a dossier on The Frame, and now he said, "Did that gal get him?"

"It looks that way."

"I thought she might," he said. "I'll be up in five minutes."

Gableman arrived first, with Klutz. Pumphrey, they told me, had had a heart attack and been taken to the hospital.

When Tex Root arrived I gave him Homer's note, and he read it aloud, twice, and then he said, "They can't get away with it. Everywhere they go, they'll be recognized. Particularly since this is A.I. Day."

He had me give him a fill-in on everything I knew about Homer Adam and The Frame. He called his office, and dictated additional instructions.

I told him about The Frame's phone calls to Homer, and together we went to the hotel switchboard. One of the girls remembered that Miss Riddell had called the previous evening. Usually Miss Riddell's calls came from out of town. But they had been local for the past three days.

"She's been keeping under cover," Tex said. "Shows she planned this carefully. I don't think we'll find them by midnight. We may not find them for a long, long time. She's a very clever girl. Very."

The telephone rang and Jane Zitter answered it. "It's the N.R.P. laboratory," she said. "The doctors are ready for Mr. Adam. They've been waiting."

"What would you tell them, Gableman?"

"Oh," said Gableman. "Oh, Lord, please let me think."

"Has anybody got any ideas?" I asked.

"Can't you think up an international complication?" Marge suggested.

"That's it!" said Gableman. "An international complication. Tell them that Mr. Adam cannot make it today, because of international complications. Tell them there are some things that have to be cleared before A.I. begins."

Jane told the laboratories.

After Gableman and Klutz had gone the telephone kept ringing. Gableman called to say that he had put out a release announcing that A.I. Day was postponed twenty-four hours, but that it had not been well received. "This business of international complications," he explained, "is getting hard to work. The press associations always cable Moscow, and Moscow never knows what is up and issues a denial, and then the State Department gets huffy and denies having received the denial."

Danny Williams called from the White House. "The President," he said, "is having a conniption fit. Why weren't we notified? We didn't know a damn thing about it until the War Department called."

"Oh, do they know about it?"

"Certainly they know about it. Everyone in Washington knew about it, except the President. He wants your scalp, but I told him to wait. I hear the FBI has given you a midnight deadline. If Homer's not back by midnight the War Department is going to take over."

I said okay, and hung up. "We're all washed up," I told Marge. "Your husband is in disgrace. You might as well start packing."

At ten o'clock Tex Root called the FBI. His Special Agents hadn't developed even a likely lead. He hung up, and said, "We'll wait until twelve. Anyway, the local police can't do much in the dark."

"The local police?"

"Yes. They'll have to search the park and drag the creek. That's normal procedure."

"You mean, you think he might be—murdered?"

"Well, that's a possibility, isn't it?"

JANE began to cry. Marge put an arm around her, and got her into a bedroom.

"What's the trouble with her?" Root asked when Marge came back.

"She doesn't like Kathy Riddell. She's afraid of her. She thinks she's a bad woman."

"Tex," I said, "would you think I was crazy if I suggested that this isn't as simple as Homer getting disgusted, and running off with Kathy because he believes he loves her? I mean, in view of your report on her patriotism and loyalty."

"What are you getting at?"

"Well, suppose—now just suppose—that there was a group of scientists who wanted to murder not Homer Adam, but civilization. Suppose the Mississippi explosion wasn't an accident at all. Suppose it was planned, and Homer's escape upset the plan. So to carry out their plans completely, they have to block A.I., and that means doing away with Homer."

"That's horrible!" said Marge. "I'm frightened."

"This is a very peculiar world," Tex Root said, "and the most peculiar thing in it is the human mind. Now if Kathy Riddell was involved in any such plot, she wouldn't be the brains behind it, but she would be a useful tool for a particular job."

"Yes," I agreed. "Her equipment for seduction is probably unrivaled."

"All right. Now we're getting somewhere. Who would be her bosses?" Root ticked them off on his fingers. "Logically, there's her father, Professor Ruppe from the University of Chicago. There are Canby and Welles, in Berkeley. She worked with both of them. And of course there's the old master, Felix Pell, in New York."

Root picked up the phone. "We'll give it a check," he said.

"Do you take this woman to be your lawfully wedded heir?"

LIBERTY

When he finished he put the phone down gently. "I can't believe it," he said. "Why, old Dr. Pell is in Washington, too. He's staying at the home of Peter Pflaum. Pflaum runs Carnegie's cyclotron."

I snatched the phone book. Pflaum lived on Rapidan Place, N.W., a ten-minute walk from the hotel.

"We may be way off," Root said, "but let's get started. I've got my car parked outside." He reached for his topcoat, and the phone tinkled again.

"Damn," he said, and picked it up.

"That was your pal Phelps-Smyth," he said when he had hung up. "He wants me to hold you, for your own protection. He's convinced the whole thing is a Communist plot. They've made a check on your secretary, Jane Zitter, and they've discovered she got literature from the League for Peace and Democracy."

"Steve is not a Communist!" Marge protested. "He makes too much money to be a Communist, and not enough to be a capitalist, and besides, he's too lazy."

WHEN we walked into the Pflaum library, Pell, a tall man with a Vandyke who I felt would be Professor Ruppe, and a man whom I did not recognize sat in chairs facing the desk. In another chair sat The Frame. Closest to the desk, his hands gripping the arms of his chair, was Homer Adam. Pflaum was standing behind the desk.

I didn't see Root take the gun out of his shoulder holster, but suddenly there it was, in his hand. "Don't move!" he said.

"But I don't understand," said Pflaum, "how in the world you ever guessed—"

"Now just a moment," said Pell. "Nobody here has committed any crime, and I think it's an outrage for you to come in here and threaten us. After all, we're all associates of the National Research Council."

"Isn't kidnaping a crime any more?" said Root.

"There has been no kidnaping," Pell protested. "Mr. Adam came here voluntarily."

"Steve," Homer began, "I didn't know it was supposed to be this way. Kathy and I were to stay here for a few days, and then we were to drive to Mexico."

"You are so damn innocent, Homer," I said. "This pack of respectable, scientific ghouls was going to eliminate you. They don't like the human race. They want to give the world back to the lizards."

The Frame came to her feet, and Root's gun shifted accurately towards her middle. "That's a lie!" she screamed. "That's a horrible lie!"

I went over to the desk and put my knuckles on it and looked them over. "Root ought to knock you off right now, you murderous bunch of bastards! But maybe it'll be better to let the people handle you. Particularly you—" I looked at The Frame. "The women will handle you!"

"You don't really believe—" she began. The astonishment and fear in her voice made me feel good.

"Believe! I know. Wait until they find out! Wait until they find out that the same bunch of fiends who blew up Mississippi, and sterilized all the men, also kidnaped Mr. Adam. In twenty-four hours there won't be enough of you left to be worth burying!"

Homer managed to struggle to his feet. "Kathy, is that why you have that apparatus upstairs?"

She looked at him and said gravely, "No, Homer. Those machines are for elementary experimentation to test the effect of radioactive rays on the male germ. We were going to take the utmost precautions not to harm you."

Professor Ruppe spoke. "Kitty, I can see that what we hope to do would be hopelessly misunderstood. Hadn't you better tell it all?"

"If you've got anything to say you'd better say it quick," Root said.

The Frame brushed the hair from her face. "It is true that I persuaded Homer to leave N.R.P.—well, under false pretenses. But it was the only thing we could think of, if we were to act in time. We were just getting around to explaining to Homer when you came in." She regarded Homer directly, even brazenly. "Here's the way it is, as we see it. The aftereffects of the Mississippi explosion were terrible, certainly, and yet civilization was presented with its one great opportunity to really begin over again—to create a world peopled entirely by splendid and decent humans."

"Oh, I see," I said with what I hoped was sarcasm. "You were going to farm Homer out among your brain-heavy friends, and populate the world with a lot of fine specimens like Dr. Pell here."

The Frame actually looked shocked. "Oh, no! We weren't going to use Homer at all! Not for direct conception. Why, I think Homer himself would be the first to agree that it is a mistake for him to father children—any children at all—if we are to produce a superior race for posterity."

"Gosh, Kathy—" Homer began.

"Don't pay any attention to her, Homer," I broke in. "This theory of a superior race isn't original at all. Hitler had one too. The only difference is that Hitler had his master race all set up."

I NOTICED that Tex Root's gun was no longer in his hand. "If you weren't going to use Adam, what or who were you going to use?" he inquired.

The Frame explained. "Homer is a source of priceless experimental matériel—the only source. We had reached a stage in our experiments where it was absolutely necessary to have Homer for a few days. And we knew that once A.I. started we'd never again, perhaps, have a chance to use him. If we were able to use

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Homer for a short time we felt that we'd find a way—oh, it might take years—to restore the fertility of other men. After his services were no longer necessary, I suppose we would have simply told him to walk home. The N.R.P. is wicked, but what we are attempting is, I feel, simply acting as instruments of the will of God."

I asked Root, "What are you going to do with them?"

"I don't see how I can hold them for kidnaping," he said. "And I don't see what charges Adam can bring, except maybe breach of promise."

"Oh, no. No charges," said Homer. "All I want to do is get out of here."

"Well," I told The Frame, "you're certainly clever, but when it comes to the snatch racket you're a dope."

"This isn't over," she said quietly, "not yet."

I thought of Mary Ellen, and what news of this might do to her. "Root," I said, "I think we'd better keep this whole thing as quiet as possible."

"That's okay with me," Root said.

Kathy was smiling in a way that wasn't funny. "I'm sure everything will work out all right. I'm quite sure, now."

Outside, we got into Root's sedan, Homer and I in the back. He put his head in his hands.

"Oh, what a fool I was," he said. "What a fool!"

"Don't feel that way Homer. You're not the first guy who has been taken by a scheming bitch."

Root parked the car in the hotel driveway and we all got out. Marge was waiting for us. "Homer," she said, "I'm so glad to see you back."

He walked past her without speaking, and lunged inside his bedroom.

"What's wrong with him?" she asked.

"We'd better leave him alone," I said. "He's had a harrowing experience." Root went to the telephone and called his office, and I told her what had happened.

WHEN Root was finished I called Gableman, Klutz, and Danny Williams.

"Well, good night," Root said. "If anything more happens call somebody else—anybody. This business is too much for me."

"Are you completely satisfied," I said, "that they weren't really going to knock him off?"

"No," he admitted, "not completely."

"I'm not either," I told him. "I still think that Pell is a villain."

Tex Root shook his head. "I can't tell who is a criminal and who isn't. For all I know, this Kathy Riddell may be perfectly right. All my life I'll wonder whether what I've done tonight didn't put the world back ten thousand years. Good night, Steve. Good night, Marge."

The next morning a sense of urgency ploughed me out of bed before Marge was awake. I tiptoed into Homer's room. He was asleep and snoring, but his bed looked as if it had been occupied by a threshing machine. I ran up coffee and toast in the kitchenette, and then caught the news. "Well," the announcer said cheerily, "in case you celebrated A.I. Day yesterday you can have all the fun all over again, because it is going to be today."

Homer came into the kitchenette. He was wearing a striped dressing gown, ludicrously short.

"In case you think this is A.I. Day, you had better think again," he said quietly. "What I said yesterday about resigning goes double."

"Now, Homer, you know as well as I do that there isn't any way out of it. Why make it more difficult for yourself?"

"I've thought it all out, Steve. It isn't going to be difficult for me. But from now on it is going to be damn difficult for women. To hell with them all. If you take me to the laboratories today, it will be because you are dragging me there by the heels, and I can assure you that nothing will happen, except perhaps some equipment and instruments will get broken."

MARGE came in and said, "What a cozy little kaffeeklatsch. Can I join you?"

"Yes, but you'll wish you hadn't," I told her. "Homer has decided not to go on. He has said to hell with it all, particularly women."

"Well, can you blame him?" Marge said, with her delightful inconsistency.

Homer leaned over, in something resembling a bow. "In my list of exceptions to what I just said, I will include Marge. But I want to go back to Tarrytown."

"Now, Homer," I told him, "I cannot take the responsibility of letting you return to Tarrytown. If anything is done, it will have to be done officially. All I can do is report your decision to N.R.P. and the White House."

"Okay, Steve," he agreed calmly. "Let's have some more coffee."

I could hear the phone ringing in the living room. It was Mr. Klutz.

"Good morning," said Klutz. "The Planning Board is meeting in a few moments, and I'd like to report to them on Mr. Adam. How does he feel this morning?"

"He feels fine. Never saw him look better. He has decided not to go through with A.I."

I could hear Klutz gasp. "What right has he to decide such a thing? That's a matter for the Inter-Departmental Committee, and the Congress, and the Planning Board! He's got nothing to do with it! Absurd!"

"Well, if you think it is absurd," I suggested, "take him down to the laboratories today and try to make him do something he doesn't want to do."

"Homer," I said, "just between you and me and Marge and Jane, I don't blame you a bit, and whatever you do, I'm for you."

"I am too," said Jane. "Homer, I don't know whether you're doing the right thing or the wrong thing, but at least you are doing it yourself, and for you I think that's important."

"I do too," said Marge. "You know how I feel about having babies. But, Homer, you do whatever you think best. Don't you let Steve shove you around any more."

"Me?" I said. "I'm not going to shove him around. But I am going to take him to the White House, and let him tell Danny Williams, or maybe the President, about it. I don't want this on my head."

"Sure. Glad to," said Homer. "Let's dress and go."

I CHATTED with Danny Williams in his office while Homer saw the President. When he came out he was grinning.

But when we got back to the hotel Jane said, "You're to call the White House immediately."

So I called Danny Williams. "Look, Steve," he said. "Do you know what Adam told the Boss?"

"Was it something about women?"

"It certainly was. I must say the Boss is shocked. He thinks Adam is a little tetched, and he has decided to postpone A.I. indefinitely, and turn Adam over to the National Research Council."

"Oh, boy! Oh, boy, oh, boy!" I chortled. "If you think Adam is allergic to women, wait until he finds out he's going to be handed over to the scientists."

Danny began to sputter. "Up here in the White House we're getting damn sick and tired of Adam's temperament. From now on the status of Adam is that of a valuable experimental animal. The Army will have charge of his feeding and his welfare, and if necessary, they can hold him just exactly as a political prisoner would be held. And the N.R.C. can perform whatever experiments they see fit."

I went back to the kitchenette. Homer and Marge and Jane were tilting early highballs. "Well," I told them, "I've been fired, but, Homer, you've got a new job. From now on you will work for the National Research Council."

"You mean Pell and his gang?"

"Well, I believe Dr. Pell is a director of N.R.C."

"You can just call the White House about my new job," Homer said firmly. "Tell them I quit."

"You can't quit," I said. "You have lost your rights."

He grinned. "They'll regret it," he said.

He finished his drink, and poured himself another.

By the time General Kipp, commanding Eastern Defense Command, Zone of the Interior, arrived with Colonel Phelps-Smythe, Homer was just a little tight around the edges.

Their entrance was rather awkward, as if it hadn't been properly rehearsed. They were accompanied by second lieutenants, complete with sidearms, and a photographer. General Kipp, perspiring and unhappy, grasped Homer's hand, and the photographer unloosed a bulb.

"My dear Mr. Adam," Kipp said woodenly, as if he were making a radio speech and had difficulty reading the script, "I hope you are well."

"Take the glass out of his hand," said Phelps-Smythe. A second lieutenant took the glass out of Homer's hand, and they started again. "My dear Mr. Adam, I hope—"

"Give me back my drink," said Homer.

"Give him back his drink," the general ordered the second lieutenant.

The photographer took another shot, and the second lieutenant gave the drink back to Homer.

"How are things?" the general inquired.

"Things are very drunk out today," Homer said. "You can take the National Research Council, plus three large cyclotrons, and you can—" I don't think there is any use repeating what Homer said, because such things are said every day. But Homer Adam's saying them was new.

PHELPS-SMYTHE puffed out like a turkey gobbler. He felt in his pockets and came up with a mimeographed sheet of paper, legal size. "This," he began, "is the directive prepared by the War Department and signed by the President:

"Subject: Homer Adam.

"1. Homer Adam, civilian, is hereby declared Class AAA Strategic Material vital to the defense of the United States.

"2. The Department of War will be responsible for the maintenance and security of this property.

"3. Homer Adam, civilian, will at all times be subservient to, and conduct himself according to whatever rules and regulations shall be promulgated by the Chief of Staff, or Adjutant General, to carry out the purpose of Paragraphs 1 and 2.

"4. The National Research Council shall have the opportunity to use said Homer Adam for purposes of research upon the approval of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, but this in no way shall interfere with Paragraph 2."

Phelps-Smythe folded his directive and tucked it back into a hip pocket. "There," he said, "now you see."

"Why can't I take a little vacation?" Homer asked.

"Vacation!" shouted Phelps-Smythe. "From now on your life is strictly business. Right at the first, I think we'll send you to one of the O.C. camps and give you a little basic training. Knock this cockiness out of you."

"I won't do it," said Homer.

Phelps-Smythe started to splutter,

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but General Kipp checked him and told Homer, "Now we don't want any trouble, Adam. We're only doing our duty as soldiers, you know. Come on, let's get going."

As they took Homer away Phelps-Smythe turned to me and said, "Remember, Smith—you and that Red secretary of yours—all this is Top Secret."

MARGE and I returned to the brownstone house on West Tenth Street.

Then one day the radio said that the War Department had informed the President that the National Research Council had sterilized Mr. Adam several weeks ago; that the announcement had been withheld until it was certain. The War Department agreed with the N.R.C. that it was a complete accident.

Marge stared at the radio. "There it goes," she whispered.

"There goes what?"

"Everything. Just everything. It makes me feel unclean, as if I'd seen a murder and hadn't done anything to stop it."

Our telephone rang. It was J. C. Pogey, and he said, "I think you'd better handle the local angle on the Adam story."

"What local angle?" I asked.

He reminded me that some of the N.R.C. directors lived in New York, and that they should be interviewed, and Adam himself had returned to Tarrytown. As I shaved and dressed the pattern began to take shape in my mind. The first person I was going to visit was Felix Pell. He might be the last, too.

I tried to remember where I had cached the Browning. It was my one souvenir of the war. I rummaged through the hall closet until I found it, and Marge saw me drop it into my coat pocket. "Stephen! Why are you taking that gun?" she demanded.

I didn't reply.

"If the police find it they'll throw you in jail."

I went up to Columbia, and the home of Felix Pell. "Tell Dr. Pell Mr. Smith is calling," I said to the maid who let me in, "on a matter of greatest importance." She scuttled upstairs, and I followed her into Pell's bedroom. He was propped up in bed. He glared at me.

I took the Browning out of my pocket. I thumbed the safety, and it released with a definite click.

"So you finished off Homer Adam," I said. "You were very thorough, and very clever. You finished off Homer Adam, and everyone else, deliberately, just as I'm going to slam a nine-millimeter slug through you deliberately."

He dropped back against the pillows. "All right," he said. "Go ahead. I am tired. I don't suppose it matters whether I die quickly, now, or whether I live for several months or years."

"Tell me," I said, "what have you and your buddies got against humanity that made you do it?"

Dr. Pell groaned. "Why, I have always felt that I'd devoted my life to humanity. I know you won't believe it now, and considering what you know—the limitations of what you know—I can hardly blame you. Now please go ahead and shoot me."

I felt rather ridiculous, standing there, threatening this old man. I let the Browning fall to my side. "That doesn't make sense. You practically admit that Homer Adam wasn't sterilized by accident, and yet you say—"

"He certainly was not sterilized by accident," Dr. Pell said, anger cracking in his voice. "He did it himself!"

I knew I could not kill Pell until I found out whether this was so. I shoved the gun back into my pocket and said, "Tell me about it."

"As you know, we only needed Adam for a few days of tests. When all the boards and committees and panels had approved all their plans, he was delivered to the laboratory. Much of our equipment and apparatus was designed to reproduce the rays and radiations which we believe were unloosed in the Mississippi explosion, so the first thing we did was warn Adam not to walk in certain areas, or go near certain machines. He waited until we were all distracted with something else and then he sauntered off. By the time we found him he had sterilized himself thoroughly. Why did he do it?"

I said I didn't know, but I was going to find out.

I CAUGHT an evening commuters' train for Tarrytown, and then a cab to the gatehouse of Rosemere.

Homer opened the door. "Steve!" he said. "I was wondering when you'd get here. It's good to see you. Hey, Mary Ellen," he called upstairs. "Steve finally got here."

She said she was changing diapers, and she would be down presently.

"Well, while we're here alone," I said, "tell me why you did it. I've just been talking to Dr. Pell. I was about to shoot him, because I thought he had sterilized you, and then he said you did it yourself."

"I did," Homer admitted. "It was just that I wanted to be like everyone else. You know I was always different. I was different when I was a little boy, and I was different when I was adolescent, and I was different when I grew up. Now I'm not different any more. When Dr. Pell took me into the N.R.C. laboratories I knew that I was either going to be sterile like everyone else, or I was going to be dead."

Photographs for Liberty's Picture Section Taken By:

Page
45—W. Suschitzky
46—(u. left) Gustave Anderson, (bottom) Aubrey Janion
47—(u. left) A. de Dienes, (u. right) INP, (bottom) A. de Dienes
48, 49, 50, 51—H. Knopf
52, 53—Ifor Thomas
54, 55, 58, 59—E. Herman
60, 61—Leeser
62, 63—R. Coster
66, 67, 68—L. M. Ufland

Mary Ellen came down and said she knew she should feel sorry about what had happened to Homer, but she didn't.

I CALLED J. C. Pogey, and then I went home.

"Before you come in here," Marge said, "you put that gun in the closet, and be sure there's no bullet in the chamber."

"Aren't you going to ask me whether I killed him?"

"I know you didn't."

I realized I hadn't told her where I was going. "Know I didn't kill who?"

"Why, Dr. Pell, of course. Who else would you be wanting to kill? I called him right after you left his house. He said you were headstrong and not too bright, but ordinarily harmless."

I told her about Homer. "That's what I thought," she said, "from the way Dr. Pell talked."

After dinner the radio began to bleat about the new catastrophe—but always with optimistic overtones, on the theme that Homer was not indispensable. Then it began to chew the story of the two Mongolians. In the space of a few hours the two Mongolians became supremely important to the American people.

And then, just before midnight, a dispatch from Moscow said that the Russian government didn't know a thing about unsterilized Mongolians. The story, Moscow said, was undoubtedly part of an anti-communist plot.

IN my own home, now, the situation suddenly and violently departed from normal. It was Marge. Her entire disposition and character changed, and for the worse. She was gradually realizing, I believed at first, that Homer's suicidal disaster had doomed her to a barren marriage.

One day in June I was covering an exhibition of electric gadgets and a manufacturer presented all the reporters with electric razors. The next morning I was running it over my chin when Marge saw me and immediately burst into tears.

"You horrid man," she said. "You don't love me any more. For years you've tortured me with threats about buying an electric razor, and now you have gone and done it, to show your contempt for me."

An absurd and maudlin scene developed, at the end of which I threw my electric razor into the trash barrel.

Ordinarily Marge sleeps as if she had been hit on the head, until morning, but she began to develop a habit of waking up, at four or five, and then waking me up to say would I please bring her a raw egg.

It was all inexplicable.

Marge had never been jealous.

Now, each night when I returned from work, she began to drop little fishhooks of questions into her conversation.

One evening she said, "That secretary of yours in Washington, Jane Zitter—you sort of lived with her, didn't you?"

"Now look, Marge," I said. "There wasn't anything between Jane and me except that she was my secretary, and a good one."

"Well, you're pretty excited about it, aren't you," she said. "Actually, she did live with you, didn't she?"

"Marge, you know as well as I do that sometimes Jane spent the night up in the hotel. In her own bedroom. Nobody with her. Now lay off!"

I told myself that there could be no doubt of it, Marge was ill—mentally ill.

Before I returned home one night I stopped at a drug store and called Maria and told her the whole story. She promised to come over the next evening for bridge, and bring Tommy Thompson.

WE started playing bridge in the usual way, but I could see that Maria and Tommy were watching Marge closely. They dropped deft little, seemingly unrelated questions into the stream of our conversation. Marge suddenly put down her cards and exclaimed, "I must have a dill pickle! If I don't, I'll go mad! Stephen, go to the delicatessen at once and get some dill pickles!"

"But, Marge," I protested, "we can't break up the game just because you have a yen for a dill pickle!"

"I think," Maria said quietly, "that you had better go get a pickle, Stephen."

So I did and Marge bit into one, nibbled at a small piece of it, and then shoved them aside.

"Is that all you want?" I asked.

"That's all," she said. "Whose deal?"

"Darling," Maria asked her in a soothing voice, "do you often get a sudden hankering for a certain kind of food like that? So you feel you must have it?"

"She certainly does," I said, "at the oddest hours."

"Shut up!" Marge told me.

In perhaps thirty minutes, Marge got up from the table and slipped on her coat, and said, "You people will excuse me, won't you?"

"Now Marge," I said, "just tell me what you want and I'll get it."

"I was just going out and get some lemons," Marge said. "I've got a frightful craving for lemons."

Maria touched Marge's arm and said, "Dear, I want to see you alone for a moment."

They went into the bedroom.

"What do you think of that performance?" I asked Tommy.

"She's not crazy," he said. "She's emotionally disturbed, but she's not crazy. There's something pushing her subconscious that gives us these symptoms. I just can't imagine what it would be, unless—"

And then Maria poked her head out of the bedroom door and said would Tommy please come in for a moment. She sounded excited. By the time they came out I was pacing the floor, a drink in my hand, and my hand was shaking.

They were all crying, or laughing, or both. Tommy said, "Unless we are both mistaken, and we are both willing to stake our reputation on it, Marge is going to have a baby!"

I looked at all of their faces and I could see that they weren't joking. All I could say was "Impossible!"

I ASKED how long Marge had been pregnant, and Maria said about two months—probably a little longer—and I ticked the months off on my fingers, backwards, and arrived at Marge in Washington—with Homer Adam.

Marge said, "I know just what you're thinking, and it isn't so."

I said, "If it wasn't Homer, then who was it?"

"Oh, you darn fool," said Marge. "It was Tommy's tonic, that seaweed stuff. It worked."

"Ha-ha. Ho-ho," I laughed. "I didn't take any!"

"Oh, yes, you did," Marge said. "You took a whole bottle. Do you remember that day in Washington you felt so bad? That day I spiked all your drinks, and the next morning I poured it into your coffee."

"My gosh," Tommy interrupted. "You were only supposed to give him forty drops a day. That's powerful stuff!"

"I know," Marge said, "but I wasn't going to be in Washington long, and so I gave him the whole bottle."

I felt affronted and outraged. "You might have killed me," I said.

Maria looked at me. "But she didn't kill you," she said, "and you're going to be a father!"

For no good reason I began to shake Tommy's hand. "Congratulations," I told him. "You did it!"

He said, as if talking to himself, "I wonder whether it was giving him the whole bottle at once, or whether it was mixing it with the rye, or whether it was mixing it with the coffee. I wonder whether—"

Marge asked me if I wasn't going to kiss her, and I kissed her for such a long time that Maria and Tommy stood by, fascinated, and watched.

I do not remember much about the rest of that evening. But just before Maria left she asked Tommy, as if it were a matter of no importance, whether he himself had been taking the sea-weed stuff, and Tommy said yes, of course, and as she tucked a hand under his elbow she said, "Tommy, I think we ought to get married, right away."

THE END

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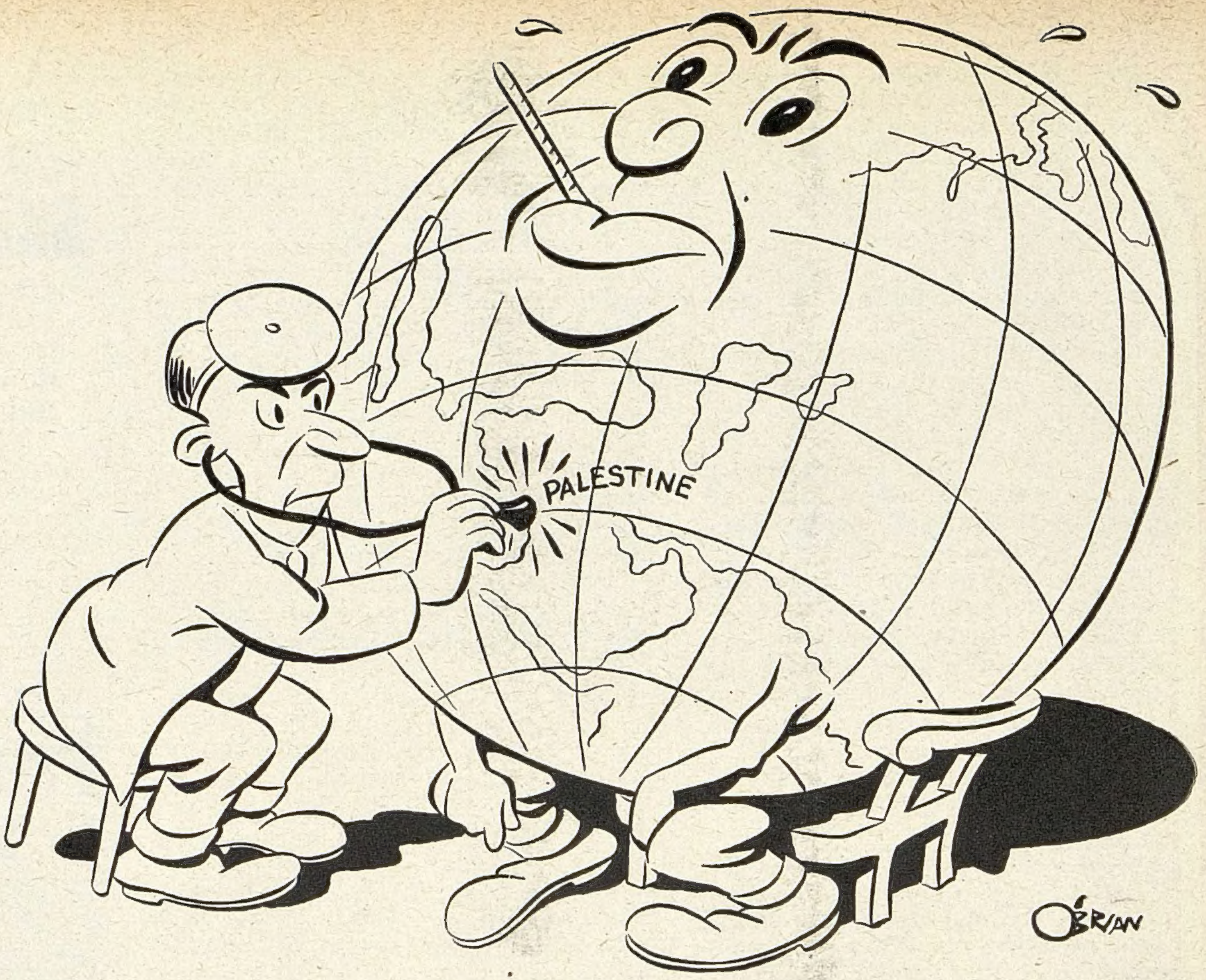


Danger spot in the body politic.

OUR STAKE IN PALESTINE

THE spectacular and tragic events in Palestine which have been making headlines for months have attracted little more than casual attention in this country. The tendency of most Americans is to dismiss the headlines after a brief glance. Even Washington seems unwilling to bother much about this unhappy situation in the Middle East. It all seems so remote from our interests and welfare.

Yet, Palestine *is* a danger spot—dangerous to us and our way of life. It's time we recognized this fact and took an active part in solving the impasse there.

The Middle East, even in our atomic age, is one of the world's strategic areas, commercially, ideologically, and militarily. Palestine is the key to the Middle East. Whoever calls the turn in Palestine stands astride an important world crossroad and is in a position to control the traffic which goes by. At the present time Britain is hanging on by a very tenuous thread, a thread which any alert observer can see soon must snap. In fact, the British themselves are seeking a way to snap it and get out from under a responsibility beyond their capacity to bear.

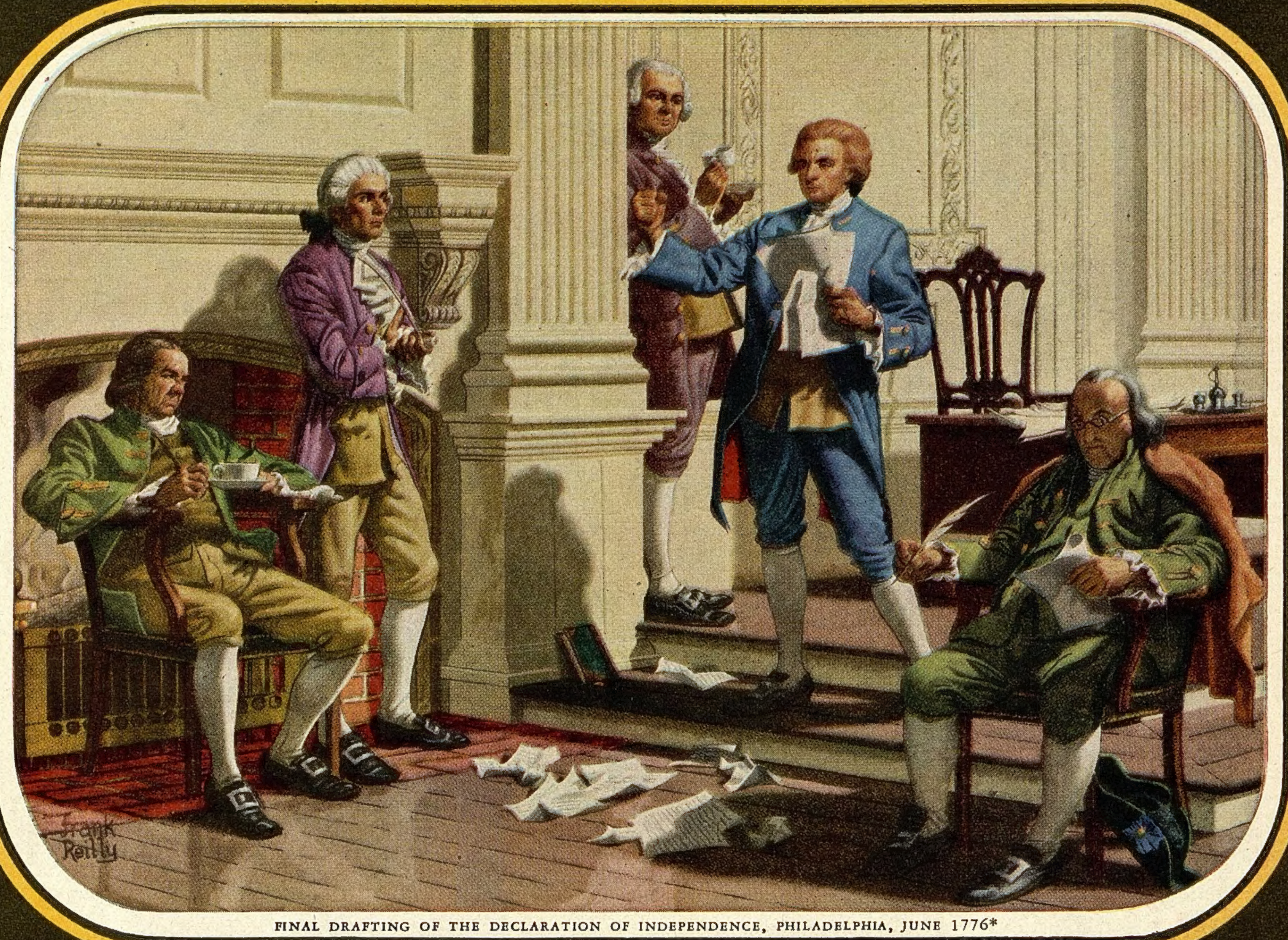
It is deplorable but true that the brave promises of the Atlantic Charter and the United Nations are as yet only promises. Realism compels recognition of the fact that today no area of the world, particularly such a strategic area as the Middle East, can remain for long in a power vacuum. When British power moves out of Palestine, some other power will move in. There is not in the country sufficient indigenous power to hold the area on its own. Hopefully, the British suggest putting Palestine under control of the U. N. But the U. N. has no power except in the abstract.

When the British pull out, as it seems they must unless we come into the situation with them, the power which will move in will be Russia. There will be no Russian invasion. Of course not! Russian power will move in nevertheless. It will manifest itself in the form of infiltration, agitation, revolution—the pattern we have seen followed elsewhere. In a few short years Moscow will be calling the turn on who traverses this vital way point on the world's life line. The Middle East and the tremendous area to which it gives access no longer will be open to the men and ships of all nations. The Iron Curtain will have stretched far to the south.

What can we do about it? There is no pat answer. The basic conflict between the Arabs and Jews must be resolved in a way satisfactory to both factions. A plan must be worked out in which both can co-operate for their mutual betterment. England obviously cannot work out such a plan by herself and secure its adoption. England's word is no longer the law it used to be in the far-flung reaches of the globe. But with America co-operating, it's different. We will blunder seriously if we allow the Palestine situation to go by default. Our interests demand we co-operate, and at once, to find the solution.

Paul Hunter

Liberty
...THE PRESERVATION OF FREEDOM IS THIS MAGAZINE'S PURPOSE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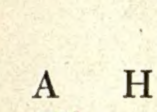

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